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## COLLOQUY

### BETWEEN A FORESTALLER AND A TOILER.

(Written for THE ECHO, by Cyrille Horset.)

Forestaller—What is law?  
Toiler—Law is a process in metaphysics,  
whereby the rich invariably gain their ends,  
and the poor invariably get left.

F.—Too general. Be more explicit.  
T.—I don't know how I can be, but will  
try. Law is altogether on the side of the  
rich, and is so arranged that he who has the  
most money gets the decision or verdict favorable.

F.—This would seem to imply that judges  
and juries can be "fixed."  
T.—Yes, I know it does; but I can't help  
that.

F.—You appear to have imbibed some  
strange notions as to law. What are lawyers?

T.—I wouldn't wish to give the general  
opinion, but will say that they are twisters  
of the law, twisting one way to-day and  
another way to-morrow, according as they  
are retained.

F.—What is justice?

T.—A thing of unknown quantity and  
quality everywhere in this world, as far as  
its connection with law is concerned. But  
I respectfully refer this question to the Sul-  
tan of Morocco, a personage who seems to  
understand what justice is, and dispenses it  
without fear or favor.

F.—What is your opinion of our judges?  
T.—Do you mean as they run, taking  
them at large, as it were?

F.—Yes.

T.—Well, my opinion, expressed, would  
not be flattering to them. They care nothing  
for justice, and as for law, where that  
doesn't dovetail with the interest of their  
friends or their own prejudices, they proceed  
at once to make it dovetail, the elasticity  
of the article allowing them to do so  
with impunity. No man should be made a  
judge before sojourning a year in Morocco  
or in Turkestan, studying the Sultan or the  
Khan's method of administering justice.

F.—I think you are captious. What are  
laws for?

T.—Laws are framed to protect the  
crushed and trembling capitalists against the  
assaults of the arrogant and tyrannical toilers.

F.—Oh! you seem to be getting down  
to hard pan, as it were. You think law a  
benign thing, as generally administered, eh?

T.—Why, certainly, for those who can  
buy it regardless of price. It comes high  
at times, but it must be had, and is had.

F.—Heavens! I think you are an Anar-  
chist! Do you think really that law, and  
so judges and juries, can be bought?

T.—Same as bread, meat, vegetables and  
pickles.

F.—You astonish me!

T.—I should not. With your eyes and  
ears open, your observation not relegated to  
the dark cupboard of somnolence and  
apathy, you should not be in a position to be  
astonished at what I say in the premises.

F.—Good bye. I must ponder the sub-  
ject.

### WHY NOT AN EIGHT HOUR DAY?

When we consider the wonderful extent  
to which man's intellectual powers have  
within the present century assisted the  
physical man in providing the wants of life  
there would seem to be no reason whatever  
why his physical powers should be still re-  
quired to devote the same amount of time  
and toil to that end. It is estimated, for  
instance, that the steam engines now in op-  
eration do an amount of labor equal to the  
combined service of 1,000,000,000 of men, or,  
in other words, they do twice as much work  
as the combined manual labor of the whole  
world's population would aggregate. Why  
should man be required to struggle and toil  
for self-maintenance to the same extent as  
before after being reinforced by the loyal  
assistance of a force equal to twice his own?  
But steam is only one of the labor-saving  
forces at his command. The machinery  
operated by steam and water power saves a  
vastly greater amount of toil than the steam  
force itself.

And yet, though the old hours of labor  
have been reduced to some extent, the re-  
duction seems ridiculously small when com-  
pared with the amount of human labor  
saved by artificial means. It is true, the  
wants of man have multiplied with advanced  
civilization. His standard of living and de-  
gree of comforts have risen. It takes much

more of the products of labor to supply his  
daily demands. These are amongst the  
benefits resulting from the contributions of  
intellect to the common good. But the  
share of those benefits enjoyed by the pro-  
ducers must still be admitted to be relatively  
small, inadequate, and unjust, and the  
tendency to inequality in distribution re-  
quires a constant and vigilant bridle to pre-  
vent it from dangerous encroachment upon  
the liberties of the people, and no popular  
demand could be imagined more surely  
founded upon equity and justice than that  
which seeks to secure for the producers  
their full share in reduction of toil and in-  
crease of comforts of the benefits of the pro-  
gressive triumphs of civilization.—Irish  
World.

### MEN IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It is now pretty well established that the  
American horse is as good as any of his kin-  
dred in the world, as is proved not only by  
the race course, but by the wonderful caval-  
ry marches in which the sores part of the  
contest came upon the mounts of the soldi-  
ery. Our ordinary field sports have, ex-  
cept lacrosse, been derived from England.  
Even baseball, which appears as a distinctively  
American game, is but a modification  
of an English form of sport, which is really  
of great antiquity. The field sports which  
we may compare in England and America  
are the games of ball, in which baseball, be-  
cause of our customs, must take the place of  
cricket and football, which is identical in  
the two countries; rifle shooting, rowing,  
and the ordinary group of athletic sports in  
which single contestants take part. We  
may add to this the amusement of sailing,  
wherein, however, the quality of the struc-  
ture as well as the nerve and skill in man-  
agement play an important part.

It is now clear, however, that in them all  
the American is not a bit behind its trans-  
atlantic cousins. The most of the people  
have the same spontaneous interest in sports  
as their forefathers, and they pursue them  
with equal success. It is unnecessary to do  
so, but we might fairly rest the conclusion  
as to the undecayed physical vigor of our  
population on that spontaneous activity of  
mind without which games are impossible.  
Among its many beneficent deeds the United  
States Sanitary Commission did a remark-  
able service on anthropology by measuring,  
in as careful a manner as the condition of  
our knowledge at the time permitted, about  
250,000 soldiers of the Federal army.

The records of these measurements are  
contained in the admirable work of Dr. B.  
A. Gould, a distinguished astronomer, who  
collated the observations and presented  
them in a great volume. Similar measure-  
ments exist which present us with the phys-  
ical status of something like an equally  
large number of European soldiers, particu-  
larly those of the British army. From Dr.  
Gould's careful discussion of these statistics  
it appears that the American man is on the  
whole quite as well developed as those who  
fill the ranks of European armies.—Scrib-  
ner's Magazine.

### TRAINED CATS AND RATS.

#### Wonderful Results Secured by Edu- cation

There is a remarkable show at the Crystal  
Palace, London, which represents the mil-  
lennium on a small scale. The lion does not  
lie down with the lamb, but the cat and the  
rat, the mouse and the canary, all live in  
peace and harmony together and enjoy the  
benefits of a good education. The educator  
of the animals is Miss Tina, who has taught  
them some remarkable feats. The cats  
walk the tight rope, which has white rats  
and mice and chirping canaries strewn all  
over it. The cats pick their way among  
their natural prey without molesting them,  
and will even carry some of them on their  
backs without being once tempted to gobble  
them up. They walk over the tops of chairs  
pick their way among a mass of champagne  
bottles without displacing a single one of  
them, and jump through rings of fire with-  
out the slightest hesitation.

Miss Tina trains her cats, rats, mice and  
birds from a very early age. She begins  
with a kitten when it is about four months  
old and manages them by kindness. She  
never beats them and says they can be  
trained to almost anything by perseverance.  
The rats and mice become accustomed to  
the cats and lose all fear of them. All are  
well fed and seem to enjoy their life.

Men sprang from monkeys; women  
spring from mice.

## RETROSPECTIVE.

A few years ago there was a general move-  
ment by the large employers of labor in fac-  
tories, mills, mines, workshops and in the  
building trades to destroy trade unions, to  
prevent their employees from combining. Labor  
organizations were regarded by the short-  
sighted employers as dangerous innovations  
on our boasted American freedom. Members  
of trade unions were called socialists, anar-  
chists, communists, nihilists. In the opinion  
of many so-called conservative capitalists,  
trade unionists were quasi criminals, liable to  
become dangerous because they possessed  
more than the average intelligence. It would  
never do to encourage the organization of la-  
bor. The wrath of the minister in his pulpit,  
the venom of the hired slaves of the metro-  
politan press, the rascality and perjury of the  
Pinkerton thug, the knavery of lawyers and  
the purchased influence of legislative, judicial  
and executive branches of government were  
all directed to the one end: the destruction  
of these institutions, that have accomplished  
so much for the working classes in the twilight  
of the nineteenth century. Finally, as a cul-  
mination of the hatred and spite of the  
wealthy classes, came the Haymarket riot in  
Chicago. A few fanatics were hanged, a few  
more imprisoned for life. It was thought by  
many that labor organizations had received  
their death blow. But in tribulation they  
have prospered, and being persecuted they  
have grown great. As we enter the last de-  
cade of the nineteenth century we find labor  
organizations stronger, more powerful and  
more influential than at any other period of  
the world's history. They are a recognized  
factor in our civilization. Capitalists and  
employers submit with as good grace as pos-  
sible. Politicians cater to them as an influ-  
ential political quantity, and are ready to  
promise anything in return for their support.  
The social and political results of trade unions  
may be estimated by contemplating the in-  
creased wages and home comforts of their  
members, the increasing interest of legisla-  
tive bodies to their demands.

In the meantime another factor that is des-  
tined to be more potent than even trade  
unions in the solution of the industrial prob-  
lem has forced itself into the political arena  
of the country. The farmers' movement,  
which may properly be designated one of the  
results of the great labor movement, is here  
to stay. Large bodies move slow, but when  
they do move the effect is crushing. The  
farmers, heretofore regarded as the most con-  
servative, are become the most radical in their  
demand for reform. They have also realized  
the power of organization, and in their various  
forms have completed combinations that wield  
a powerful influence.

It may be confidently assumed that these  
two elements of the producing classes will,  
before the close of the present century, unite  
on common ground and recover from those  
who have been heretofore entrenched behind  
legalized privilege the immense heritage of  
which the people have been plundered. We  
have been and are still moving with a rapidity  
that is hardly conceivable, and the crisis may  
be upon us much sooner than we anticipate.—  
Rights of Labor.

### THE PULSE.

#### How the Blood is Pumped Through the Human Body.

The blood is in a state of constant circula-  
tion through the system, propelled by the  
heart through the arteries and returned to the  
same organ through the veins. The arterial  
current conveys material for nutriment, heat  
and force to all the tissues; the venous cur-  
rent receives the dead waste of the tissues  
and conveys it to the different eliminating  
organs.

The propulsive action of the heart is due  
to its successive contractions. These con-  
tractions occur about seventy times a minute  
in a healthy male adult, more frequently in  
women, and much more frequently in infants  
and children, being at birth from 130 to 140,  
and gradually sinking to about 100 at the  
sixth year and to 90 or 85 at the tenth.

The arteries are unlike the veins in that  
they share in the beating of the heart, but  
the beating of the heart is readily perceived  
only where an artery passes over a bone near  
the surface, or when some inflammation of a  
part causes an enlargement of an artery and  
an unusual sensitiveness of the accompanying  
nerves. In its normal condition the pulse is  
most conveniently felt at the wrist.

The blood is the natural stimulus of the  
heart, and when the poison of disease changes

the character of the blood the action of the  
heart is correspondingly affected. It is also  
affected by organic disorders of the heart and  
arteries, by general weakness, by nervous ex-  
citement, by the state of the stomach and by  
stimulants or depressants of various kinds.  
Hence, as the heart beats and the arterial  
beats accord, the character of the pulse is of  
great service in determining the patient's  
physical condition.

It will be seen that, in feeling the pulse,  
age and sex are always to be taken into the  
account. Further, one's pulse when lying  
down is about five beats slower, and when  
sitting about ten beats slower, than when  
standing up. The pulse is slower at night  
also, and during sleep. A tall person has a  
slower pulse than a short person.

An increased pulse rate indicates a feverish  
condition, as it rises with every increase of  
temperature.

There is often an omission of a beat. Some-  
times this is at regular intervals, say the  
tenth or twentieth; at other times the omis-  
sion is irregular. In some persons such  
omissions are habitual and without signifi-  
cance; more generally they indicate some  
disease, nervous or otherwise.

When the pulse is under sixty it is re-  
garded as slow. In not a few persons this is  
natural. The pulse is slow also in persons  
recovering from a feverish condition, the  
heart being weak and exhausted, like the rest  
of the body; also in digestive diseases and  
jaundice. Certain poisons slacken the pulse,  
while others quicken it. The dying condition  
is characterized by a very rapid but feeble  
pulse.—Youth's Companion.

### DIPHTHERIA OF THE EYE.

A disease known as diphtheria of the eye  
has lately shown itself in the vicinity of  
Boston. As yet it has not gained much  
headway, but eye specialists are on the  
lookout for such cases in the hope that its  
progress may be effectually checked.

In conversation with a leading eye phy-  
sician of this city a day or two since it was  
found that the disease up to the present  
time had been a very rare one, but a very  
few cases being known to him in the past  
eight or nine years in this part of the coun-  
try. These, however, have in nearly every  
instance resulted in the loss of the member  
affected, and often in the loss of the entire  
sight.

The disease, which is considered a very  
serious one, is peculiar to Germany, in the  
vicinity of Berlin, where many people have  
suffered from its effects. In nature it is  
precisely the same as throat diphtheria,  
and may be caused by coming in contact  
with that disease, if the person's eyes have  
been at all sore or inflamed from any cause.

At the present time there is one case  
under treatment at the Massachusetts Eye  
and Ear Infirmary, on Charles street, this  
city, the patient being a little girl; but as  
it is a comparatively new case, hopes are  
entertained that it may not result seriously  
and that her present impaired sight may  
be restored.

The most difficult trouble encountered in  
the treatment of this disease by the spe-  
cialist is to keep the unaffected member  
tightly bound and hooded, that it may not  
draw the inflammation from the diseased  
eye to itself, for, if this should happen  
there would be scarcely any hope of the pa-  
tient recovering.

As yet there is no cause for extreme  
alarm, as most cautionary measures are be-  
ing taken to reach these cases before they  
shall be imparted to others.—Boston Her-  
ald.

Strange to say, no man ever gets tight  
unless he is loose in his habits.

The Bank of England contains silver in-  
gots which have lain in its vaults since the  
year 1696.

In some parts of France betrothed ladies  
wear a scarlet bow on the left shoulder. In  
this part of Canada they wear a green beau  
on left and right shoulder alternately.

The New York Herald says that the  
Prince of Wales is like the Republican  
party—he began with a surplus but is now  
\$1,000,000 in debt.

There are three kinds of people in the  
world—the will's, the won't's and the can't's.  
The first accomplish everything,  
the second oppose everything, and the third  
fail in everything.

Prof. Huxley says: There was a time  
when men walked on all fours. He prob-  
ably alludes to that interesting period in the  
life of us all when we approached a neigh-  
bor's orchard from the back way.

## TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ON THE ROAD.

As Walter's feet beat quickly on the hard road, something seemed also to beat within his brain. At first fear was dominant—fear, not upon his own account at all; when a man is hopeless he feels no fear. If Lillian had ever been within his reach, or even if she had promised herself to him in the case, however improbable, of her father giving consent to their union, life would have been inexpressibly dear to Walter, and he would have shrunk from losing it. It was a pleasure to be thus risking it for her sweet sake, and scarcely to be counted as a sacrifice; it might be valuable just now to her, and therefore it behoved him to preserve it. He looked therefore sharply to left and right, and kept the middle of the road, as Francisco had advised him to do.

Though using as much caution as he could, his footsteps rang out in the silence, and must needs give notice of his approach to any one on the watch. Presently he heard sound from the hilly ground, which was in that part covered with scrub—low trees with a thick undergrowth; a sharp hissing noise. He stopped a moment to listen, and it was repeated farther on, and therefore less clearly. It might very well proceed from some bird or even insect, with the nature of which he was unacquainted; yet it startled him, and he increased his speed, keeping more to the orchard side of the road. In this he erred, for at that moment a man clothed in sheepskin and with a gun in his hand sprang out from it, exclaiming something which was probably an equivalent for the old British "Stand, sir!"

Walter had been an idle man at college, but had learned something from an outside professor, who taught self-defence. No sooner had this wolf in sheep's clothing thus addressed him than, seizing the barrel of the gun with one hand, he knocked him down with the other. At the same moment the low wall on the other side of the road became a parapet for gun barrels—one, two, three, four; he could count them as they shone dull and cold in the moonlight; and again the warning cry, "Stand, sir!" rang out, as it seemed, from half a dozen mouths. Walter's reply was to bound forward like an antelope. "They do not shoot well, flying, these gentlemen," were the words that rang in his ears with a storm of bullets. One of them stung his cheek, and he could feel the hot blood running down it; but it only acted like a spur. Never, even when he carried off "the Pewter" in the university flat race two years (it seemed two centuries) ago, had he ever laid foot to ground so nimbly. Perhaps the guns came from Birmingham, but in any case they were not breech loaders nor double barreled; they had advanced all the leaden arguments they had to urge, and he had got clean away for that time, at all events; only what troubled him was that that soft sibilant noise was repeated and repeated again, far, far in front of him. It was the system of telegraphy used by the brigands.

This attempt to intercept him had been made within a few hundred yards of a large village, which a turn of the road now revealed to him. Walter took it as a matter of course that herein he would find succour and sympathy, even if he should be unable to procure a vehicle to carry him the remainder of his journey. But either the inhabitants were unanimous in their habits of early retirement, or what he began to think the likelier, the noise of the brigands' guns had induced them to shrink into their shells and simulate slumber. Not a single reply did he extract in answer to repeated summons till he reached the principal inn, still here, in an upstairs window, a light was still burning. Here the master of the establishment was so good as to come out to him in person, appearing in a large white cap, in which he might either have been cooking or sleeping. There was no meat in the house, he observed with great volubility, and without giving Walter time to name his wants; nothing indeed to eat but macaroni. If the signor did not require food so much the better; but seeing him to be an Englishman his mind had naturally flown to meat.

"Have you no eyes?" interrupted Walter impatiently. "Can you not see that my cheek is bleeding? I have just been way-laid by brigands."

"Heavens! Is it possible? Brigands?"

"It is quite possible, as one would have thought you could believe, since it happened just outside your town. However, I want nothing from you but the means of getting away from it. I must have a carriage of some kind in which to get to Palermo. These scoundrels have captured an English lady and her father, and every mo-

ment is precious. Just give me a basin and some water while the horses are being harnessed."

Walter would not even enter the house, but stood at the door while he washed his wound, which turned out to be little more than a scratch.

"Now, when is that carriage coming round?"

He had seen one in the yard that adjoined the inn.

"You are welcome to the carriage, signor; but, alas! we have no horses, nor do I believe that there is one in the place. Two gentlemen have just stopped here with a tired pair from Termini, which we were unable to replace."

"From Termini? Why, that is the way I have come! Did they not meet any molestation?"

"No, indeed, signor," answered the innkeeper with a smile of incredulity that seemed to say: "Young gentlemen get scratches from other things beside musket balls." "They certainly did not mention that they had been shot at."

"Well, I have been shot at," observed Walter with irritation; "and I must get on to Palermo—those two things are certain."

That his host was indisposed to offer him any assistance and anxious to get rid of him there was no doubt; and what Baccari had told him of the fear inspired in the villages by the brigands convinced Walter of the reason.

"You do not seem very hospitable, my friend," said he severely; "and I shall make it my business, when I reach my journey's end, to let the police know how you have treated me. Where there is a carriage for hire there are mostly horses."

"There are none here," interrupted the landlord sullenly; "but if the signor can make good use of his legs he cannot fail to catch the vehicle of which I have spoken, since the road is hilly, and it can scarcely move out of a foot pace."

The suggestion was not inviting; but as there seemed no alternative Walter turned with an exclamation, which, being in pure Saxon, let us hope the innkeeper imagined to be a farewell blessing, and recommenced his journey. He had recovered his breath, and felt altogether "like running." If any Sicilian eyes were watching him through the closed shutters as he moved lightly up the street, they would have seen what was probably a rarity to them—an English athlete in "good form." For speed and endurance, few amateurs could touch him. The road, though it turned inland, was now much more open; he could see not only around him but before him; and presently he beheld just disappearing at the top of a steep hill some slow-moving vehicle. What delighted him most, however, was the sight of a wagonette and pair, with two men in it, which had just passed the bridge, and was making its way up the opposite hill.

As he ran down towards it at the top of his speed, he fancied he heard once again the sibilant noise run, like some light substance that rapidly catches fire, along the firs upon the left hand; but it might well have been the noise in his ears produced by his rapid progress; and, at all events, with help so near there was no occasion for giving attention to it. The occupants of the carriage seemed to have heard it too, for, to his great joy, he saw it stop, and one man stood up in it, as if to look behind. Walter had no breath to waste in calling, but he drew out his white handkerchief as he ran on to attract attention; and in this it seemed he had succeeded, for he saw the man making gestures to him; and in a few minutes more he found himself by the door of the wagonette.

Two Sicilians, not of the upper ranks, as it seemed to him, though they were somewhat profusely decorated with chains and jewellery, were its occupants, and he who had been standing up addressed him in courteous tones.

"Do you want a lift, signor?" inquired he.

"Indeed, I do," said Walter, not waiting for a more formal invitation, but at once climbing up into the nearest seat. "I am pursued and in trouble. Pray, tell your coachman to drive on, and I will tell you all as we go along."

At a word from the man who had addressed him, the driver touched the horses with his whip, and off they went, though at a rate so slow that a London cabman taken by the hour would have been ashamed of it.

While Walter was recovering his breath, he took an observation of his companions. The general impression which his first hurried glance had given him of their "dressy" appearance was more than confirmed; if they had been Londoners he would have set them down as belonging to

the swell mob, or rather they were more like the representatives of that class in faroes. They wore billy cock hats, rather taller in the crown than those commonly seen in England; shooting jackets of a burnt sienna color—so it seemed by the moonlight—with enormous pockets both inside and out, such as poachers and game-keepers use. So far their dress was "quiet" enough; but their waistcoats, which were of blue cloth, were covered with gilt buttons, sewn on like those of pages, not for use, but show, and positively festooned with gold or gilt chains. To the shooting jackets were attached a sort of hood, to throw over the head in case of rain; and round each man's waist was a broad belt, with a shot or cartridge pouch depending from it. Under the seat opposite to Walter was a long gun, and he conjectured rightly that its fellow lay beneath him. Upon the whole, he came to the conclusion that these men were small trades people, who had gone out for a holiday, in which sport—or what they thought to be so—had formed a principal feature. They had probably been shooting tomtits.

"If you could get your coachman to drive a little quicker," said Walter, "I should feel more comfortable while telling you my story; first, because it is of the utmost importance to me to get to Palermo as soon as possible; secondly, because, as I believe, we are upon dangerous ground."

"Dangerous ground!" laughed he who seemed to take the lead as a superior mind. "When did that come into your head, Signor Inglese?"

"I am perfectly serious, gentlemen," said Walter gravely; "and not only did the circumstance happen which I have described, but a whole band of these rascals have boarded an English gentleman's boat in the bay over yonder, and carried both himself and his daughter into captivity. My object is to give the alarm as soon as possible, that measures may be taken for their release."

"Naturally," answered he who sat on the same seat with Walter, "if the Englishman is a person of consequence, they will probably send the troops after him immediately."

"Just so; that is the plan I hope will be adopted. But in the meantime, I repeat, I wish we could move a little faster. I would gladly bear the whole expense of the wagonette if I might be allowed to have my way in this particular."

"That is impossible, Signor Inglese," answered the other with a courteous inclination of his head. "We are proud to be able to do you this small service. And as for brigands there are none so near Palermo as this—I do assure you."

"And yet I could almost swear I heard them signalling to one another not five minutes ago, down there," argued Walter, pointing towards the bridge. "It was a cry like this;" and he proceeded to imitate it, not, it must be confessed, with great success. The attempt, however, excited the boisterous mirth of his companions.

"The signor must have heard the night-ingleses," said one.

"Or the echo of his last parting from his mistress must have been still ringing in his ears," observed the other. "As for the brigands, what have we to fear, who carry guns. Would the signor like to take one for himself?" and he motioned to that which lay under the opposite seat.

Nothing loath to be armed in case of the worst, Walter stooped down to pick up the gun, when a heavy weight fell violently upon his shoulders, and he found himself face foremost upon the floor of the vehicle. He struggled violently to free himself, but the space was too confined for him to throw off the man who had leaped upon him; and in less than a minute his confederate had attached a rope to his outstretched wrists and fastened them firmly behind his back. When he was suffered to rise the carriage had stopped, and the steps were already let down behind.

"Scende," said one of his captors sentimentally.

"Coachman," cried Walter, "you will bear witness what these men have done, and where they did it; they are brigands!"

Here something cold touched the tip of Walter's ear; it was the muzzle of a pistol. "If the signor speaks again he dies," said the voice that had addressed him so often. It was still quiet, and even courteous, but very firm.

Walter called to mind Francisco's advice about submission should he fall into brigands' hands, and was silent. It was not likely, where deeds were impossible, that words should avail him. The driver too, it was now plain, was either in league with these men or was afraid to oppose their wishes in any respect; he had never once turned round, so as to show his face, and now he drove away, leaving his three fares in the road, with the same precaution.

"Your name?" inquired the man who had taken the lead in the wagonette, while the others stood round in an attitude of respectful attention.

"My name is Walter Litton; my profession that of a painter; I am an English

subject. To what money I have about me you are welcome; and I swear that I will never give evidence against you if you will only let me go free. Otherwise this outrage will not pass unpunished."

"The young cock crows loudly," observed the other, laughing.

"Well, signor, you have told me your name, and now I will tell you mine. If you have heard it before it will teach you what to expect and how idle are all these ridiculous menaces. If you have not heard it you will soon come to know me—I am Il Capitano Corrali."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

OUTDOOR LODGINGS.

Walter Litton had great courage; but a cold chill swept for an instant across his heart when he heard into whose power he had fallen. A hundred stories of the cruelty of the brigand chief, which he had heard while in Palermo, not only from Baccari, but many others—for among the poorer class this man's crimes were the favorite topic of talk—and which he had disbelieved and laughed at, now returned to him with terrible force. There was a house in the town where the chin and gray beard of an old man were shown, which Corrali had sent in to his family as a token that he would "not be trifled with," which was his phrase when a victim either could not or would not pay the price that had been fixed upon as his ransom. Up to this moment Walter had discredited that ghastly trophy—which was an exhibition for money—but he did not feel so sceptical now. A rich man was comparatively safe from death and torture; it was the poor, whom Corrali persisted in believing rich, who suffered, and Walter himself was poor. Those upon whose account he had fallen into this trap were sure to be released (as he concluded) as soon as the extent of their captor's demands was known; but for him there was no such surety. All the money—at all events, all the available money—he had in the world was some seventy or eighty pounds, which was in his lodgings at Palermo. He had no credit at any banker's, nor was he known to a single influential person. The precautions he had taken to conceal himself were like to bear bitter fruit indeed. It was only too probable that he would be butchered up in yonder mountains without so much as a single fellow-countryman being aware of his sad fate.

Even if Sir Reginald—the only man who could at present help him—were informed of his danger, it was doubtful if he would stir in the matter; doubtful even whether he would ever let Lillian know that he had suffered captivity and death. Once again Walter gazed—but with what infinitely greater interest than before—upon his late companion in the wagonette, upon his present master and disposer of his life and fortunes. He was a man of middle size and quite young, perhaps thirty at the most; fair for a Sicilian, and by no means ill looking; he had blue eyes, not soft, as eyes of that color mostly are, but stern and steel-like; he had a long and curling beard, which he was now stroking irresolutely with his dirty but bejewelled hand.

"Your wrists will be unbound, Signor Inglese," said he in courteous tones, "because we have to make a rapid march, but you will be none the more free on that account. On the first symptom of an attempt to escape or to speak with any whom we may chance to meet you will be shot. I never speak twice upon this point, so lay my words to heart. You can run, I know, but not so fast as a bullet flies.—Santoro, Colletta!" At these words two of the tallest of the band came forward. "You have heard what I say, and are answerable for this gentleman's safety." The two men ranged themselves one upon each side of Walter, and at the same time the rope was cut that bound his wrists. Then Corrali pointed to the mountain before them and said "Forward!"

Bonds to the free man are what dependence is to the noble mind; other outrages—a blow or an insult—rouse indignation, audacity; but not these; they render their victim apathetic, hopeless. No sooner did Walter find himself master of his own wrists than he felt another man again—himself; and therefore he at once began to think of others. Perhaps he was going to be taken to Lillian; it might be even to show himself of use to her, notwithstanding his apparent forlorn condition. This put new blood in his veins. A broad ditch intervened between the cope into which they were about to enter and the road; the brigands began to scramble through it; but Walter took it in a bound, then, fortunately for himself, halted on the other side. A couple of sharp clicks informed him that his guard had cocked their guns.

"Do not waste your energies, young man," exclaimed Corrali in a cynical tone; "you will require all your strength before you reach home to-night."

At the time Walter did not attach much meaning to these words; the ease with which he had outstripped his pursuers after leaving the boat, and the inability of his present companions to leap the ditch, gave

him no very high idea of brigand agility; but what they wanted in spring and swiftness he soon found out was more than compensated for by their powers of endurance. Their rate of progress, though not very rapid, had something of "that long gallop, which can tire the hound's hate and hunter's fire," which is the attribute of the wolf; they never halted, or seemed to require rest. On and on they pushed, through woods, through fields, and presently up the sides of the mountain, without any abatement of their speed. Walter was at a great disadvantage as to physical exertion, since he had had no sleep, whereas the brigands rest in the day, and only move, unless closely pursued, at night time. He was too proud, however, especially after what the captain had said, to own himself fatigued, and he hurried on with the rest without a word. But how, thought he, had it been possible for these men—or rather their confederates, for, if belonging to the same band, they could hardly have been the same individuals—to carry off Christopher Brown and his delicate daughter? It was torture to him to think what hardships they must have undergone if the circumstances of their capture had been in any way similar to his own. Had Corrali himself been present at it? he wondered; for that well might be, since his carriage had been coming from the direction of the yacht; and if so, to whose guardianship had they been now deputed? Upon such a matter it was injudicious to ask any questions. His best plan seemed to be to remain silent, and to acquire all the information he could by observation.

Throughout that rapid march he beheld but two individuals, shepherds in sheepskin, but each with a species of greatcoat furnished with a capote, like those worn by the brigands. He was hurried rapidly by them; nor did they so much as look up as he passed, being probably as anxious to avoid recognition from him as his captors were to keep him from their sight. The whole circumstances of the case were evidently as well understood on one side as on the other. This incident took place when they had almost reached the top of the mountain, by which time Walter was quite exhausted, as much by famine as fatigue, for he had eaten nothing since he left Palermo in the early evening.

At last the spot was arrived at which Corrali had intimated from the road three hours ago. It was in many respects admirably fitted for a brigand camp, for not only was it the highest ground in those parts, so that the whole country lay like a map around it, but it sloped down steeply into woods on all sides, so that retreat and concealment were made easy. There was a level plateau of turf upon the summit, with just enough trees to screen its tenants from the observation of those below. The panorama was magnificent, and ranged from the snow-capped top of Etna on the one hand to Palermo and the sea upon the other. Santoro, a man with thoughtful features that would have been handsome but for a deep scar on one side of his face, pointed out the view to his prisoner with great politeness, just as an English host might draw a guest's attention to his home landscape.

"It is beautiful, is it not?" said he. "As the signor is a painter he will appreciate it."

"There are three things, my friend, that interfere with my admiration of it," replied Walter; "I am cold, I am hungry and I want to go to sleep."

Santoro checked off these wants upon his fingers, then exclaimed: "Canelli!"

The youngest brigand of the band answered to this name; he had, as afterwards appeared, joined it but a few days ago, and was employed for the present as their fag and errand boy. He was not sixteen, but as tall as the tallest of his companions, and his sharp olive face had a fierce hunted look.

"Food and a capote," said Santoro, and pointed to the forest from which they had just emerged. It seemed to Walter as though he might just as well have demanded a carriage-and-four, so far as any likelihood of his wishes being fulfilled was concerned; but without a word of question the lad darted like an arrow down the steep, and in a few minutes returned with a complete sheepskin, in the hood of which, as in a basket, were a huge hunch of brown bread and a piece of clotted cream (called raccolta). The bread was bitter and the cream sour, but Walter enjoyed both amazingly, rather to the disapproval, as it seemed to him, of his two attendants. The fact was, as he subsequently discovered, they argued from his relish of this sort of food, which even they were aware was far from choice, that he had not been accustomed to dainties, and was probably therefore by no means rich; and the conclusion they drew, as it turned out, was not without its advantage to him. As a general rule, it took thirty-six hours of life in the mountains (which means semi-starvation) to bring a rich prisoner down to raccolta. The capote was very grateful to Walter, to whose limbs the night breeze upon the hill top came piercingly cold.

"I am afraid," said he, "Santoro, that this coat was taken from one of those poor shepherds whom we met as we came through the wood."

"It was bought, signor, at a just price," answered the other with some haughtiness. "It is not brigand custom to rob the poor. There are few shepherds who are not willing to sell their capotes for thirty ducats."

"Thirty ducats!" exclaimed Walter, thinking five pounds for a sheepskin rather dear. "Do you mean to say you gave all that money?"

"Certainly; that is, upon your account, signor. It is merely an item added to the ransom you will have to pay. The captain will settle that little matter with you. The bread and cream cost only a ducat."

"It seems to me that your hotel bills on the mountain are a little extravagant," remarked Walter.

"That is true, signor, as to the provisions," answered the other naively; "but then consider you pay nothing for your sleeping accommodation. Here is a dry place out of the wind."

Walter lay down, and the two brigands followed his example, lying so close to him that he could not move a limb without their observing it. At first this was far from displeasing to him, since their proximity helped to warm him; but presently he became aware that brigands do not use water. The four sentinels, two at each end of the little avenue of trees that fringed the hill top, who kept watchful guard over all, seemed to have had their orders to admit no ventilation.

Corralli, with two or three of the band, had withdrawn elsewhere, but a perfect discipline was maintained in his absence. Every two hours these sentries were relieved by others, who, in addition to their guns, were furnished with field glasses, with which they swept the distant roads and fields. Not a movement of theirs was lost on Walter, who in vain endeavored to sleep. Those about him seemed to sink into slumber as soon as their limbs touched the ground. The watchful sentinel became an inanimate lump before the man who had succeeded to his post had paced three times his narrow beat. Conscience might make cowards of these men, but it certainly did not interfere with their repose. The strange and unexpected circumstances of Walter's position rendered his mind a tumultuous sea of thought. Now he was with Jack Pelter, speculating upon the fate of a new picture; now with Lotty, an unwilling witness to her husband's tyranny and coldness; now at Mr. Brown's table, listening to his early struggles after fourpenny pieces; now watching the yacht as it yawed and drifted without its helmsman; now praying the brigand chief to release Lilian, and now clutching him in fierce revenge because she was dying on his hands. Nothing was clear to him but the tree tops against the moonlit sky and the slow-pacing forms of the brigand sentinels. The astounding change that had befallen him—the sense that his very life was at the mercy of a reckless robber—confused his judgment. Above all, since nothing was within his own control, he could make no plans to succour either himself or others; he was not even a waif upon the sea, which at least has tides, and the winds, whose direction can to some extent be calculated. He could not make even a guess at the thoughts that lay beneath the broad hat of Captain Corralli, who had obtained the sole dominion over him, and by whose gracious forbearance he was, for the present, permitted to draw breath. And so he lay unrestful till the stilly dawn began to glow upon the mountain's peaks, and birds and beasts and creeping things began to awake to the liberty that was denied to him.

(To be Continued.)

**A Metto for Workingmen—"We Never Forget."**

My advice to workingmen is this:—If you want power in this country; if you want to make yourself felt; if you do not want your children to wait long years before they have bread on the table they ought to have, the leisure in their lives they ought to have, the opportunities in life they ought to have; if you don't want to wait yourselves, write on your banner so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, no matter how short-sighted he may be, can read it: "We never forget. If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget! If there is a division in Congress and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget! You may go down on your knees and say: 'I am sorry I did the act.' And we will say: 'It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave—never!' So that a man in taking up the labor question will know he is dealing with a hair-trigger pistol and will say: "I am to be true to justice and to man, otherwise I am a dead duck."—Wendell Phillips.

A man who spurns you when you're low, And doth a secret kick bestow, When you once more can raise and stand Will be the first to grab your hand.

**A WOMAN OR A LADY?**

Is it more noble to be a lady or a woman? The distinction between these terms in present days is wide, and different from their original meaning. The word woman is the genus term and lady the specific one. But the whirligig of time and the progress of human events, the development of institutions and the evolution of the race has put another aspect upon them. A lady at one time was an aristocrat for whom chivalric knights strove and fought; then it meant to indicate, although not rightly, that she to whom it was applied possessed the virtues that mark the ideal woman. For a while this application had been lost, but now the distinction is more nearly akin to its earlier features. Though a woman possesses most admirable qualities, excellent disposition and virtuous demeanor she is not entitled to the application according to the decrees and practices of portions of modern society. A lady may be anything but honest and lovable while a woman may be everything desirable, yet there is often too much honor paid to the proclaimed lady and too much disregard to the slighted woman. Blood does not tell in these days; in its stead we have money. Wealth is the criterion by which women are judged, and as they possess or lack it their application is determined either as lady or woman. The writer remembers at one time of holding converse with several young women. They were situated neither at the topmost rung of wealth's ladder nor at its lowest round. The ladies, as is usual to most ladies, happened to strike a vein of gossip relative to the suitability of certain costumes and ornaments. Diamonds were touched upon. The views indicated that diamonds were not always becoming and that in many cases their use was vulgar. One of the angelic creatures observed that one day upon the streets she had noticed a remarkably ordinary and perhaps not very pretty woman, who displayed an astonishing cluster of real diamonds; otherwise her dress was plain. "No one," said she, "would for a moment think she was a lady." The remark astonished me, but it indicated clearly a depraved public sentiment. How the possession of diamonds, indicative of wealth, should stamp their owner with a title, even though it be a lady, never could diffuse itself through the gray matter of my brain. And when it is considered that most women support themselves and are ground down to starvation wages, while the ladies live in luxury and even in what is considered vice upon the proceeds, the seat of honor should belong to woman. A woman who does her own housework or earns her own bread and butter under an employer is far more fit to be respected than lazy creatures who have nothing but good looks and perfume to brag about. It may take a good while to educate the people to understand to whom honor should be due. The most difficult part in the work of such education is in overcoming the prejudices of the women themselves who are only too anxious to be termed ladies.

**STUDENTS BEWARE!**

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

There are many, however, who, by a too constant application to mental knowledge are shortening life and losing all its joys. There are hundreds of law, medical, divinity and arts students, who, through ignorance or carelessness, are daily allowing disease or troublesome maladies to gain a mastery over them physically, while they are constantly applying themselves to an acquisition of a thorough education in the professions. Many of these hard working students, before they graduate, become almost physical wrecks from an over-worked brain, unstrung nerves, insomnia, dyspepsia or indigestion. All these troubles can be easily cured, if, when the first symptoms show themselves, Paine's Celery Compound be used. This Compound is the most perfect brain and nerve food ever given to suffering humanity, and is a strengthener and restorer of the entire system, giving a strength, a vitality and a vim that is absolutely necessary for the student who wishes to excel in mental studies. A well known professor and educationalist has said:—"Let us keep the mental and nervous system of the ordinary student in a healthy condition, and no proper course of studies will be too arduous for him."

**In the Sleigh.**

This robe is a bearskin, isn't it, George? The fair one asked, as they sped along the hard, smooth road.

Yes, darling; why? Oh, I had reason for thinking so. A great, strong light shone on George, and afterward he drove with one hand.

The man who patronizes a second-hand clothing store is never troubled with fits.

**WHAT LOVE DID.**

Once I knew a workingman, a potter by trade, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day.

He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of broken glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unselfish Scotchman, but never went home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing that he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in.

I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy; still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real, but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides, before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time.

One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another brought some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about.

They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the month drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some ungovernable ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer.

Every day, now, somebody did a piece of work for him, and put it upon the sand place to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier.

So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right round the corner, out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave the small burden of a child which not one of them had ever seen with hicown eyes.

**The Revolution.**

There is a peaceful revolution going on in this country which equals in importance any revolution that the world has ever seen. The United States is a great, splendid farming country. Fifty per cent. of our voters are on our farms, and agriculture is the most important industry in the nation. Destroy our farms and the nation itself will crumble. But for years the farm has not been paying as it should. It has been shamefully oppressed by even government itself; and as one result of this unjust condition of affairs people have been leaving the farms and flocking to the cities and towns. At last, however, the farmer has awakened to a realization that he must do something for his protection. He has concluded that this country does not belong to Wall street, to Jay Gould, the railroads, or to corporations; and he has commenced to move forward for the protection of his rights. It need not be guessed when he will stop. He is an American with the spirit of freedom alive in his breast, and he is simply repealing American history. The American people are notoriously patient and long suffering, but the time invariably comes when patience ceases to be a virtue with them, and they pull off their coats and enter the fray; and they stay in it until they get things to suit them. The farmer has pulled off his coat, and he will not put it on again until his rights are recognized and are secure. All he asks is equal rights and privileges with other classes, and he will have them. It is a peaceful revolution in which he is engaged.—Western Rural.

**The Value of Arbitration**

It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the laboring classes if the policy of arbitration, which is now gaining favor for the settling of international quarrels, were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labor. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method, for, while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of argument.—Cardinal Gibbons.

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Business notices published in local columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line. All advertisements measured by a scale of solid measure.

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

MONTREAL, February 7, 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.

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

## DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT

The Dominion Parliament has been dissolved, and the nominations take place on the 25th of February and the elections on the 5th of March. From the rumors of dissolution which had been rife for a week or two previous the people were not unprepared for the announcement, and outside of the professional politicians caused little or no excitement. The air is thick with rumors of coming candidates, but nothing has been definitely settled nor will be till the various political organizations have met and discussed the situation. It is generally believed, however, that the Liberals will contest the various seats in Montreal district. At a special meeting of the Central Trades and Labor Council called for that purpose it will be decided whether or not one or more workingmen's candidates will be placed in the field, but the probabilities are that the Council will content itself with running one for Montreal East and endorsing those in other divisions who are soundest on the labor platform. In the meantime no workingman should pledge himself to any particular candidate until he hears from all. Your opportunity is now at hand; your strength lies in the ballot box, and, properly directed, this power may result in benefit to yourselves.

## THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

Now that the excitement of the civic elections are over the citizens can sit calmly down and review the results, which, on the whole, are very satisfactory. The enormous majority rolled up by Mr. McShane was the feature of the contest, for although almost everybody was convinced that he would be elected, still they were hardly prepared for the astonishing conclusion. That this result was brought about through the votes of organized labor and the working classes in general is conceded by most of our contemporaries though they fail to appreciate the motive. The five thousand and odd majority votes were not altogether cast in favor of Mr. McShane, but largely against Mr. Grenier, who, from reasons which have already been given in these columns, had rendered himself peculiarly unpopular to workingmen, and at the same time to give vent perhaps to a little spite against the clique who undertook to pooh-pooh their claims to have a voice in the se-

lection of a mayor. Had those who so persistently kept shoving Mr. Grenier to the front acted with better judgment and shown less superciliousness in relation to the representatives of the working classes the result might have been different, and they would not now be kicking themselves figuratively at their bull-headedness and stand-offishness. Perhaps it will prove an object lesson for the future, and in the meantime the self-nominated leaders of the people will do well to consider that they have a force to contend with or to conciliate, just as they think it best. If the Mayor-elect is incapable to some people and one whose election they predict the citizens may have cause to regret, the fault lays with themselves; all that concerns us in the meantime is that it was a notable victory for the labor organizations. Our own opinion is that, Mr. McShane's oddities and lack of "dignity" notwithstanding, he will make a suitable mayor, as he is undoubtedly a popular one, and that his reign at the City Hall will be successful and that no cause will be given the citizens for sober reflections.

In the ward elections, we are glad to note the return of Ald. Thompson by a very handsome majority, and we offer our congratulations to the electors of that district on the wisdom of their choice. The services of such an energetic and conscientious gentleman were not lightly to be dispensed with, and we are proud to record the fact that the workingmen of the ward appreciated these qualities in Mr. Thompson and supported him nobly in his candidature. He had a man of considerable local influence to contend with, and the result must be gratifying to Mr. Thompson as it is creditable to the electors themselves.

The Council will be without the services of a man of ability and foresight in the defeat of Mr. Baxter in St. Lawrence Ward, but that gentleman can afford to view the situation with equanimity, and as everything comes to him who waits, we have no doubt at a future election Mr. Baxter will reverse the order of things. With a little more experience of their present representative the electors of the ward will begin to think they have made a mistake.

That the electors of St. Ann's Ward have every confidence in their tried representative, Ald. Conroy, is proved by his re-election. He is a conscientious and painstaking worker, and will not stand in the way of needed reforms. From Mr. Conroy's position on the Water Committee his return was desirable on various grounds, and we are glad to see him retain his seat in the Council.

Both St. Louis and the West Ward refused to change their representatives although extra good men were run in opposition in both districts. Mr. R. J. Latimer polled a very encouraging vote in the former ward, taking everything into consideration, and his friends are hopeful for the future. By the majority which returned Col. Stevenson we would infer that his administration of the Fire Department meets with the approval of the electors of the ward, and their verdict will be approved by the citizens generally.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Wherever the Hon. Peter Mitchell made a public appearance in connection with the mayoralty contest—at the Windsor, at Chaboillez square and at the City Hall—his reception was anything but cordial, and the lesson it teaches ought not to be lost on the Mayor-elect and the political party to which he belongs. If the "People's Jimmy" wishes to retain his popularity with the people he should shake Peter at the first favorable opportunity, or at all events, he should be kept in the background when an assemblage of workingmen has to be talked over. The events following up the lookout on the Herald are of too

recent a date to be so soon forgotten, and it was simply a piece of impertinence on the part of the individual who took so prominent a part in prosecuting the unfortunate printers, to attempt to give advice to their fellow-workmen. His avowed hostility to Union labor and his importation of the unfair labor element of the United States makes him obnoxious to the workmen of this city. The importation of scab labor from the United States is one form of unrestricted reciprocity which will not go down with the majority of workingmen, and the sooner Mr. Mitchell's party managers remove him from the stump the better it will be for the party.

The Montreal Herald takes credit to itself for being the only Opposition journal in Canada to give its readers the news of the dissolution of Parliament on the same morning it appeared in the Ministerial journals, and explains that it was enabled to do this by keeping its forms "a little late" from press. One would infer from reading this announcement that some of its satellites, moved by the dissolution rumors flying around, had been haunting the vicinity of the Gazette office lately in order to procure an early copy of the Government organ. Is this the "Special Service" to which it was indebted for its information? What enterprise!

Wonderful to relate, a jury has been found in Canada with courage enough to place the blame of a railway "accident" upon two officials of the Grand Trunk. The verdict was not arrived at, however, without a good deal of hesitation, and the jury at one time appeared to be in a deadlock and asked for an adjournment. This the coroner refused to allow, and after some further technical evidence had been given and a good five hours spent in deliberation a verdict was handed in to the effect that the accident was due to the negligence of Train Despatcher Stone, of Montreal, and R. Laidley, the telegraph operator at Kingston. The cause of the enquiry was the death of a train hand through a collision between two freight trains at Ballantyne station, near Kingston. Although it was only a train hand that was killed, a further enquiry will surely follow on the heels of this verdict and punishment meted out to those who may be found blameworthy.

A week or so ago several arrests were made of parties charged with counterfeiting the "Stonewall Jackson" cigar, one of them pleading guilty and confessing to the method adopted. It is said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and while this may be true and gratifying to the genuine makers to find their goods so much appreciated, it is at the same time a serious loss and great annoyance to them to find their goods imitated in everything else but quality. The recognized merits of Union made cigars have in many instances led unscrupulous dealers to counterfeit the distinctive trade marks of the genuine makers. This may prove very profitable to those parties, but it is very damaging to the manufacturers. Aware of the extent to which this disreputable practice is indulged in the regular manufacturers yet find it exceedingly difficult to trace the guilty parties, so the Cigarmakers' Unions are going to take a hand in the matter, and anyone found using their blue label without authority will be proceeded against to the full extent of the law.

The Canadian Pacific Railway trainmen are at present agitating for an increase of pay. Representatives from the divisions comprised within the area between Quebec and Port Arthur, have been in session at the Albion Hotel for the past two or three days discussing their position and prospects. A deputation waited upon Mr. Van Horne in regard to the matter of an

increase, but it is understood that no satisfactory conclusion was arrived at. The trainmen are very uncommunicative on the subject, and although our representative met with a polite reception, no definite information could be extracted from them regarding their plans or prospects. From what we could gather, however, from other than the officials of the society, the men are disposed to strike if their request is not complied with, as they say their pay compares very unfavorably with employees of other roads. The men all belong to the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors.

The officials at the City Hall have engaged in a little sharp practice in connection with the payment for the polling booths used during the recent elections. A poor woman who had rented her room for this purpose called to receive payment and was handed a receipted bill for her water rates and the small balance remaining. A very small game for a large corporation to play. Here is a chance for the new Mayor to add to his popularity.

The attempt made by the relatives of the late Duke of Bedford to prevent the painful circumstances of his death from being made public was natural enough, but was, of course, foredoomed to failure. The Duke was suffering great pain, and said to those who were in attendance on him that it was more than he could bear. He was not in his bedroom at the time of committing the fatal act. He had retired for a few moments, when his attendants were startled to hear the report of a pistol, and on hastening to the Duke they found that the unfortunate man had shot himself dead.

Lord Folkestone's wedding a short time ago was varied by an entirely novel incident. At the most thrilling moment of the service, when all eyes were fixed on the blushing beauty of the bride, a female pickpocket was busily plying her vocation and gathering a golden harvest. Unluckily, her operations were perceived by the quick eye of the Countess Cadogan, who promptly gave the alarm. The pickpocket turned and fled, but Lady Cadogan gave chase, and, to use a boyish phrase, "chevied" the marauder down the church and out into Sloane street. There the police joined in the pursuit, and finally the pickpocket was arrested and forced to disgorge the rich fruits of much misdirected energy and adroitness.

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

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

CENTRAL  
TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL  
OF MONTREAL.

LOUIS Z. BOUDREAU, - - - PRESIDENT  
J. B. DUBOIS, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT  
P. J. RYAN, - - - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY  
D. ROCHON, - - - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY  
O. CORRIVEAU, - - - FINANCIAL SECRETARY  
GEO. S. WARREN, - - - COR. SECRETARY  
JOS. CORBEIL, - - - 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 GEO. S. WARREN, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,  
No. 7623.  
Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Feb. 1st, at 7.30. 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 Weber Hall, St. James street. Address all communications to  
JOHN WILKINS, R.S.,  
No. 232 St. Antoine street.

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

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S  
ADVERTISEMENT.

Our Great Winter Clearing Sale is still going on, and we have some extra good lines remaining which are genuine bargains. The public is advised to lose no time in visiting our stores.

JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO.

BARGAINS EVERYWHERE  
BARGAINS EVERYWHERE  
BARGAINS EVERYWHERE

We have big bargains in every Department, and are confident that all purchases made at our Stores, during this CHEAP SALE, will prove satisfactory and profitable investments.

JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO.

BEATS THEM ALL  
BEATS THEM ALL  
BEATS THEM ALL

For sterling value there is nothing in this country to equal our splendid assortment. 47-inch Colored and Black FRENCH CASHMERE, over 50 shades to choose from, all at one price, 50c per yard.

JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO.

UNEQUALLED  
UNEQUALLED  
UNEQUALLED

UNEQUALLED—Our Special Line Dress Goods. Reduced to 14c.

UNEQUALLED—Our Special Line Dress Goods. Reduced to 19c.

UNEQUALLED—Our Special Line Dress Goods. Reduced to 25c.

UNEQUALLED—Our Special Line Dress Goods. Reduced to 29c.

UNEQUALLED—Our Remnants of Dress Goods. Selling at half-price.

UNEQUALLED—Our Dress Patterns. Selling at 33 per cent. Reduction.

JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO.

NEW  
NEW  
NEW

5 Cases of new PRINTS, selling fast.

Prices from 10c to 15c.

2 Cases new GALATEAS, selling fast.

Prices 15c and 20c.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,  
1781, 1783Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.  
Terms Cash and Only One Price.

## Public Debate

— ON —

## Protection or Free Trade

Which is of the greatest good to the greatest number?

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Dominion Assembly, 2436, K. of L.

— IN —

WEBER HALL, ST. JAMES ST.

FRIDAY, FEB. 13th,

At 8 o'clock p.m.

The Public are Cordially Invited.

## Central China Hall.

Will Remove to Store  
formerly occupied by  
Rae & Donnelly, oppo-  
site present premises.

2046 Notre Dame St.

GEO. EADIE,

(SUCCESSOR TO L. DENEAU.)

## WM. SNOW

2025 Notre Dame street.

## FEATHERS

Cleaned, Curled and Dye  
TO SAMPLE A SPECIALTY.

**THE TRADES COUNCIL.**

**The Endorsement of Political Candidates to be Decided Upon at a Special Meeting.**

The regular meeting of the Council was held Thursday evening, President B. Adrien in the chair.

Credentials were read and accepted from Jos. Gibeau, H. Smith, and W. McCleave representing the Plumbers' and Steamfitters' Union, and from L. J. Corbeau, representing the Early Closing Association.

The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved.

The Ways and Means Committee on the Water Tax question then reported, through Delegates Darlington and Helbronner, the result of the judgments in the cases before the courts.

On motion of Delegate Beland, seconded by Delegate Cousineau, Mr. Helbronner was instructed to see Mr. Barnard and have a full report, in writing, of the whole matter at next meeting of Council.

The question of the free public library was then taken up.

Delegate Beland reported that he had interviewed the Provincial Ministers concerning this matter and they seemed very favorable to the establishment of a public library, the Prime Minister promising all the assistance necessary. He also reported that several gentlemen had offered the use of a building for that purpose.

After an interesting debate, it was moved by Delegate Darlington, seconded by Delegate Duffey, that the different organizations represented in the Council petition the Government, through the corresponding secretary and Delegate Beland, for the establishment of the library at the earliest possible date.

The report of the Legislative Committee, on the suggestion of D. A. 18 to take up the question of the high house rents, recommending that the Council take action on the matter, was read, and, on motion, filed.

The Organization Committee, owing to the absence of Delegate Geo. S. Warren in Ottawa, held no meeting, but promised to have a report for next meeting of Council.

The Committee on Revision of Constitution was ordered to report all work done by them at next meeting.

The report of the Treasurer, properly certified to by the Auditors, was then read, and, on motion of Delegate Beland, seconded by Delegate Cousineau, adopted.

A communication from Progress Assembly, asking the Council to draft a political platform, was then read, and referred to the Legislative Committee, on motion of Delegate Bissonnette, seconded by Delegate Dubois.

A communication from Typographical Union, 145, asking the Council to draft petitions to the Government to do away with labor in reformatories, as it was injurious to free labor, was read and, on motion of Delegate Pigeon, seconded by Delegate Joly, referred to the Legislative Committee, with instruction to take immediate action thereon. The meeting then adjourned.

Immediately after the adjournment a requisition, signed by the representatives of five organizations, was handed the President, requesting him to call a special meeting of the Council, "to take into consideration the political situation," on Sunday afternoon, at 2.30.

The President accordingly instructed the Corresponding Secretary to issue notices and the whole matter is expected to be discussed and settled at this meeting.

**MONTREAL NEWS.**

The Building Inspector has notified the Y. M. C. A. and the Gravel estate that they will have to tear down the dividing wall between their buildings on Victoria square, as it is in a dangerous condition.

Mr. C. A. Dansereau, the newly appointed postmaster, assumed the duties of his position on Thursday morning, Mr. Lamothe, the retiring postmaster, executing his last official act on Wednesday evening.

The members of the Contractors' Association had their annual outing on Wednesday in the shape of a drive to Pelouin's, Back River, where they dined about 2 p.m. The turnout was one of the largest the association has ever had.

A largely attended meeting of the Grocers' Association was held Thursday in the Mechanics' Institute to discuss the licensing question. The matter was talked over for a long time, but the meeting adjourned without any decision being arrived at.

Ten years ago one J. A. Johnson, in the employ of Mr. Frank Bremner, it is alleged, decamped with \$250 of his master's money. Nothing was heard of him until a few days ago, when he returned to the city. He was arrested by Detective Grose on a writ of capias taken out by Mr. Bremner, for whom Mr.

Edmund Guerin is solicitor. The services of Mr. Bauset have been engaged on behalf of Johnson.

A married man, 33 years of age, was arrested at 7.20 Thursday night by Sergeants Lafontaine and Charbonneau, of No. 6 station, for indecent assault and attempted outrage on a little girl living on McCord street. The child had occasion to go to the man's house, and while there he attempted the crime, but the cries of the girl caused him to desist. The child, as soon as she escaped, immediately went and told her parents what had occurred, and the father went to the police station and the man was arrested.

Complaints have reached us about the dangerous nature of a lonely place between McCord and Guy streets on William. There is no electric light to dispel the darkness, and our informant states that it is a place greatly frequented by loafers, who lay in wait for women who may have occasion to pass that way. Last Sunday evening the wife of a respectable workman, on her way to church, was followed up by a ruffian, and she only escaped by making a good use of her heels. As usual there was no police to render assistance, but if a light were placed there the danger of molestation would be greatly lessened.

**THE NEW CIVIC COMMITTEES.**

Finance—Ald. Rolland, chairman; Perreault, Martineau, Clendinneng, Farrell, Hurteau and McBride.

Roads—Ald. Prefontaine, chairman; A. Dubuc, W. Kennedy, J. B. R. Dufresne Brunet, Wilson, P. Kennedy.

Police—Ald. Jeannotte, chairman; A. Dubuc, McBride, W. Kennedy, J. M. Dufresne, P. Kennedy, Gauthier.

Fire—Stevenson, chairman; Perreault, P. Dubuc, Robert, Cunningham, Wilson, Grenier.

Water—Conroy, chairman; Thompson, Savignac, Hamelin, Grenier, M. G. Gagnon, Shorey.

Markets—Malone, chairman; Griffin, Cunningham, Robert, Boisseau, J. B. R. Dufresne, Lamarche.

Light—Rainville, chairman; Prefontaine Clendinneng, Malone, Tansey, Villeneuve, J. M. Dufresne.

City Hall—Thompson, chairman; Stevenson, Savignac, Conroy, Germain, Rainville, Lamarche.

Health—Hamelin, chairman; Clendinneng, Tansey, Brunet, Shorey, Germain, Gauthier.

Parks and Ferries—Stephens, chairman; Jeannotte, Farrell, Griffin, Boisseau, P. Dubuc, J. M. Dufresne.

Park Commissioners—Villeneuve, chairman; Wilson and Farrell.

**JOHN T. LYONS,**

Central Drug Store,  
Cor. Craig and Bleury Sts.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Prepared at moderate prices.

Open Sunday All Day.

**THE GOLDEN BOOT**

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR  
Bargains in Boots, Shoes  
and Rubbers.

Best Quality and Low Prices.

**MALLETTE & MARTIN,**  
116 McGill Street.

McCrudden's Old Stand.

**Ask Your Grocer**

FOR A

**C. M. P. HAM**

CURED BY THE

**Canada Meat Packing Co.**

MONTREAL.

**JOHN FOSTER,**  
Practical Sanitarian,

Plumber, Gas and Steamfitter,  
No. 117 College Street,  
MONTREAL.

Telephone - No. 2582 Bell.

**CARSLEY'S COLUMN.**

**CARPET DEPARTMENT.**

BARGAINS	BARGAINS	BARGAINS
IN	IN	IN
<b>OILCLOTHS.</b>	<b>LINOLEUMS.</b>	<b>OILCLOTHS.</b>
ENGLISH OILCLOTH at		30c square yard
ENGLISH OILCLOTH at		35c "
FINE LINOLEUMS		36c "
EXTRA HEAVY LINOLEUMS		50c "
Remnants of OILCLOTHS at Great Bargains.		
Remnants of LINOLEUMS at Great Bargains.		
OILCLOTH MATS Greatly Reduced.		
CARPET SQUARES Greatly Reduced.		
DUNDEE SQUARES, Reduced to		\$1.26
HEAVY REVERSIBLE SQUARES, Reduced to		1.58
REVERSIBLE CARPETS, 3 yds. x 8 yds., reduced to		1.89

At S. CARSLEY.

The MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is very attractive at present, where many bargains are offered.

READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES
READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES
READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES
READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES	READ THE PRICES
MEN'S UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, 25c each.		
MEN'S WOOLLEN CARDIGAN JACKETS, 50c each.		
MEN'S FANCY KNITTED WOOL GLOVES, 17c per pair.		
MEN'S LAMB'S WOOL HALF HOSE, 25c per pair.		
MEN'S WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, with Bands or Cuffs, 75c each.		
MEN'S ELASTIC BRACES, good quality, 12c per pair.		
BOYS' COLORED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS, 5c each.		
BOYS' 4-ply LINEN COLLARS, sizes 12½ and 14, stand up, 25c per doz.		
MEN'S DARK COLORED WOOLLEN SOCKS, 8c per pair, or two pairs for 15c.		
Good Tweed, slightly damaged at edges, in dark colors, such as Navy Blue and Seal Brown, very suitable for Boys' School Suits and Spring Overcoats, to be cleared out at 19c per yard.		
Also a large lot of Tweed Remnants, which are to be cleared out, some of them at less than half price.		

S. CARSLEY.

**DRESSMAKING. DRESSMAKING.**  
**DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT.**

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES!**

LADIES REQUIRING an attractive and well-finished costume at a moderate charge, perfect fit and style assured, would do well to visit S. Carsley's Dressmaking Department, which has lately been re-organized under a new and efficient management. NEW CUTTERS, NEW FITTERS and NEW SEWERS have been engaged, and with their combined experience and artistic tastes some of the daintiest and most delightful Evening Dresses have been turned out these last two weeks from this Department.

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

Parlor Reception Salon and Cosy Fitting Rooms  
ALL NEATLY FURNISHED AND REMODELLED.

**A TRIAL SOLICITED.**

**S. CARSLEY,**  
Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

**COLORED DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.**

COLORED CASHMERE.	COLORED CASHMERE.
COLORED HENRIETTA.	COLORED HENRIETTA.
COLORED NUNS' VELLING.	COLORED NUN'S VELLING.
COLORED FRENCH FOULE.	COLORED FRENCH FOULE.
COLORED SERGE.	COLORED SERGE.
COLORED AMAZON CLOTH.	COLORED AMAZON CLOTH.
COLORED SATIN SERGE.	COLORED SATIN SERGE.
COLORED FRENCH TWILL.	COLORED FRENCH TWILL.
COLORED SATIN CLOTH.	COLORED SATIN CLOTH.
COLORED CHECK.	COLORED CHECK.
COLORED STRIPED.	COLORED STRIPED.
COLORED FOULE SERGE.	COLORED FOULE SERGE.
COLORED ALPACA.	COLORED ALPACA.
COLORED LUSTRE.	COLORED LUSTRE.
COLORED MELTON CLOTH.	COLORED MELTON CLOTH.
COLORED LADIES' CLOTH.	COLORED LADIES' CLOTH.

S. CARSLEY.

**COTTON DEPARTMENT.**

Special Line of Grey Cottons.	Special Line of Grey Cottons.
GREY COTTONS, 30 inches wide, . . . . .	3½c
GREY COTTONS, 35 inches wide . . . . .	4c
GREY COTTONS, 36 inches wide, special value, . . . . .	5c
GREY COTTONS, 36 inches wide, . . . . .	6½c
GREY COTTONS, extra good value . . . . .	8c
GREY COTTONS, 40 inches wide, under cost . . . . .	9c
WHITE COTTON, . . . . .	4c
WHITE COTTON, . . . . .	6c
WHITE COTTON, . . . . .	7½c
WHITE COTTON, . . . . .	8c
GOOD VALUE.	
	HONEYCOMB TOWELLING . . . . . 3½c
	ALL LINEN TOWELS . . . . . 7½c
	ALL LINEN TOWELS . . . . . 8c
	100 Pieces of Flannelette in all colors at . . . . . 6½c

Notwithstanding the immense Stock which we received of these White Cottons which we have been selling for \$2.50 per piece, there only remains in stock a very few dozen. All who wish to avail themselves of this opportunity must come at once.

**S. CARSLEY**

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779  
Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

**CARSLEY'S COLUMN.**



**THE BELL PIANOS AND ORGANS** are the first great success in the manufacture of Musical Instruments in Canada. The best and wisest of Canada's loyal sons and daughters now exchange their American Pianos for **BELL PIANOS**, as was long their wont in Organs. Sole Agents for Central Canada:  
**WILLIS & CO.**

1824 Notre Dame St.  
(Near McGill street, Montreal.)

**FELT & CLOTH BOOTS**

Shoes & Slippers,  
Moose Moccasins,  
German Felt Shoes.

WOOL-LINED  
Rubbers AND Overshoes

**RONAYNE'S,**

17 Chaboillez Square,  
NEXT THE FIRE STATION.

**IS**

there anything more likely to give satisfaction to a man of refinement and cultivated taste than the knowledge that his linen is spotless and glossy? You may let your thoughts wander

**UNRESTRICTED**

through the realms of Nature and Art, but in your shirt, collar, or cuffs are frayed, limp, discolored or blistered, you will derive small benefit from your meditations.

**RECIPROCITY**

versus Protection may be good enough to argue about, but if your garments should be in the melancholy condition described above send them at once to the TROY STEAM LAUNDRY, or give your address and have them sent for. When the results are seen

**A**

sense of satisfaction will be experienced by you which will be truly gratifying. With skill, experience, and improved facilities, the TROY STEAM LAUNDRY stands unrivaled. With these conditions success is far more than a

**PROBABILITY.**

**Troy Steam Laundry**

Cor. Craig and St. Peter streets.  
Bell Telephone No. 666.  
Federal Telephone No. 542.

**ADVERTISERS.**

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

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

## American.

A great blizzard swept over North Nebraska and South Dakota during the week.

An ice field was on Tuesday drifted out of Saginaw Bay into Lake Huron, and about 20, out of a total of about 200 fishermen, who were spearing ice on it at the time, are estimated to have been lost.

Owing to a disagreement between the directors of a Norwegian paper in South Dakota, some of the directors had the entire newspaper plant seized by night, loaded in six waggons and removed to another town.

A man at Des Moines, Iowa, suffering from typhoid fever, was given into the care of Christian scientists. He is now a raving maniac, and a doctor now says that the man will die.

A wrestler, who with another man was giving an exhibition previous to a prize fight at Hopkinton, Mass., fell to the floor while wrestling. His skull was fractured and he died soon afterwards.

Mrs. Catherine McKnight hanged herself at Chicago on Tuesday. When only 18 she eloped with her first husband, who joined the Union Army. She accompanied the regiment during the war. He was captured, but she gained admission to him in Libby prison, changed clothes with him, and he got out, but was recaptured. She was ordered to be shot as a spy, but escaped.

At a meeting at Palestine, Tex., last fall, the Rev. Sam Jones spoke of Mayor J. J. Ward's official and private character before a large attendance in the severest terms. The mayor was then absent from the city. Mr. Jones returned the other day, and when about to take the train the following morning to leave the city the mayor appeared and caned him. In the struggle the cane changed hands and the mayor received several blows. Heavy bruises were inflicted and both bled profusely. The evangelist soon left town on the train. Mayor Ward was arrested and placed under bonds for aggravated assault and for carrying a pistol. He declares he had no intention of doing anything further than caning Mr. Jones.

A mob attacked the jail at Homer, La., Saturday, with the intention of lynching Link Waggoner, the desperado. They battered down the door, but as soon as Link saw the men were after him he began firing on them, having in his possession two six shooters. He shot two of the men, defied the whole number, and held them at bay. It seems that Waggoner had not been placed in a cell, and did his shooting from the corridor, dodging into different apartments. In trying to pull open the door of a prisoner's cell the latter caught the door with one hand to keep him out, when Waggoner drew a knife and cut off his fingers. The sheriff says when placed in jail he was searched and no weapons were found about him, and it is supposed his friends furnished him with arms.

## Canadian.

A woman residing on Valier street, Quebec, has been arrested, charged with keeping a house for immoral purposes, and with enticing three girls of immature age. It is the mother of one of these young girls who makes the charge.

At a convention in Toronto last week, the Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario unanimously re-elected Mr. N. A. Awrey, M. P. P., as president for the coming year. In his address the president gave some interesting statistics of agriculture, and urged the farmers to stand together in all matters relating to their own interest.

A number of seizures were reported to the Customs Department on Tuesday. Five crates of earthenware at Halifax, several kegs of nails at Campobello, N. B., and a wharf and storehouse at Campobello, the materials of which were smuggled, were all seized for contravention of the Customs act. The schooner J. E. Dennis, for various infractions of the revenue laws, was also seized at Campobello. A large quantity of cigars was also seized at Halifax on account of being smuggled.

On Sunday the parish priest of St. Anne's in Ottawa denounced the establishment in his parish of a soup depot, stating that it was not needed, that the poor could be taken care of by the charitable institutions of the parish, and that the soup kitchen must be done away with. He intimated that if it was not abolished the archbishop would act in the matter.

At 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, while Charles Boyle and Patrick Coll, of Leviston, Pa., were drilling a hole in their chamber in the lower lift of No. 1 slope, of J. C. Haydon & Co., at Jeaneville, they broke into the old No. 8 slope, that has been idle for five years and had been flooded to the mouth with water. William Brislin, a driver, was driving at the bottom of the slope when he felt the wind coming

and cried out, "Boys, for God's sake run for your lives or we will all be drowned." In a moment the force of water came and Brislin barely escaped with his life. Besides him six others were saved. John Boyle, laborer, was drowned. The water rose rapidly and before any attempt could be made to rescue the rest of the workmen it overwhelmed the latter. In five minutes the slope, which is 624 feet deep, was filled to the mouth and eighteen men were buried in watery graves.

## European.

The Lord Mayor of London on Tuesday laid the foundation of the underground works intended to supply electric light to the city. It is estimated that the 1,500 lamps in this circuit will cost £20,000 yearly.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, Mr. Nolan, M.P., moved to extend the operations of the relief works act to Galway and Mayo. Mr. Madden, Irish Solicitor-General, promised that Mr. Balfour would make a statement on the subject before Easter.

Advices received at Paris from Buenos Ayres say that Chillian insurgents have been obliged to abandon Le Serena and Souquemo and the harbor of Iquique has been reopened. The Government will raise the blockade at Valparaiso in three days unless the insurgents make another attack in the meantime.

The Chairman of the Liverpool and Manchester Ship Canal states that the canal will be opened in the summer of 1892, provided that no dearth of funds will prevent the work from making progress, and unless Manchester, however, comes to the aid of the scheme with more liberality than it has heretofore shown the work may be seriously delayed.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday, the Right Hon. Jas. Cowther (Conservative) asked whether the Government proposed to take measures to promote the formation of preferential fiscal relations between Great Britain and the British colonies. The Baron Henry De Worms, of the Colonial Office, replied that the question was receiving consideration and the Government recognized its urgency.

The sections of the Irish party will probably meet on Thursday, when the result of the Boulogne conference will be announced and a modus vivendi will be proposed. Justin McCarthy said on Tuesday he had heard nothing about Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien going to America. He added that if it were true that they intended to visit the United States their proposed journey formed no part of the negotiations between the two sections of the Irish party.

About 2,600 conscripts paraded the streets of Manoge, in the province of Hainaut, Belgium, on Wednesday, as a demonstration against compulsory service in the army. They sang the "Marseillaise" and fastened to their caps cards inscribed "Down with the blood tax."

A man named Reilly and his wife, employed as caretakers on a farm at Ballyjamesduff, county Cavan, Ireland, have been murdered. The crime is supposed to be of an agrarian nature.

On Wednesday, in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone moved the second reading of the bill to remove religious disability. Mr. W. H. Smith opposed the bill and moved the six months' hoist, which was carried by a vote of 256 to 223.

At a banquet given in his honor Wednesday evening at the Liberal Union club, London, the Marquis of Hartington said that there must be a strange fascination in political success if it could make men so honorable in all their other relations of life and so utterly indifferent to the moral character of their political allies as their opponents appeared to be. Englishmen would never consent to an Irish parliament empowered to deal with the land question. The attitude they adopted might be summed up in the words: "When rogues quarrel, honest men come to their own again."

A dynamite explosion occurred at Montpellier, France, on Wednesday, by which nine soldiers are expected to lose their lives. A number of artillerymen belonging to the garrison of Montpellier were charging a mine at the rifle butts with dynamite when the charge exploded, injuring a number of the artillery men.

## Injudicious Praise.

We gave you a good notice in our paper. Oh, did you? Well, don't do it again. I don't mind your saying our vegetables are delicious and the milk pure, but when you add that our butter speaks for itself, we object.

He's really the nicest boy I know, So I take him out wherever I go; To concert, theatre, hockey game And anywhere else a boy could name.

His every wish is my command, And all that he wants is right at hand, But—this confession I have to make— I do it all for his sister's sake.

## LABOR AND WAGES.

## Gleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

The painters' unions of New York City will inaugurate the eight-hour rule this Spring.

After five months' strike the cornice workers of Chicago have been successful in gaining the eight-hour day.

The Labor Congress recently held at Lisbon, Portugal, decided to hold eight hour demonstrations all over Portugal on May 1st next.

Kansas City, Mo., has recently secured a city eight-hour ordinance, and some of the city Solons are now trying to repeal it. The labor organizations of that city, however, are on the alert.

The National League of Patternmakers now has 25 local unions, and will hold a convention to complete arrangements to introduce the eight-hour system on May 1st.

The Springfield, Mo., city council has adopted an eight-hour ordinance to affect all employes on city work. The carpenters here are pushing to establish the eight-hour day with the help of the Central Labor Union.

The eight-hour day has been a great benefit to the carpenters of Indianapolis in every respect, and the union men now control the town. We are boycotting all the theatres in the city hiring non-union musicians.

An eight-hour bill will be introduced the present session of the Pennsylvania State Legislature. It is of a very stringent nature, and will affect all employes on public works or in the service of the State Government. Copies of it will be sent to all our local unions in the Keystone State.

Two hundred tile layers, marble and slate workers of Pittsburg went on strike January 6th for eight hours a day and \$4 per day, but the strike is not settled, though the prospects of success are good. This is the beginning of a general movement this season for eight hours among the building trades of Pittsburg, Pa.

Eight-hour laws made by politicians will never be observed by employers. The only eight-hour law that will ever have any binding force in this country will be made and enforced by the workingmen. That will come when the trades unions and kindred organizations are prepared to make some sacrifice to secure it.

The bill to revise the wages of certain employes in the government printing office enacts that the rate of wages paid to printers, bookbinders and pressmen shall be 50 cents per hour, the same rate as was paid prior to the 3rd day of March, 1877; that for all exclusive night work (between the hours of 5 p. m. and 8 o'clock a. m.) performed by the above-named employes an advance of 10 cents per hour over the above named rate shall be paid; that for all piece work on the Congressional Record 60 cents per thousand ems shall be paid.

Articles of incorporation of the New York State Workingmen's Alliance, an organization whose members have formed for the purpose, according to the articles of "associating ourselves together for political purposes," have been filed. The officers expect to hold a State Convention at Utica or Syracuse soon and intend to join hands with the Farmers' Alliance. They say they have organizations in thirteen of the Congressional districts of the State.

The tile layers' strike in Pittsburg has ended in favor of the men. Their scale of wages for 1891 will be \$4 per day for first class men; \$3.50 for second-class men, and from \$1.50 to \$2 for helpers.

The agreement which the House-smiths Union of New York have drawn up for 1891, providing for the eight-hour work day, will be presented in a few days. Some of the employers have already declared that they cannot afford to grant the new rule. The union has decided to order strikes on all buildings on which members in arrears are working.

The Operative Plasterers' Mutual Protective Union of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, at a crowded meeting last week followed the lead of the Bricklayers' Union a few weeks ago, and passed a resolution that, on and after June 1, a working day shall comprise but eight hours with the rate of wages unchanged. The matter was referred to the Conference Committee to bring before the Master Bricklayers' Company. Last season a working day comprised nine hours at \$3.50. The union has a membership of nearly 1,000, it is said, and there are said to be less than 1,200 plasterers in the city. The Journeymen Bricklayers' Protective Association two weeks ago passed a resolution that "it is the sense of this meeting that a working day this season shall comprise but eight hours." The question of wages was referred to the Conference Committee to meet with a committee of employers. The union has 2,500 members, this number comprising all but 500, it is said, of the bricklayers in the city.

The current issue of the Granite Cutters' Journal gives the state of trade in various

places as follows:—Trade is dull in Brooklyn, Burlington, Charleston, Grau's Landing, Graniteville, Massachusetts; Minneapolis, Nashua, Portland, Red Besch, Richmond, San Jose, South Thomaston, Spokane Falls, and Worcester; trade is fair in Barre, Cape Ann, Cascade Locks, Denver, Fall River, Hardwick, Montpelier, New Bedford, Quincy, St. Louis, Sparta, West Dummerstown, and Woodlawn; trade is good in Conway, Graniteville, Missouri; Keeseville, Meriden, Newport and Roxbury.

The employes of the Cambria Iron Company have been notified of a reduction of 10 per cent in their wages. This will affect 5,000 men, from workers to miners.

President Harry Skeffington, of the International Boot and Shoeworkers' Union, has sent a circular to unions throughout the country announcing that the shoemakers of Rochester, N. Y., are still on strike and locked out, and in need of money.

The glassblowers' strike at Corning, N. Y., is still on, and the men are standing as firm now as on the first day of the strike. About 400 employes are idle. Last week 75 of the striking electric-bulb blowers secured employment in Findlay, Ohio. Nearly all the incandescent electric light bulbs for the Edison and Thomson-Houston Companies are blown in Corning.

A conference of operators and miners was held at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, last week. An amicable agreement was reached.

The Eagle Hill colliery at St. Clair, Pennsylvania, operated by the Reading Coal and Iron Company, has been shut down for an indefinite period. About 500 men are thrown out of employment.

At the meeting of the Ohio miners in Columbus last week the question of weighing coal before screening was unanimously endorsed. The scale for mining in the Hooking Valley under the new system of weighing was fixed at 57½ cents per ton, which is said to be equivalent to an advance of 10 cents over present prices.

A despatch from Pittsburg says that plans have been completed for the miners' struggle for the eight-hour day, which is to be commenced on May 1. About 150,000 men will be directly involved. At the Convention of the American Federation of Labor at Detroit some weeks ago it was decided to back the miners for next May. President Rae, of the United Mine-workers, in his call for the annual convention in Columbus next month, lays emphasis on the same subject. An immense strike fund is being made ready for the miners, and when they go out labor leaders say they will have for immediate use nearly \$1,000,000. This fund will be swelled from time to time at the rate of \$500,000 a week.

The representatives of labor organizations in session in Washington, District of Columbia, last week formed a permanent organization to be known as the Confederation of Industrial Organizations. Benjamin Terrell, of Texas, was elected president. The new organization demands the abolition of national banks as banks of issue; a free and unlimited coinage of silver; the passing of laws prohibiting alien ownership of land; that the revenue shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the Government; a graduated tax on incomes; the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people of each State, and the President and Vice-President by a popular vote.

The German Typographical Union has notified the German Demokrat and other German papers of San Francisco and Oakland of a new tariff. The charge for night rates has heretofore been 50 cents per 1,000 ems for all sizes of type. The new tariff provides for a charge of 25 cents per 1,000 letters of bourgeois type, equal to 53 cents per thousand ems, and 10 cents extra per thousand ems for night work, making the night rate on bourgeois composition 63 cents. For minion (night rate) 64 cents, nonpareil 66 cents, and agate 70 cents per thousand ems. The new rules also provide that six working days, of nine hours each, with one-half hour for lunch, shall constitute a week's work. In the new rules no legislation is made against plate matter, which is used by all the German papers in the state except the German Demokrat. Twenty-seven union printers and seven apprentices struck work at the establishment of H. S. Crocker & Co. today.

## Cause of Action.

You ought to have that fellow in front of your store arrested.

Why?

Why? Don't you see he's painting your name in big black letters?

I'm paying him for that.

Yes; but he's blackening your name just the same.

## Her Notions of Grammar.

Miss de Hub—And those dear little squirrels that sported under the hedge last summer, where are they now?

Miss Rustic—Oh, they're holed up for the winter.

Miss de Hub—Ogh! My dear, your notions of grammar make me shiver. I presume you mean held up.

## A Purchase for Mother.

Mother—Are you going out, my dear?  
Daughter—Yes, ma; the Physical Improvement Society meets this afternoon.  
Mother—Well, I wish you would stop in somewhere and buy me a broom.

## Routed the Enemy.

Maud—What a dear, good chaperon you are. But how did you manage to get my rival out of the room just at that critical moment?

Chaperon—I whispered to her in a kind, confidential tone, that there was a rip in the back of her black silk waist.

## Excusable Profanity.

Managing Editor—William, go into the next room and see who is swearing. Such language cannot be used in this office.

William—Please, sir, it's Mr. Jones. He filled his fountain pen with maulage by mistake, sir.

## Always Thinking of Her.

Wife—George, what did you mean last night by standing up in bed and yelling like an Indian?

George—What did I say?  
Wife—You yelled: She wins by a neck! Then you slapped me on the back and tore up the pillow case into small pieces. Explain yourself.

George (who has been to the races)—I was dreaming that I was at a church fair and had won a necklace for you.

Wife—Poor man! How much you must think of me.

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UNANSWERED.

Why is it the tenderest feet must tread the roughest road?  
 Why is it the weakest back must carry the heaviest load?  
 While the feet that are surest and firmest have the smoothest paths to go,  
 And the back that is straightest and strongest has never a burden to know.  
 Why is it the brightest eyes are the ones soon dim with tears?  
 Why is it the lightest heart must ache and ache for years?  
 While the eyes that are hardest and coldest shed never a bitter tear,  
 And the heart that is smallest and meanest has never an ache to fear.  
 Why is it those who are saddest have always the gayest face?  
 Why is it those who need not have always the "biggest half"?  
 While those who have never a sorrow have seldom a smile to give,  
 And those who want just a little must strive and struggle to live.  
 Why is it the noblest thoughts are the ones that are never expressed?  
 Why is it that the grandest deeds are the ones that are never confessed?  
 While the thoughts that are like all others are the ones we always tell,  
 And the deeds worth little praise are the ones that are published well.  
 Why is it the friends we trust are the ones who always betray?  
 Why the lips we wish to kiss, are the lips so far away?  
 While close by our side, if we knew it, is a friend who loyal would be,  
 And the lips we might have kissed are the lips we never see.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A cold is hard to get rid of, but it's sneezy thing to get.  
 There is a good many things that go without saying, but women is not one of them.  
 Johnson—Smithson can't say anything against my character. Jackson—Then he must be dumb.  
 Richards—Your clothing is badly rented. Hungry Higgins—I know it. I have been the tenant for many weeks.  
 Machine Works, repeated young Lazee, eyeing the sign with great disdain. Of course it does! What else was it made for?  
 It doesn't do to be too careful. The man who bit a quarter and found that it was bad left it in such a shape that he couldn't pass it anywhere.  
 The Fiji Islanders are said to read Homer eagerly. A few years ago they ate their contemporaries, and now they are devouring the ancients.  
 Time is money, my boy. Remember that. I think there must be some mistake about that, father. It's so hard to pass in some localities.  
 Judge—Have you seen the prisoner at the bar? Witness—Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it.  
 Tom—What is the shortest time in which a half mile has been run? Jack—I don't know exactly, but I am certain it was made by myself when I chased Smith, who had gone off with my new umbrella.  
 Drowning Hatter (taking up and examining the hat of the man who rescued him, made by a rival firm)—What do you buy hats of that place for? I wish I had known that before you pulled me out!  
 Proud Mother—At last, my dear, your education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats of learning in the world. Cultured Daughter (wearily)—Yes, and now I'm too old to marry.  
 Husband—Anything you want down town to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-raising flour? Wife—We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office, and order me a self-raising servant girl.  
 James, I was very sorry to see you come home last night in such a condition. I thought you told me you would not touch another glass. An' so I did not, mum. Why, James, James! Sure, mum, it wasn't a glass at all; it were wan o' them 'riginal packages, mum.  
 A verdant gentleman, whose correspondence is limited, received a letter upon the envelope of which was the conventional business card, "After five days return to —." The epistle was carefully perused and preserved until the expiration of the allotted five days, when it was returned to the writer.  
 A minister, in visiting the house of a man who was somewhat of a tippler, cautioned him about drink. All the answer the man gave was that the doctor allowed it to him. Well, said the minister, has it done you any good? I fancy it has, answered the man, for I got a keg of it a week ago and I could hardly lift it, but now I can carry it round the room.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

**MILK BISCUIT**—Six large white potatoes, boil and mash them through a colander. With a quart of new milk (hot) stir in enough flour to make a stiff sponge; add a tablespoonful of salt, same of sugar and a teaspoon of yeast. Set it to rise three or four hours. When light take one quarter pound butter, rub in flour and throw on the sponge. With sufficient flour to make a soft dough, when light, cut out and let stand for one half hour before baking. Bake for twenty minutes.

**HIGDOM (AS SAUCE)**—Four quarts full grown cucumbers, cut very fine; one quart onions, also cut fine; mix them and salt with about two handfuls salt. Let them stand six hours, then pour them into a colander to drain; after draining a short time, pour the mixture into a pan and add a tablespoonful of ground black pepper, one of cayenne, one of ground mustard, one of English mustard seed, one of brown mustard seed, one half teaspoon of olive oil; after they are well mixed put in jars, and fill up with vinegar.

**PICKLED CANTELOPE**—Firm, ripe melons; wash and pare them, take out the seeds, cut them in long pieces, put them in a jar, covering them with vinegar, in which they must remain 24 hours, then take them out. Throw away one quart of the liquid; to each remaining quart allow three pounds of brown sugar? To twelve cantelopes put four ounces of stick cinnamon, two ounces of cloves, two ounces of allspice, one quarter ounce of mace, all whole. Roil the sugar, spice and liquid a few minutes, taking off as much scum as possible, then put in the fruit; boil twenty minutes, take it out and boil the syrup fifteen, and pour over them in the jars. Not fit to be eaten for three weeks, and improves with age.

**CHOW CHOW**—One half pound of English mustard, one half ounce of tumeric, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one quart string beans, one half gallon of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one gill of salad oil, one head of cauliflower, one quart of tiny cucumbers, one quart of button onions. Boil the caulibowers, beans and onions separately until tender. Cover the cucumbers with strong salt water, and soak 54 hours. Then mix altogether. Put the vinegar in a porcelain lined kettle. Mix the mustard and tumeric together, and moisten them with a little cold vinegar, then stir them into the hot vinegar and stir continuously until it begins to thicken; then add the sugar, mustard seed and oil, stir again, and pour this, while hot, over the vegetables. Put away in glass or stone jars.

**PRESERVED CITRON**—Pare off the outer skin, cut into halves, remove the seeds, then divide each half into a number of smaller pieces. Put them in a stone jar, add a half cup salt to every five pounds of citron. Cover with cold water and stand aside for five hours; then drain, and cover with fresh cold water. Soak two hours, changing the water three or four times. Dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered alum in two quarts of boiling water, add the citron, and bring to boiling point. Drain. Make a syrup from two and a half pounds of granulated sugar and one and a half quarts of boiling water, boil and skim. When perfectly clear put in the citron and simmer gently until you can pierce it with a straw. When tender, lift the pieces carefully with a skimmer, place them on a large plate and stand in the sun one or two hours to harden. Peel the yellow rind from one large lemon, add it to the syrup, then add the juice of two lemons and a small piece of green ginger root cut in thin slices. Boil gently for ten minutes, and stand aside until wanted. When the citron has hardened put it cold into the jars, bring the syrup again to a boil, and strain it over the citron. Watermelon rind and pumpkin may be preserved in the same manner.

**TO MAKE TWO KINDS OF SAGO PUDDING**.—Boil two ounces of sago until tender in a pint of milk; when cold, add five eggs, two biscuits, a little brandy, and sweeten according to taste; put this into a basin and boil. Serve with melted butter mixed with wine and sugar. Or wash half a pound of sago in water (warm); then put into a saucepan with a pint of milk, and a little cinnamon; let it boil till thick, stirring frequently; pour it into a pan, and beat up half a pound of fresh butter; add the yolks of eight, and whites of four eggs beated separately, a glass of white wine, sugar according to taste, and a little flour; mix all together and boil. Serve with sweet sauce.

**CREAMED OYSTERS**.—To one quart oysters take one pint cream or sweet milk; thicken with a little flour, as for gravy; when thick pour in the oysters with liquor; pepper, salt and butter the mixture. Have ready a platter with slices of nicely browned toast, pour creamed oysters on toast and serve hot.

**GREEN CORN OYSTERS**.—To a pint of grated corn add two well beaten eggs; half cup cream, half cup flour, with half spoon baking powder stirred in it; season with pepper and salt and fry in butter, dropping the batter in spoonful; serve a few at a time, very hot as a relish with meats.

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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

Somehow, the political events of the week created little or no excitement among our boarders, and with the exception of an occasional spat between Sinnett and Phil, no notice was taken of our civic elections. Though we live here and work here and have as big a stake as anybody in the administration of civic affairs, still, being only boarders, we had no say in the matter; this may account for the absence of excitement among us. But I could never rightly understand why permanent residents should be deprived of a vote simply because they don't happen to keep house, and I shall be glad if some one of the many who tolerate and approve of this unjust discrimination will give me his reasons for doing so. However, this wasn't what I was going to write about. The fact is that Sharkey, who is generally more of a listener than a talker, argued some of his views, religious and social, in a way that left no doubt as to his ability to 'hoe his own row.' It is seldom that he takes the floor, but on this occasion he took it and held it, and as the subject matter may prove of interest to you I will give you the 'speech' as well as I can remember it.

"Of all events occurring during the last few days," said he, "the death of Charles Bradlaugh and the defeat of Senator Ingalls deserve more than passing notice. Not that I would for a moment compare the wind-bag from Kansas with the champion of individualism, but because the circumstances attending the death of the one and the defeat of the other are such as to cheer the hearts of reformers the world over. I am, as you know, a Nationalist, and could therefore never agree politically with Bradlaugh, but I will say with Annie Besant: 'If all individualists were as sincere in their desire to benefit humanity, as careful to respect the rights of others, as honest, as true, as self-sacrificing in their public interest as Charles Bradlaugh then I, too, would become an individualist; but it is with his religious views that I must deal in order for you to understand the significance of the events preceding his death. What these views were are best illustrated by his own words spoken in the Colliseum at Liverpool some fifteen years ago. 'Let us suppose, for the sake of argument,' said he, 'that there are a thousand religions in the world. My opponent (a Presbyterian minister) has examined one and adopted it, discarding the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. I, on the other hand, have examined them ALL, and I discard the thousand.' It did not require the terror of hell to prevent him doing a bad thing or yet the promise of heaven to induce him to do a good one. He was the recognized leader of that school of thought in England. By precept and example, by word and pen, he promulgated his ideas of natural law and the higher duties of man, and ridiculed the Bible as the Inspired word of God; and if ever mortal man was hated by the class who live by preaching what they seldom practice that man was Charles Bradlaugh; and to his honor, be it said, he had well earned their enmity. However, he was elected for Northampton. Now, had Bradlaugh been an ordinary man he would have taken the oath on taking his seat in Parliament, but he wasn't, and he told the Speaker of the House bluntly that he didn't believe in an oath. What followed is history. For years he fought, single-handed, the combined powers of bigotry and prejudice of the English House of Commons until, vanquishing all his opponents, he was allowed to take his seat in peace. But the history of the strife, which at times degenerated to personal violence and proved the intense hatred of his antagonists, was recorded on the minutes of the House and remained there until, by unani-

mous consent, it was expunged last week. The dying Reformer was unconscious when the leader of the House arrived to convey the news, but the fact remains that the growth of modern thought and progressive ideas has made the English House of Commons ashamed of the part it played ten years ago. It is safe to say that in the future neither Jew or Gentile, Theist or Atheist will be refused a seat at Westminster as the accredited representative of any English constituency, the howling of a few bigots notwithstanding, and this must be gratifying to reformers of every kind. It is one of the straws that show which way the wind blows. Now, let us consider the defeat of Senator Ingalls through the combined efforts of the K. of L. and Farmers' Alliance. What could either of these organizations possibly have against a man who publicly announced that 'the moral sentiment of mankind had been aroused at the unequal distribution of wealth, and at the unequal diffusion of the burdens, benefits and privileges of society,' and that 'there had been men rash enough to question whether any man could show a fair and legal title to \$200,000,000 or \$100,000,000 or \$10,000,000. If he were put on his voir dire he would hesitate, before admitting that, in the sense of giving just compensation and equivalents, any man in this country or any other country had ever absolutely earned \$1,000,000.' Again and again has he denounced the iniquity of the demonization of silver and the legislation-promoted plutocracy of his country, but all to no purpose. The industrial organizations had watched his actions at Washington and found that, despite his windy professions of friendship and goodwill, he had persistently voted in the interests of the money power; they saw in his support of the Force Bill that he was a better Republican than what he was a citizen, and determined to make him harmless. They had captured their own State at the last election, and knew that if their representatives were true to their cause Ingalls could not be re-elected; but they were well aware that unlimited money was at his disposal to buy the election if possible. The Farmers and Knights know the frailty of human nature, and taught by bitter experience, they took steps to compel their representatives to do their duty. At the opening of the legislature each representative elected by the industrial organizations and pledged to their platform found himself surrounded by Farmer delegates from his constituency who never, either sleeping or waking, allowed him to be alone or to be approached by the corruptionists of the Republican party. At the election of senator the galleries of the House were occupied by stern men who were delegated to 'shoot to the floor' each representative who proved recreant to his duty or -traitor to the cause, and Ingalls was defeated. It was expensive and a desperate thing to do, but for once the chosen representatives of the people lived up to their promises made before election. The Farmers' Alliance has gone into politics in an effective manner, and it does not at all propose to confine its operations to State Legislatures. They will have a large number of representatives and senators at Washington, and these, too, will be compelled to toe the mark. It shows that the people will not be humbugged any longer, and the nailing of Ingalls pelt to the Farmers' barn will prove a warning to all slippery and tricky politicians in the future."

BILL BLADES.

## An Outrage.

Citizen—You appear to be excited, deacon; what's the matter?  
Deacon—That was a great outrage at the opera house last night.  
What was it? I didn't hear about it.  
You've seen them pictures about town of ballet dancers in short skirts?  
Yes.  
Well, they were to appear in a play, and I went to see it, so that I might warn our young people against them.  
What was the outrage you complain of?  
They didn't appear. The mayor wouldn't let them.

## STRONG MEN OF THE PAST.

Authentic Feats Performed by Men of Muscle.

On March 28, 1841, Thomas Thompson lifted three barrels of water, weighing together 1,836 pounds. He also put an iron bar on his neck, seized hold of its two ends, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he raised with his teeth a table six feet long, supporting at its furthest end a weight of 100 pounds. He also tore without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his arm out straight, lifted from the ground a chair on which was seated a full grown man having on his lap a child.

It is on record that a German called Buchholz lifted with his teeth a canon weighing about 200 pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat, the barrel of the gun burst. Miraculously he was not killed, although several of the fragments were thrown over fifty yards away.

There are stories of other strong men who did not appear in public. A butcher lived in South Holland who killed calves by strangling them. A Dutch Count, in a private entertainment, bent an iron bar by beating it with his right hand against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, bending it afterward straight again by beating it the other way.

Charles Louvier, a carpenter, of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin basin between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box, depositing both on a low churchyard wall close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Kundson, a locksmith, who, while standing in a window on the ground floor, lifted with one hand half a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.—Chamber's Journal.

## What Shorter Hours Have Done

The history of the short-hour movement in the century shows that wherever labor has risen above brutal drudgery, not only have hours decreased, but moral and intellectual product has directly resulted. Shorter hours means better men, a higher standard of comforts, increasing wants, a broader view of requirements of human existence, a dependence of moral relations—which is but another term of widening social relations—an expansion of the mental qualities, in intellectual attainments, increased production, a greater consumptive capacity, a larger conception of responsibility, a wider range for the exercises of human activities, closer relations of sympathy with our fellows, a keener sense of equity and justice, a more determined character, greater zeal in "works of well doing," restriction of the merely brutal passions, enlargement of sentiments—in a word, human progress.

## Do You See the Point?

Workingmen are apt to be unfair toward one another, says the Boston Labor Leader. They are apt to impute wrong motives. In debating a question they sometimes forget to consider the merits of the issue involved, while personally attacking their opponents in debate.

How often do you hear the fling, "Well I wonder what Blank is making out of that? What is there in it?"

Now the natural faculty of weighing things fairly is a rare one. Even people of culture, and true culture does much to broaden men, are often swayed by bias. It may not be strange, then, that people who labor hard every day, and who have the brand of their toil driven into body and mind, should be intolerant. They have little time to waste on finical politeness, it is true.

But labor reformers ought to be fair. They ought to be much fairer than they are. They are as a rule thinking, intelligent people. They know more about real economy than the average professor. They should have sufficient knowledge of human nature not to be chronically uncharitable nor perpetually suspicious.

It is true that there are quacks and demagogues, corrupt leaders and manipulating politicians in the labor reform world. But they are exceptions not the rule. And it may be set down as a fact that he who is always hollering about fraud and corruption will bear watching himself.

## Big Profits on Small Capital.

Tramp (to handsomely dressed lady on the avenue)—Please, mum, my family is starvin', and I'll have ter sell my wheelbarrow ter buy bread. It's just around the corner, mum. Would you like ter buy it?

Lady—Mercy me! What could I do with a wheelbarrow? I live in a flat, my good man. But I will help you gladly. Here's a dollar.

Tramp (to himself)—That's \$6 I've made ter day tryin' ter sell a wheelbarrow to kind people what lives in flats, and I ain't got no wheelbarrow nuther.—New York Weekly.

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