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MEETINGS.

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RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
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Rooms, K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Next meeting Sunday, July 4, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., 29 Basin Street.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,
No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every Friday evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, 662 1/2 Craig street. Address all communications to H. J. BRINDLE, R.S., No. 11 St. Monique street.

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No. 3852, K. of L.
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WHO LIES?

The above is the title of a book published by the Arena Publishing Co., of Boston, written conjointly by Messrs. Emil Blum and S. B. Alexander, and purposes to be an elaboration of the doctrine contained in Max Nordau's "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization." The illustrations of what would result from telling the plain and simple truth at all times are brought out by one day's experience of several members of the "Model Nine Club," and, by the way, are not overdrawn. The club is made up of a preacher, a college professor, a politician, a physician, a lawyer, an editor, a merchant, a philanthropist, and a young man of means, who is something of a philosopher, and has imbibed, in the course of ten years' wandering around the world some curious ideas in regard to our boasted nineteenth century civilization. In giving expression to some of these ideas he incurs general opposition from the other members of the club, and thereupon a wager is at once agreed upon, the terms of which are that the various members shall speak nothing but the truth in all their relations of life for at least one week. Then the first day's experience of each member is given, and the results amply bear out the contention of the young philosopher and brings out a general acknowledgement from the others that they were wrong and a desire to be released from their pledge. Here is a sample of the difficulties that beset the politician:—

"The Hon. Thomas Brown was seated at his desk in his office, busy with a formidable pile of correspondence regarding the approaching election, for which he had been re-nominated by the Republican party. He was interrupted before his work was well started by the unceremonious entrance of three men. The leader, a flashily dressed fellow, displayed a large amount of cheap jewellery, and half smoked, half chewed, a big unwholesome-looking cigar. His companions, rough, shabby-looking fellows, slouched in behind him, peering over his shoulders and leaving a muddy outline of their boots wherever they stepped. The faces of all three were marked with an expression of low cunning.

Browne rose to meet them, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, be seated"; then, turning to the leader, "This is Mr. Mulloney, I presume?" "Tim Mulloney, at yer service, sor," replied the man, an' these is the gentlemen who runs ward noineteen and twinty, Casey and Fitzpatrick. We wants a bit of a talk wid ye?" "Very good," said Browne; "go ahead."

The trio seated themselves comfortably, and Mulloney continued: "Ye've heard tell o' me before?"

"I'll be bound he has that!" exclaimed Casey.

"Yes," replied Brown.

"These fellers, said Mulloney, indicating his companions with a jerk of his thumb, 'has jist as big a pull as me. Now you know well th' by's has raison to complain avf th' Republicrats this term, an' that's w'y ye sees us here."

"Thru fer yer, Mul, me b'y," interjected Fitzpatrick.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," commanded Mulloney. Turning to Brown, he resumed: "We have nothin' agin you at all, at all, Browne, undershtand that from the shtart; and we're willin' to give yer our votes provided ye wants 'em bad enough."

"Pro-vided ye wants 'em bad enough, echoed Casey approvingly.

"Hould yer whisht, Casey! I'm talking," said Mulloney.

"I want every vote I can get, gentlemen," replied Brown.

"An' we're the by's can give 'em t'ye, cried Fitzpatrick, banging one big fist into another.

"Hould yer whisht, Fitz! I'm talkin'," repeated Mulloney with a scowl. "Well, sor, he continued to Browne, 'you gits iviry vote in th' wards if we say so; and if you say so we say so. See?"

"If I say so, eh? What does that mean I have got to do?"

"Now ye'r talkin', begorra, ejaculated Casey.

"Hould yer whisht, Casey! I'm talkin'."

"Lave him be, Casey," expostulated Fitzpatrick, 'he's doing all roight."

"Don't you be telling me what to do," retorted Casey.

"Use some sinse thin," said Fitzpatrick, contemptuously.

"I'll not be gettin' senses from the likes of you," answered Fitzpatrick, with a pugnacious look.

"Begorra! You'll niver be gettin' senses at all, at all!"

"Hould yer whisht, the both o' yez!" commanded Mulloney imperiously. "I'm talkin'."

Having once more quieted his followers, Mulloney relighted the stump of his cigar and continued: "The by's vote how we tells 'em, an' we tells 'em how is best for 'em. That's w'y we're here, t', see 'if you're goin' to do th' roight thing, see?"

"That's the talk, Mul," whispered Casey.

"Lave him be, Casey," growled Fitzpatrick.

"I'll not be lavin' you be 'if ye don't kape still."

"Hould yer whisht, both av yez, I'm talkin'." The disputants subsided once more.

"They's to be a campaign fund, av course?" queried Mulloney.

"Certainly," replied Browne, "do you want some printin'?"

"Printin'!" scornfully echoed Mulloney, "wat fer? We ain't got no bundles to be doin' up. We wants to use th' cash. Gimme five hundred dollars to trate th' by's wid at me saloon, fer a shtarter."

"An' git me a place as boss in the sewer department."

"An' me in the new coort house."

"And back me brodher fer th' common council."

"An' git me b'y Pat a job in the shtreet clanin' department."

"An' me girl, Mary Ann, writin' in de mayor's office."

"An' get us aich a soft snap. That's all we want."

"That's all," chorused his companions.

"That's all," repeated Browne, "how modest! In short, gentlemen, you wish me to buy the votes you control."

"Supposin' we do?"

"An' what thin?"

"Who's to prevint?"

"The first principle of the Republicrat party," said Browne, is that citizens should vote as they think, and not be led to the polls like oxen."

"Huh," ejaculated Mulloney. "Shure we do's th' thinkin' for 'em."

"That is a side of politics which I cannot countenance."

"Hey?" questioned Casey.

"D'y'e mane ye don't want us?"

"I shall be glad to get your votes, gentlemen, but because I believe in a pure ballot, I cannot buy them."

"Thin ye won't make no bargain?" asked Fitzpatrick in a tone of surprise.

"No, sir."

Hut, tut! exclaimed Casey, "an' ye think ye can get along widout us!"

"I shall try to."

"An' that's all yer have ter say?"

"That is all."

"Thin ye lose th' lection," said Mulloney, positively,

"That remains to be seen."

"Come on, by's," continued Mulloney, rising from his chair, 'they's no use talkin' here no more. We got ter see th' other feller."

The trio gravely filed out of the room. Fitzpatrick, as he stood on the threshold, turned for a last astonished look at Browne and muttered, "Be Jabers! He's a big fool!"

There is a good deal of humor running throughout the relation of each man's experience, and on the whole the book will repay perusal. Here is another specimen brick taken from the experience of the "independent" editor:—

Scene, Editor's sanctum—(Enter Mr. Harwood, president of the Lowland Street Railway Co.)

Harwood. How are you, Colonel. Hope I don't disturb you?

Col. W. But you do. Have a chair.

Harwood (seats himself). Thought I'd jist drop in for a little chat. It's necessary to keep on good terms with the head of our most influential paper, you know.

Col. W. You want something of me, since you begin with taffy.

Harwood. I want to inquire about your advertising rates. We think seriously of extensively advertising our suburban home scheme.

Col. W. Indeed?

Harwood. Yes. It's a good thing, too; especially if we get our elevated railroad through. Gives a poor man an opportunity of establishing a home within convenient reach of the city, without investing anything to speak of.

Col. W. That is, convenient reach, provided the elevated road is erected.

Harwood. Certainly. What are your "ad" rates per page?

Col. W. One thousand dollars a day.

Harwood. We shall have to take a page for ten days or so.

Col. W. Very good.

Harwood. I'll have the matter written out and send some one in to see you with it.

Col. W. Any time.

Harwood. And now about this elevated. You know our company has applied for a charter, and I want to know if you will use your influence in our favor.

Col. W. The business of an honest paper is to report impartially; not to influence or favor. I shall investigate the matter objectively and criticise it from the standpoint of public welfare.

Harwood. Why not consider your own interest?

Col. W. My interests and those of my paper are secondary to the needs and wishes of the people.

Harwood. That sounds well, Colonel, but you won't act up to it. Personal advantages are paramount.

Col. W. So it seems.

Harwood. As to convincing you that the side of the Lowland Street Railway is the right one, I do not fear my ability to do so.

Col. W. I am open to conviction. If your bill passes and you are granted a charter, how soon will you build the elevated road you are planning?

Harwood (laughs). As soon as we can. You see we have the horse-car line now, and that fills the gap for the present.

Col. W. Your horse-car line affords very insufficient accommodation. You don't want another company to get the charter for the elevated for the fear of competition.

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AUTHENTICATED APPARITIONS

Optical delusions, or delusions of the judgment conveyed through the sense of sight, are by no means uncommon, and many wonderful instances of what is known as "subjective sensation" have been recorded.

Although illusive visions are no doubt, generally the product of a deranged nervous system, authentic cases have been known of persons in sound health and in complete possession of their faculties being subject to most startling appearances, for which no distinct cause could be found.

Sir David Brewster in his letters on "Natural Magic" gives some deeply interesting instances, and refers particularly to the case of a lady he knew, whose courage and strong mind alone prevented her from becoming a terrified believer in ghosts.

This lady was on many occasions the subject of many illusive visions of great distinctness. One night, whilst sitting before the dressing glass in her bedroom, occupied in arranging her hair, she was suddenly started by seeing in the mirror the form of a near relative who was then abroad, and, as she believed, in perfect health. She appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave clothes closely pinned round the head and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. Sir David Brewster says that his friend described herself "as sensible of a feeling of fascination, compelling her to gaze upon the melancholy apparition," which, she said, was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candle on the dressing table appearing to shine full on its face. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the form over her shoulder, but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction.

On another occasion she was sitting in her room reading, when, on raising her eyes, she saw, seated in a large easy chair before her, the figure of her deceased sister-in-law. The figure was dressed, as had been usual with her, with great neatness, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as she had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a friend as having been worn by her sister-in-law during her last visit to England. She paid particular attention to the dress and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude in the chair, holding a handkerchief in one hand. She tried to speak to it, but experienced a difficulty in doing so, and in about three minutes the figure disappeared.

Sir David Brewster states that she told him she was fully aware of the delusive nature of the apparition. She described it as having all the vivid coloring and apparent reality of life, and for some hours preceding this and other visions she experienced a peculiar sensation in her eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision had disappeared.

Another case, quite as remarkable as those already related, occurred to a farmer in the North of England some years ago. He was returning home shortly after sundown one evening, when he saw, as he thought, his brother standing in the road a few yards in front of him. He noticed that he carried a gun, and that his face bore an expression of great pain and despair. The farmer was about to speak when the figure seem to fade away. The next morning the intelligence was conveyed to him that his brother had shot himself at the very hour the apparition had appeared to him.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

CHAPTER XLVIII.—Continued.

'So,' said Lord Jocelyn, 'the dress-maker has relented, has she? Why, that is well. And am I to give my consent? My dear boy, I only want you to be happy. Besides, I am quite sure and certain that you will be happy.'

'Everybody is, if he marries the woman he loves,' said the young man, sententially. 'Yes—yes, if he goes on loving the woman he has married. However, Harry, you have my best wishes and consent, since you are good enough to ask for it. Wait a bit.' He got up and began to search about in drawers and desks. 'I must give your fiancée a present, Harry. See—here is something, good. Will you give her, with my best love and good wishes, this? It was once my mother's.'

Harry looked at the gaud, set with pearls and rubies in old-fashioned style.

'Is it not,' he asked, 'rather too splendid for a—poor people in our position?'

Lord Jocelyn laughed aloud.

'Nothing,' he said, 'can be too splendid for a beautiful woman. Give it her, Harry, and tell her I am glad she has consented to make you happy. Tell her I am more than glad, Harry. Say that I most heartily thank her. Yes, thank her. Tell her that I say that I thank her from my heart.'

As the day drew near the girls became possessed of a great fear. It seemed to all as if things were going to undergo some great and sudden change. They knew that the house was secured to them free of rent; but they were going to lose their queen, that presiding spirit who not only kept them together, but also kept them happy. In her presence there were no little tempers, and jealousies were forgotten. When she was with them they were always on their best behaviour. Now it is an odd thing in girls, and I really think myself privileged, considering my own very small experience of the sex, in being the first to have discovered this important truth—that, whereas to boys good behavior is too often a gene and a bore, girls prefer behaving well. They are happiest when they are good, nicely dressed, and sitting all in a row with company manners. But who, when Miss Kennedy went away, would lead them in the drawing-room? The change, however, was going to be greater than they knew or guessed; the drawing room itself would become before many days a thing of the past, but the Palace would take its place.

They all brought gifts; they were simple things, but they were offered with willing and grateful hearts. Rebekah brought the one volume of her father's library which was well bound. It was a work written in imitation of Hervey's 'Meditations,' and dwelt principally with tombs, and was therefore peculiarly appropriate as a wedding present. Nelly brought a ring which had been her mother's, and was so sacred to her that she felt it must be given to Miss Kennedy; the other girls gave worked handkerchiefs, and collars, and such little things.

Angela looked at the table on which she had spread all her wedding presents; the plated tea-pot from Mrs. Bormalack; the girls' work; Nelly's ring; Rebekah's book; Lord Jocelyn's bracelet. She was happier with these trifles than if she had received in Portman Square the hundreds of gifts and jeweled things which would have poured in for the young heiress.

And in the short fortnight she thought for everybody. Josephus received a message that he might immediately retire on the pension which he would have received had he been fortunate in promotion and been compelled to go by ill-health; in other words, he was set free with three hundred pounds a year for life. He may now be seen any day in the Mile End Road or on Stepney Green, dressed in the fashion of a young man of twenty-one or so, walking with elastic step, because he is so young, yet manifesting a certain gravity, as becomes one who attends the evening lectures of the Beaumont Institute in French and arithmetic, and takes a class on the Sabbath in connection with the Wesleyan body. After all, a man is only as old as he feels; and why should not Josephus, whose youth was cruelly destroyed, feel young again, now that his honor has been restored to him?

On the morning before the wedding, Angela paid two visits of considerable importance.

The first was to Daniel Fagg, to whom she carried a small parcel. 'My friend,' she said, 'I have observed your impatience about your book. Your publisher thought that, as you are inexperienced in correcting proofs, it would be best to have the work done for you. And here, I am truly happy to say, is the book itself.'

He tore the covering from the book, and seized it as a mother would seize her child.

'My book!' he gasped, 'my book!' Yes, his book; bound in sober cloth, with an equilateral triangle on the cover for simple ornament. 'The Primitive Alphabet, by Daniel Fagg!' My book!

Angela explained to him that his passage to Melbourne was taken, and that he would sail in a week; and that a small sum of money would be put into his hands on landing; and that a hundred copies of the book would be sent to Australia for him, with more if he wanted them. But she talked to idle ears, for Daniel was turning over the leaves and devouring the contents of his book.

'At all events,' said Angela, 'I have made one man happy.'

Then she walked to the Trinity Almshouse, and sought her old friend, Captain Sorensen.

To him she told her whole story from the very beginning, begging only that he would keep her secret till the next evening.

'But, of course,' said the sailor, 'I knew, all along, that you were a lady born and bred. You might deceive the folk here, who've no chance, poor things, of knowing a lady when they see one—how should they? But you could not deceive a man who's had his quarter-deck full of ladies. The only question in my mind was why you did it.'

'You did not think that what Bunker said was true—did you, Captain Sorensen?'

'Nay,' he replied, 'Bunker never liked you; and how I am to thank you enough for all you've done for my poor girl—'

'Thank me by continuing to be my dear friend and adviser, said Angela. 'If I thought it would pleasure you to live out of this place—'

'No, no,' said the captain, 'I could not take your money; any one may accept the provision of the asylum and be grateful.'

'I knew you would say so. Stay on, then, Captain Sorensen. And as regards Nelly, my dear and fond Nelly—'

It needs not to tell what she said and promised on behalf of Nelly.

And at the house the girls were trying on the new white frocks and white bonnets in which they were to go to the wedding. They were all bride-maids, but Nelly had the post of honor.

CHAPTER XLIX.

'UPROUSE YE THEN, MY MERRY, MERRY MEN!'

At nine in the morning Harry presented himself at the house, no longer his own, for the signing of certain papers. The place was closed for a holiday, but the girls were already assembling in the show room, getting their dresses laid out, trying on their gloves, and chattering like birds up in the branches on a fine spring morning. He found Angela sitting with an elderly gentleman—none other than the senior partner of the firm of her solicitors. He had a quantity of documents on the table before him, and as Harry opened the door he heard these remarkable words:

'So the young man does not know—even at the eleventh hour?'

What it was he would learn, Harry cared not to inquire. He had been told that there was a secret of some sort which he would learn in the course of the day.

'These papers, Horry,' said his bride, 'are certain documents which you have to sign, connected with that little fortune of which I told you.'

'I hope,' said Harry, 'that the fortune, whatever it is, has all been settled upon yourself absolutely.'

'You will find, young gentleman,' said the solicitor, gravely, 'that ample justice—generous justice—has been done you. Very well, I will say no more.'

'Do you want me to sign without reading, Angela?'

'If you will so far trust me.'

He took the pen and signed where he was told to sign, without reading one word. If he had been ordered to sign away his life and liberty, he would have done so blindly and cheerfully at Angela's bidding. The deed was signed, and the act of signature was witnessed.

So that was done. There now remained only the ceremony. While the solicitor, who evidently disliked the whole proceeding, as irregular and dangerous, was putting up the papers, Angela took her lover's hands in hers, and looked into his face with her frank and searching look.

'You do not repent, my poor Harry?'

'Repent?'

'You might have done so much better: you might have married a lady—'

The solicitor, overhearing these words, sat down and rubbed his nose with an unprofessional smile.

'Shall I not marry a lady?'

'You might have found a rich bride: you might have led a lazy life, with nothing to do, instead of which—oh, Harry, there is

still time! We are not due at the church for half an hour yet. Think. Do you deliberately choose a life of work and ambition—with—perhaps—poverty?'

At this point the solicitor rose from his chair and walked softly to the window, where he remained for five minutes looking out upon Stepney Green, with his back to the lovers. If Harry had been watching him, he would have remarked a curious tremulous movement of the shoulders.

'There is one thing more, Harry, that I have to ask you.'

'Of course you have only to ask me, whatever it is. Could I refuse you anything, who will give me so much?'

Their fingers were interlaced, their eyes were looking into each other. No; he could refuse her nothing.

'I give you much? Oh, Harry! what is a woman's gift of herself?'

Harry restrained himself. The solicitor might be sympathetic; but, on the whole, it was best to act as if he were not. Law has little to do with love; Cupid has never yet been represented with the long gown.

'It is a strange request, Harry. It is connected with my—my little foolish secret. You will let me go away directly the service is over, and you will consent not to see me again until the evening, when I shall return. You, with all the girls, will meet me in the porch of the Palace at seven o'clock exactly. And, as Miss Messenger will come too, you will make your—perhaps your last appearance—my poor boy—in the character of a modern English gentleman in evening-dress. Tell your best man that he is to give his arm to Nelly: the other girls will follow two and two. Oh, Harry, the first sound of the organ in your Palace will be your own Wedding March: the first festival in your Palace will be in your own honor. Is not that what it should be?'

'In your honor, dear, not mine. And Miss Messenger? Are we to give no honor to her who built the Palace?'

'Oh, yes—yes—yes!' She put the question by with a careless gesture. 'But any one who happened to have the money could do such a simple thing. The honor is yours because you invented it.'

'From your hands, Angela, I will take all the honor that you please to give. So am I doubly honored.'

There were no wedding bells at all: the organ was mute: the parish church of Stepney was empty: the spectators of the marriage were Mrs. Bormalack and Captain Sorensen, besides the girls and the bridegroom, and Dick, his best man. The captain in the Salvation Army might have been present as well; he had been asked, but he was lying on the sick-bed from which he was never to rise again. Lord and Lady Davenant were there; the former sleek, well contented, well dressed in broadcloth of the best; the latter agitated, restless, humiliated, because she had lost the thing she came across the Atlantic to claim, and was going home, after the splendor of the last three months, to the monotonous levels of Canaan City. Who could love Canaan City after the West End of London! What woman would look forward with pleasure to the dull and uneventful days, the local politics, the chapel squabbles, the little gatherings for tea and supper, after the enjoyment of a carriage and pair and unlimited theatres, operas, and concerts, and footmen, and such dinners as the average American, or the average Englishman either, seldom arrives at seeing, even in visions? Sweet content was gone; and though Angela meant well, and it was kind of her to afford the ambitious lady a glimpse of that great world into which she desired to enter, the sight—even this Pisgah glimpse—of a social paradise to which she could never belong destroyed her peace of mind, and she will for the rest of her life lie on a rock deploring. Not so her husband: his future is assured; he can eat and drink plentifully; he can sleep all the morning undisturbed; he is relieved of the anxieties connected with his Case; and, though the respect due to rank is not recognized in the States, he has to bear none of its responsibilities, and has altogether abandoned the Grand Manner. At the same time, as one who very nearly became a British peer, his position in Canaan City is enormously raised.

They, then, were in church. They drove thither, not in Miss Messenger's carriage, but with Lord Jocelyn.

They arrived a quarter of an hour before the ceremony. When the curate who was to perform the ceremony arrived, Lord Jocelyn sought him in the vestry and showed him a special license by which it was pronounced lawful, and even laudable, for Harry Goslett, bachelor, to take unto wife Angela Messenger, spinster.

And at sight of that name did the curate's knees begin to tremble, and his hands to shake.

Angela Marsden Messenger, is it then? he asked, 'the great heiress?'

'It is none other,' said Lord Jocelyn. 'And she marries my ward—here is my card—by special License.'

'But—but—it is a clandestine marriage?'

'Not at all. There are reasons why Miss Messenger desires to be married in Stepney. With them we have nothing to do. She has, of late, associated herself with many works of benevolence, but anonymously. In fact, my dear sir—here Lord Jocelyn looked profoundly knowing—my ward, the bridegroom, has always known her under another name, and even now does not know whom he is marrying. When we sign the books we must, just to keep the secret a little longer, manage that he shall write his own name without seeing the name of the bride.'

This seemed very irregular in the eyes of the curate, and at first he was for referring the matter to the rector, but finally gave in, on the understanding that he was to be no party to any concealment.

And presently the wedding-party walked slowly up the aisle, and Harry, to his great astonishment, saw his bride on Lord Jocelyn's arm. There were cousins of the Messengers in plenty who should have done this duty, but Angela would invite none of them. She came alone to Stepney; she lived and worked in the place alone; wanted no consultation or discussion with the cousins; she would tell them when all was done; and she knew very well that so great an heiress as herself could do nothing but what is right, when one has time to recover from the shock, and to settle down and think things over.

No doubt, though we have nothing to do with the outside world in this story, there was a tremendous rustling of skirts, shaking of heads, tossing of curls, wagging of tongues, and uplifting of hands the next morning when Angela's cards were received, and the news was in all the papers. And there was such a run upon interjections that the vocabulary broke down, and people were fain to cry to one another in foreign tongues.

For thus the announcement ran:

'On Thursday, March 20th, at the Parish Church, Stepney, Harry, son of the late Samuel Goslett, Sergeant in the 120th Regiment of the Line, to Angela Marsden, daughter of the late John Marsden-Messenger, and granddaughter of the late John Messenger, of Portman Square and Whitechapel.'

This was a pretty blow among the cousins. The greatest heiress in England, who they had hoped would marry a duke, or a marquis, or an earl at least, had positively and actually married the son of a common soldier—well, a non-commissioned officer—the same thing. What did it mean? What could it mean?

Others, who knew Harry and his story, who had sympathy with him on account of his manly qualities—who owned that the obscurity of his birth was but an accident, shared with him by many of the most worthy, excellent, brilliant, useful, well-bred, delightful men of the world—rejoiced over the strange irony of Fate which had first lifted this soldier's son out of the gutter, and then, with apparent malignity, dropped him back again, only, however, to raise him once more far higher than before. For, indeed, the young man was now rich—with his vats and his mash-tubs, his millions of casks, his Old and his Mild and his Bitter, and his Family at nine shillings the nine-gallon cask, and his accumulated millions, 'beyond the potential dream of avarice.' If he chose to live more than half his time in Whitechapel, that is no concern of anybody's; and if his wife chooses to hold a sort of court at the abandoned East, to surround herself with people unheard of in society, not to say out of it, why should she not? Any of the royal princess might have done the same thing if they had chosen and had been well advised. Further, if, between them, Angela and her husband have established a superior Aquarium, a glorified Crystal Palace, in which all the shows are open, all the performers are drilled and trained amateurs, and all the work actually is done for nothing; in which the management is by the people themselves, who will have no interference from priest or parson, rector or curate, philanthropist or agitator; and no patronage from societies, well-intentioned young ladies, meddling benevolent persons and officious promoters, starters, and shovers-along, with half an eye fixed on heaven and the remaining eye and a half on their own advancement—if, in fact, they choose to do these things, why not? It is an excellent way of spending their time, and a change from the monotony of society.

Again, it is said that Harry, now Harry Messenger, by the provision of old John Messenger's will is the president, or the chairman, or the honorary secretary in fact, the spring and stay and prop of a new and most formidable Union or Association, which threatens, unless it be nipped in the bud, very considerable things of the greatest importance to the country. It is, in fact, a League of Workingmen for the promotion and advancement of their own interests.

Its prospectus sets forth that, having looked in vain among the candidates for the House of Commons for any representative who had been in the past, or was likely to be in the future, of the slightest use to them in the House; having found that neither Con-

servatives, nor Liberals, nor Radicals have ever been, or are ever likely to be, prepared with any real measure which should in the least concern themselves and their own wants; and fully recognizing the fact that in the debates of the House the interests of labor and the duties of Government toward the laboring classes are never recognized or understood—the workmen of the country hereby form themselves into a General League or Union, which shall have no other object whatever than the study of their own rights and interests. The question of wages will be left to the different unions, except in such cases where there is no union, or where the men are inarticulate (as in the leading case, now some ten years old, of the gas stokers), through ignorance and drink. And the immediate questions before the union will be, first, the dwelling houses of the workmen, which are to be made clean, safe, and healthy; next, their food and drink, which are to be unadulterated, pure and genuine, and are to pass through no more hands than are necessary, and to be distributed at the actual cost price without the intervention of small shops; next, instruction, for which purpose the workmen will elect their own school boards, and burn all the foolish reading books at present in use, and abolish spelling as a part of education, and teach the things necessary for all trades; next, clothing, which will be made for them by their own men working for themselves, without troubling the employers of labor at all; next, a newspaper of their own, which will refuse any place to political agitators, leaders, partisans, and professional talkers, and be devoted to the questions which really concern workingmen, and especially the question of how best to employ the power which is in their hands, and report continually what is doing, what must be done, and how it must be done. And lastly, emigration, so that in every family, it shall be considered necessary for some to go, and the whole country shall be mapped out into districts, and only a certain number be allowed to remain.

Now, the world being so small as it is, and Englishmen and Scotchmen being so masterful that they must needs go straight to the front and stay there, it can not but happen that the world will presently—that is, in two generations, or three at the most—be overrun with the good old English blood; whereupon till the round earth gets too small, which will not happen for another ten thousand years or so, there will be the purest, most delightful, and most heavenly Millennium. Rich people may come into it if they please, but they will not be wanted: in fact, rich people will die out, and it will soon come to be considered an unhappy thing, as it undoubtedly is, to be born rich.

'Whose daughters ye are,' concluded the curate, closing his book, 'as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement.'

(To be Continued.)

POOR, MAD KING OTTO!

His Lot Infinitely Worse Than That of His Meanest Subject.

Rumors that the mad King of Bavaria is failing rapidly in physical health have directed attention recently on the Continent to the habits and misfortunes of this most pitiable of European sovereigns. The violence of his insanity and its curious manifestations are being discussed at length by dailies outside of Germany, and all the details of his wild, dark life are being laid bare with relentlessly painstaking care.

King Otto, of Bavaria, is the brother of King Louis of Bavaria, who drowned himself several years ago. He is of the same remarkable physical development as his brother, tall and broad and muscular, with a tremendous reach of arm and an immense stride. His hair is long, shaggy, and uncombed. His unkempt beard reaches below his waist. He dresses in black broadcloth, of which he gets a new suit every week, for he has such a strong idiosyncrasy against napkins and towels and handkerchiefs that he refuses to carry or use any of them, and makes his coat tails and sleeves do for all three. Only occasionally, when his 60-year old nurse, Mme. Marie, approaches him, does a gleam of intelligence cross his blurred features. Sometimes he devotes hours to disjointed discussions of all sorts of questions with purely imaginary persons. He then gesticulates furiously, and often becomes beside himself with rage over the suppositions obtuseness of his opponent. Twice weekly he sinks into a state of almost unbroken lethargy. During such a fit he smokes cigarettes constantly, sometimes as many as a hundred a day. With every cigarette he uses a whole box of matches, for, having lighted his cigarette, he carefully sets off with the match all the matches.

All the doors of the magnificent apartments of the crazy monarch are on the ground floor, and the doors in them are always kept wide open, because a closed door throws the king into the wildest fury. He throws himself on the floor with all violence, and without touching knob or latch beats it with his fist and head, and finally falls on the floor before it in a fit. The King refuses to go near water, even for the purpose of bathing. He is terrified by the sight of an open carriage, and cannot by any means be persuaded to enter one for a drive. At table King Otto eats pretty much as other high-born Germans do. He consumes vast quantities of champagne and speaks during the meal only to shout for more wine.

Shall Sewing be Done at Home?

A question came up the other day that proved too knotty for settlement by the parties who had it under discussion, and it was unanimously resolved that one of the number should present it to the readers of The Standard.

Two or three ladies making a morning call on a friend found her in her sewing room before a table piled high with muslins, nainsooks, embroideries and laces, while she herself was rapidly cutting out garment after garment of ladies' and children's underwear.

What new crochet have you got into your pretty little head now, Mary, asked one, are you working for a children's hospital or an old ladies home, or both?

Neither, replied her friend. I am simply cutting out a year's supply of undergarments for the family, which my seamstress is going to make up.

You are not doing this from motives of economy, I should judge, said another. You can most certainly buy these things ready made at the spring sales cheaper than you make them, or at least than you can buy the material and pay for having them made.

Why, said a third, yesterday I bought really nice corset covers for 25 cents apiece, nightgowns for 99 cents, children's canton flannel night drawers for 84 cents, and pretty morning gowns for my nurse for 97 cents. All were neatly finished; the cotton garments were trimmed with Hamburg edging or lace, and the dresses were daintily made and were a good fit.

Then followed further evidence of Mary's want of thrift, during all of which the hostess was quietly going on with her work. When they had ceased she said:

And who makes these garments, do you think?

Why, sewing women, I suppose, said one.

What do you suppose they get for the making? The materials for the articles you have mentioned cost me almost as much as you paid for them ready-made, and I have even less trimming on them than some of you have described. How much, think you, does a woman get for making a dozen wrappers which are sold at 97 cents each, and of which the eight yards of material cost 80 cents, to say nothing of lining for the waist and thread and buttons?

The ladies looked at each other. We never thought of that, said they. A dozen wrappers, did you say? Think of making a whole dozen. I should think it would be a week's work at least.

Mrs. Martin, said the lady, addressing the seamstress, come here and tell these ladies some of your experience.

A neat, pale little woman in rusty black came forward.

I have tried almost every honest way of making a living since my husband's death, and for a year previous to that, while he lay ill. I made corset covers at 35 cents a dozen. There were sixty button holes to make and sixty buttons to sew on, and I could only make a dozen in a day by sewing until twelve o'clock at night.

I had not been used to hard work or to running a machine, and I suppose I was slow, for when I took the first lot home the manufacturer said they did not care to let me have any more, I was too long in making them.

Quick looks of sympathy and cries of Oh! and Ah! from the listeners.

Then I tried ladies' wrappers at 75 cents a dozen from another place, but I was too slow, with a sigh.

Dreadful! Dreadful! said the callers.

Please go on, Mrs. Martin.

I made children's drawers at 25 cents a dozen, and children's canton flannel night drawers at 35 cents a dozen, but I could not earn enough to buy bread, much less pay rent. A woman who lived in the same apartment house used to make "hickory jumpers" for 35 cents a dozen. There is almost as much sewing on one of these as on a white shirt, but she made a dozen in a day. She used to run her machine until one and two in the morning. I have seen her get up from it and say: I feel as if my limbs were on fire. She had, perhaps, been running it with scarcely a pause for hours. She was only 23 years old, and had married a widower of more than twice her age with five children. He was out of work and they all depended on her for support. Her baby was born dead. The doctor said she had sewed too steadily.

There was a moment of horrified silence and then one and all declared that never again would they buy "bargains" in ready made clothing.

I think it will be worse for the poor women if you don't, said Mrs. Martin. They are glad to get work even at those prices. It is often all that stands between them and starvation. Sometimes there is an old mother or an aunt or sister who is something of an invalid, but who can just manage to look after children and do the housework—there isn't much to do when one gets so far down—and then the wife can give her whole time to the work. Most of them work faster than I do.

I can't reason Mrs. Martin out of her belief that we will only make matters worse by not buying this poorly paid work, said the hostess.

But surely, said one of the callers, if we each find some needy seamstress and hire the things made, that will be better.

But that will only be four, said Mrs. Martin, who seemed totally destitute of the first principles of political economy, and there are so many.

It is better to really help four than to keep eight on the verge of starvation, said one lady.

And so the matter ended.—Alice Chittenden in The Standard.

LOVELORN LIZZIE.

Oh, it's you, is it, Lizzie?" was Mrs. Priscilla Kane's ejaculation as her pretty daughter, a black eyed, curly haired, roguish faced girl of seventeen, who worked in one of the big Kensington factories, walked into the kitchen, swinging her dinner basket in her hand and humming a merry tune.

"Yes, dear mother, it is I," said the girl, and she kissed the wrinkled face of the hard worked woman.

"I'm glad you've come," said Mrs. Kane, glancing admiringly down into her daughter's pretty face. "Mr. Mercer is in the front room. He's been waiting for you about two hours, and Lizzie," sinking her voice, "he had a long talk with your father, in which he said that he loved you and wanted to make you his wife. I'm sure it almost took my breath away when your father told me about it, for he's got a good business and owns lots of property besides. He told your father that as soon as you were his wife he'd satisfy the mortgage on this house and make us comfortable for the balance of our lives. Lord knows, it will seem strange enough to rest, for I've seen nothing but work since I was a chit of a girl, and I've grown old before my time, trying to make ends meet. Now put on your gingham dress and go in to see him. He is in the front room."

Mrs. Kane paused suddenly and stepped back with a startled cry, for, happening to glance at her daughter's face, she saw such a marvelous change in its expression that she grew alarmed.

"Now, Lizzie," she continued, "don't fret me and say you won't do it, for I've got a raging headache, and a little more excitement will drive me crazy. I am sure it's not much that your pa and I ask you to do. You ought to be willing to make some sacrifice for our sakes."

"I am!" answered Lizzie, and the hard lines in her face softened: "I'm willing to work early and late for you, but when you ask me to marry a man whom I hate it is too much."

"There, there," began Mrs. Kane. "I knowed you'd only have one of your tantrums as soon as I told you of your good fortune, but your father would go to the saloon and leave me to face it all," and sinking into a chair she threw her apron over her head and began sobbing and crying and rocking herself back and forth in a manner suggesting hysteria.

"So father has gone to the saloon again, after promising me to remain away," said Lizzie, and her eyes snapped.

"It's because he's in trouble," apologized the mother, wiping her eyes. "If you'd only marry Mr. Mercer and lift us out of our poverty, your pa would be a different man."

"I doubt it!" muttered Lizzie; and then, speaking loud, said: "Well, I won't marry Mr. Mercer—that settle's it. Marry him? I'll go out and beg first!" and, seizing her shawl and hat quickly donned them before her mother could interfere, rushed out of the door, and had reached the end of the alley before that lady could get to the gate. "That girl will be the death of me," Mrs. Kane moaned, re-entering the kitchen, and then rolling down the sleeves of her faded calico dress she smoothed her hair and walked into the front room, where Mr. Isaac Mercer, a fat pudgy man of fifty, with a smooth and very red face and a bald head, sat vacantly staring at the big pattern in the cheap ingrain carpet.

Rather haltingly she apologized for her daughter's absence, saying that the latter would not be home until late, having to do overwork at the mill, and Isaac Mercer left, promising to call on the morrow.

Lizzie meanwhile proceeded toward the saloon which her father frequented. She was obliged to cross the railroad to reach the place, and she stopped at the little signal station, where she knew Charlie Hancock, the telegraph operator, was at work.

Charlie was the particular friend of Ned Howell, a brakeman on the railroad who had been Lizzie's lover since they were children together, and whom she had promised to marry when he should have saved enough to give her a home.

"Charlie," she said, tapping on the window to attract his attention, "will fifty-three be down to-night?"

At the sound of her voice Charlie raised his head from his work, and catching sight of the girl's pretty face, sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott, Lizzie! Is it you?" was his ejaculation, and then, without meaning to be harsh or cruel, he told her in excited, disjointed sentences about a terrible accident that had taken place on the railroad at the other end of the division.

As he proceeded she in fancy saw the terrible scene, but she uttered no sound, and continued staring into his face with dry, wide open eyes.

"Poor Ned was caught between two cars, and the doctors say one of his legs will have to come off. He's pretty badly mashed and may die. All the wounded were taken to the Presbyterian hospital and—"

He stopped suddenly, and, rushing from his little den, ran out on the platform and caught Lizzie in his arms just as she reeled fainting.

She did not remember much after this, and an age seemed to have passed when she finally opened her eyes in her own shabby little chamber at home, to find her mother, her father and the doctor bending over her.

The first question was about the accident, but they put her off, and it was not until she was able to sit up that she learned the whole truth.

Her lover had lost one of his legs, and, being no longer useful to the railroad company, had been discharged.

They did not tell her that several letters had come from him, nor did they inform her that her father, being for once in his life sober, controlled and influenced by his wife, had written a letter to the crippled brakeman, informing him that Lizzie was shortly to be married to Mr. Isaac Mercer.

The latter called upon her several times while she was convalescent, but she invariably refused to see him, and would never eat the tempting delicacies that he sent to her bedside.

One evening when her mother was busy in the lower part of the house, and her father had gone as usual to the saloon, Lizzie put on her hat and cloak and stole from the house.

Just before she reached the railroad the door of Charlie Hancock's little den opened, and a man came out on crutches.

As he approached, Lizzie rushed forward. "Ned, Ned!" she cried, and when the cripple looked up and caught sight of her face he halted and his own grew very white.

"I beg pardon, Liz—Miss Kane," he said, bowing stiffly.

"Miss Kane?" repeated Lizzie, drawing back. "You used to call me Lizzie! What's the matter? Oh, Ned, I've been very sick, and all through the delirium I saw you lying crushed and mangled and crying for me to come to you."

"I was pretty badly crushed," said Howell, and he glanced ruefully at his crutches, "and I guess I must have called for you; but that was before I learned that you were going to marry Isaac Mercer."

"Marry Isaac Mercer!" repeated Lizzie; "why, I hate him!"

"What?" cried Ned, and his face brightened. "Why, I heard that you were going to be married to-morrow, and I couldn't resist the temptation to come up and look on your dear face once more before losing you forever."

"It's all a monstrous lie!" cried Lizzie hotly. "I wouldn't marry him if he was worth ten times as much as he is."

"I thought it must be true," said Ned, "when you didn't answer my letters."

"I never received them."

"And you don't mean to say that you still love such a poor, crippled wretch as I am?"

"I'd love you if you'd lost both your legs!" cried Lizzie, and she could hardly restrain herself from kissing him right then and there.

One of Ned's fellow sufferers by the railroad smashup was a high official of the road, and learning that the crippled brakeman was of more than average intelligence, had secured him a position in the general office of the company, where he was bound to rise.

Lizzie needed but little urging to consent to a marriage that night, and it being too late to procure a license they sought that Mecca of runaway lovers, Camden, and were made one.

When Isaac Mercer read the marriage notice the next morning he was the maddest man in Kensington and closed up his grocery store for the balance of the day.—Philadelphia Times.

Glass Type.

The French newspapers are just now testing a novel sort of type, some made of malleable glass by a new process. The new type preserve their cleanliness almost indefinitely. They are said to wear better than those made of metal, and can be cast with a sharpness of line that will print more distinctly than is possible with the old style type. La Patrie is now printed entirely on glass type.

The colored boys of Fort Worth, Texas, believe that the present conditions should pass away, and with that end in view have organized a people's party club. A start was made with 247 members.

Several fires occurred in Paris on Wednesday night. They are believed to have been started by anarchists.

Dominion Trades and Labor Congress.

The following circular calling the annual convention of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress has just been issued:

OFFICE OF SECRETARY-TREASURER,
85 Summerhill Avenue.

To the officers and members of trades councils, trades unions, and district and local assemblies of the Order of the Knights of Labor throughout the Dominion of Canada:

Fellow Workmen,—The eighth annual session of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress will be held in the City of Toronto, commencing on Thursday, September 8th, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., and all labor organizations in the Dominion are invited to send representatives.

The basis of representation is as follows: Trades unions and local assemblies of the Knights of Labor shall be allowed one delegate for each one hundred members or less, and one for each additional one hundred or majority fraction thereof; trades councils and district assemblies of the Knights of Labor, three delegates. Two or more trades unions or local assemblies of the Knights of Labor, whose aggregated membership does not exceed 150, may unite to send one delegate. No proxy representation will be allowed, and all delegates must be members of the bodies they represent; but nothing in this clause shall be construed to prevent unions or assemblies from combining to send one representative who is a member of one of such unions or assemblies.

All delegates will be required to produce certificates of election (blank forms of which is herewith forwarded), signed by the presiding officer and secretary of the organization they represent and bearing the seal of the same, where such exists. Where two or more organizations have united to send a delegate, his credentials must bear the signatures of the presiding officer and secretary of such organizations, and also the seals of the same, where such exists.

Notice of the election of delegates; together with their names and addresses and the number of members in the organization they represent, must be forwarded to the Secretary of the Congress on or before Thursday, Sept. 1st, 1892.

The expenses of the Congress shall be met by a per capita assessment on the membership of the organizations represented at its sessions, and such other organization as may signify their willingness to contribute to its funds, the rate per capita to be determined at each session of the Congress, but in no case to exceed ten cents per annum.

That the wisdom of bodies which, through any cause, may be unrepresented by delegates, may not be lost to the Congress, it is requested that such bodies forward, by resolution, such views as they entertain on any particular phase of labor, or the tenor of any question which, in their judgment, may be worthy of discussion or action by the Congress.

As the session of the Congress will be held during the holding of the Industrial Exhibition railway fares from all points in the Dominion to Toronto and return will not be over a fare and a third, and in many cases will be as low as single fare.

All communications should be addressed to the Secretary of the Congress, who will be happy to furnish all desired information.

URBAIN LAFONTAINE,
President,
GEO. W. DOWER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, Ont., June 28th, 1892.

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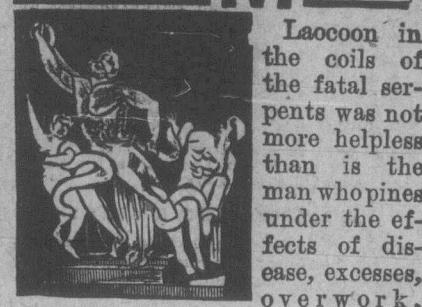
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ADVERTISING RATES:

For 12 lines (one inch) or less, first insertion, 10 cents per line; subsequent insertions, without change of type, 5 cents.

Display or contract advertisements are taken at special rates, which will be made known upon application.
Business notices published in local columns charged at the rate of 10 cents per line.
All advertisements measured by a scale of Solid Nonpareil.

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

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.

THE REGULATION OF RAILWAY RATES.

Mr. McLean, the member for East York, has given notice of his intention to move an amendment to the Railway Act, fixing the maximum rate for the carriage of passengers at two cents per mile, and the Gazette has an article thereon in which the following passage occurs:

"Common sense sets a barrier against such arbitrary limitation of charges for carriage, whether of passengers or goods, as will deter capital from investment in the construction of new lines either for the development of new territory or for the provision of healthful competition in older settled districts."

It would be a waste of "common sense" to attempt to argue such a consistent advocate of monopolies as the Gazette out of the position which it takes in this matter, but we cannot help reminding it that the principle sought to be established by the proposed amendment is enforced in almost every instance where public privileges are conceded to private enterprise for the purposes of profit. A maximum mileage rate for passengers on all railways in Great Britain was long ago established by parliament, and no one will say it has deterred railway enterprise in that country or hindered "healthful competition." On the contrary, although the parliamentary stipulation of one penny per mile only called for one train either way per day, the same rates now prevail on every train, express or otherwise, the number of passengers to be carried and "healthful competition" together, making such concession necessary and expedient, and in no country in the world is railway travel taken so much advantage of amongst all classes, and the reason simply is because the fares are so low. The Gazette would leave the people of Canada to the tender mercies of the monopolist, to be squeezed and bled just as occasion offers. This custom has hitherto prevailed, but the people are slowly awakening to the fact that they are being swindled and robbed and defrauded out of their legitimate rights through the action of these bonused monopolies, and a day of reckoning will surely come. When public lands and public moneys are thrown into the lap of monopoly it is the duty of the people's representatives to see that it is not done so recklessly and without proper return privileges being secured to the public, and the amendment of which Mr. McLean has given notice is

one step in the effort to regain what has been lost through the supineness and neglect of those whose duty it was to have it so at the first. While we believe that freight rates on the various railways of Canada are altogether too high and that discrimination frequently occurs, no proper comparison can be made between the conveyance of passengers and freight, because the cost of the passenger is infinitesimal as compared with freight. The passenger takes care of himself, while freight is frequently to be handled at considerable cost, and what we contend is, that the mileage system, as applied to passenger travel, is wrong in principle. A passenger on one of our railways should be in the same position as a passenger on a street car, that is to say, he should be able to travel the whole length of the line, or as far as he likes for a maximum sum; or, in other words, he should be able to travel to Lachine or to Toronto at the same figure, say twenty-five cents. A concession like this would induce such an amount of travel that it would ultimately become the most profitable source of revenue for the railway companies.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The dissolution of the British Parliament on Tuesday last places the country in a position paralleled only by the period succeeding the passing of the Reform Bill of '32 when a limited number of the democracy were first entrusted to exercise their birthright. The issue before the electorate is of the most momentous nature—Home Rule for Ireland—and the results, which ever way the verdict of the people goes, may be of such a character as to cause every conscientious voter to pause and try to fathom the consequences to the empire before depositing his ballot. The opponents to Home Rule predict nothing but disaster to the whole country and that civil war in Ireland will follow the introduction of any attempt at self-government in that country. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone and his followers predict that lasting peace will result, that enterprise will be stimulated and prosperity follow the time when Ireland becomes self-governing, and in thus believing they claim they have the fullest sympathy of the great majority of the British people. The events of the next few weeks will tell. Already some of the leaders on either side have spoken, and if we are to judge from the cables the opponents of Home Rule are having a very unfavorable reception. Mr. Balfour's reception at Sheffield is not calculated to inspire him with confidence as to the future and the hostility shown to his lieutenant, Mr. Chamberlain, must also have had a jarring effect upon his nerves. It shows that in the large manufacturing centres, all events, the policy of compelling a people to respect "law and order" by coercing them has not many sympathizers. Mr. Gladstone has unbounded faith that the British workingmen will back him up in his expressed intention to give the fullest liberty to the Irish people, and, under ordinary circumstances, he would have calculated wisely, but circumstances have lately arisen which may weaken somewhat his hold upon the affections of the wage-earners, and divide the vote of organized labor, which in Great Britain at the present time is a very powerful and controlling one. Organized labor throughout Great Britain feels that the question of restricting by legislation the hours of labor (in some branches of trade at least) is equally important with the question of Home Rule and is endeavoring to make the question a live issue during the elections. Mr. Gladstone rather curtly declined to discuss the question with a deputation from the London Trades Council but subsequently acceded to an interview, a full report of which we have just seen in a recent English paper.

As regards the object of their interview the deputation was unsuccessful. Mr. Gladstone assumed they were well aware of the position which had been taken up by himself and friends; that on grounds of public utility, duty, honor and character he must face the settlement of the great constitutional question which had been raised between Great Britain and Ireland; that he would degrade himself to the lowest point that the most unprincipled could possibly sink to were he to recede from the position he was bound by the struggle of the last few years. The eight-hour question was one which he could not hope to deal finally with at the close of his political life and therefore if they (the deputation) were of opinion that it ought to take precedence of all others he wished them a hearty God speed, but "you must look to some man who is less aged than I am for your purpose." The position Mr. Gladstone takes, although it may not be acceptable to the leaders of the movement, will undoubtedly command a good deal of sympathy and respect from the chivalric way in which he clings to the cause of the Irish people at the risk of losing a large number of votes through refusing to head a popular movement. This view of the matter was put before him and his reply is well worth quoting: "It is fair I should say that in my opinion one of the very highest duties of all politicians under all circumstances and at all cost is to eschew and to repudiate the raising of any expectations except what they know they can fulfil. Therefore I can say nothing more. I appeal to my life; I appeal to what I have hitherto viewed as my duty to the industrial classes, putting them in the position of standing up for their own rights; and I say that what little future I have you must judge of by the past. Until I see my way and know how things are to be done, and under what conditions, I must not excite any expectations even if I believed that I could fulfill them; even if I leant to the hope that I could fulfil them." Mr. Shipton, one of the deputation, responded—"That is a very conscientious and honorable position for you to take, and we thank you, sir, sincerely." We venture to say that no better illustration of the nobleness and purity of character of the man could be given than what is brought out in the few words with which he dismissed the deputation from the London Trades Council.

There is a tendency on the part of some people occupying a prominent position in municipal affairs to attribute everything with which workingmen are in any way mixed up to the Knights of Labor. We will not say that this tendency has not in some measure been stimulated by parties concerned silently acquiescing in the insinuation, through zeal for the object for which they are working, and without due consideration of the danger of allowing the Order to be implicated in anything that does not concern the public good. The object sought may be praiseworthy; still it is hardly fair to drag in the name of a body in support of that object which had not pronounced upon the question, much less accrediting authority to any set of persons to act for them. The Knights of Labor had to bear a good deal of odium in connection with gambling and the sale of liquor at the picnic on Labor Day, although the Order was in no way responsible for it, and the prominent members of the Order feel that it has gone far enough. When the Knights of Labor have any protest to make they will see that those authorized to make it are supplied with the necessary credentials. The other day when Alderman Nolan introduced to the Mayor a deputation of citizens as a deputation from the Knights of Labor, it was the duty of the gentlemen composing the deputation to clearly define the footing on which they were present, and the im-

pression would not have gone abroad that the Knights, as a body, were in favor of one particular monopoly, because one of the fundamental principles of the Order is to fight all monopolies. In justice to Mr. Darlington, who was one of the deputation, and who is prominently connected with the Order and is invariably found fighting in defence of citizens' rights, we must state that he most emphatically affirms that when the mayor repeated the introduction of Alderman Nolan to the Council, he (Mr. Darlington) interrupted with the explanation that the deputation was sent from a meeting of citizens. And here the matter rests.

* * *

The Private Bills Committee of the Legislative Council saw fit to throw out Mr. Auge's early closing bill. What do they care if a poor girl is obliged to work from early morning till late at night with the thermometer at 90, for the sum of fifty cents? They are not there to make laws for the benefit of the people. They are there to obstruct good legislation, and at the end of the session collect their salary and walk off with a box of stationery.

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In all sizes;

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In all widths.

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Bleached Table Damasks,

In all widths,

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In all sizes,

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Hemstitched Table Cloths, all sizes Table Napkins to match

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Embroidered Doilies

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No Lady's Wardrobe is complete without one of the Rigby Waterproof Garments.

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SANITARY BED COVERS.

Fibre Chamois Co. (limited), which has lately been incorporated, has just placed on the market these new Sanitary Bed Covers, which are expected to quite revolutionize the bedding cover trade of the Dominion. These goods are not expensive, and are superior to what has been so long in use.

S. CARSLEY,

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

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"Where are the workmen who shouted themselves hoarse for Hall, Kennedy, Morris, Martineau and all the other supporters of the De Boucherville Government?" said Phil. "I'd like to meet some of those galoots, and ask them what they, as workmen, gained by it. The session is over, and not one single, solitary act has been passed which would advance the interests of labor. George Washington Stephens was going to play the deuce as a labor reformer and so was Morris, but though they made a great flourish at the beginning, subsequent events proved that it was all buncombe. Stephens' bill to exempt wages from seizure was a good measure when he first introduced it, and if the man was sincere he would have insisted on the House dealing with it as it stood, but the very fact of him stating at the beginning that he had no objection to its being amended in committee, shows that he didn't care a continental how much they mutilated it or whether it ever became law or not." Stephens is no 'greeny' at Quebec, and he knows better perhaps than anybody else that measures such as his are usually so amended in committee that they practically become inoperative, or else are made to serve an altogether different purpose to what they were intended; when, therefore, he actually invited amendment to it, the House knew at once that his action was pure buncombe and acted accordingly. That bill did not become law, and never will while Stephens fathers it. Our friend Morris, on the other hand, was working another racket; he was looking for a big thing for a joint stock company in which he is interested, and his bill for the inspection of gear and tackle was a kind of sop thrown into the maw of labor to keep it quiet and possibly to divert its attention from the charter of the Montreal Water and Power Company until he got what he wanted. He, too, was willing to have his bill amended, and the consequence is that it has been 'referred back' until such time as the members get acquainted with the subject. Auge's early closing bill was defeated by a vote of eight to seven in that old political hippodrome, the Legislative Council. And now I would like to have some political jaw-smith explain to me what labor has gained by the change of government. And I would also like to know how much longer workmen will allow themselves to be hoodwinked by the old political parties."

"I, for one, am not at all surprised that neither the Legislature at Quebec nor yet the other one at Ottawa have done nothing in the interests of the laboring classes," said Brown. "Why should they? Don't you understand that everything which tends to advance the interests of labor makes the laborer stronger in his resistance to the encroachments of capital, and why should a capitalist, even if he is a member of parliament, do anything which is antagonistic to his interest? Not at all. Why should Stephens be expected to bring in a bill that will exempt wages from seizure? Will he ever have his wages seized? Why should you find fault that Morris' bill wasn't passed? Is it at all likely that he or any of his family will ever lose their life on the wharf by being compelled to work with defective gear and tackle? Will the life of any of our members of parliament or their families be endangered because the gear and tackle is not inspected? And another thing, if workmen really want all these things they shout about, why in thunder don't they vote as they howl? Why are they always found voting for men who don't care a rap for them, even if they have the choice to vote for a labor candidate? It is the most

contemptible and humiliating spectacle to witness labor electing its enemies to power and then to see it come, hat in hand, begging for recognition of its rights. And the cur who are ever willing to vote at the dictates of the party, or factory boss, who never yet have cast their votes in an intelligent or independent manner generally howl loudest when they are hurt and turn to organized labor for protection and relief. No, sir; I expect nothing that will benefit labor from any kind of a governing body constituted wholly of capitalists, neither will I blame them. If labor wants anything, let it say so at the polls on election day."

BILL BLADES.

WASTE OF TIME AND STUDY.

Professor Atwater has been spending a great deal of time and study in compiling statistics for the purpose of demonstrating how much better and more expensively the American common people live than their European brethren. He says that the dietary statistics taken with the collateral facts lead to the inference that ordinary people have with us what only the exceptionally well fed have on the other side of the Atlantic the food they need to make the most of themselves and their work. Indeed, it is not safe to say that so far as the facts at hand go they imply very distinctly that to the American workman is vouchsafed the priceless gift which is denied to most people of the world, namely, the physical conditions, including especially the liberal nourishment which are essential to a large production, high wages, and the highest physical existence; and that as a corollary he has a like opportunity for intellectual and moral development and progress.

Of course there is purpose in all this, the object being to create a sense of contentment in the minds of American workmen and thus strengthen the hands of those who through special privileges now exploit labor. But American workmen will not so easily be lulled. The real question for their consideration is not whether they live better than does the European, but are they enjoying the just and full returns for their labor here, and can they not increase their prosperity and happiness.—Sunday Truth.

THE COAL BURNING AGE.

I have heard that when King Hudson in the zenith of his fame, was asked as to what his railways were to do when all the coal was burned out, he replied that by that time we should learn how to burn water. Those who are asked the same question now will often reply that they will use electricity, and doubtless think that they have thus disposed of the question. The fallacy of such answers is obvious. A so-called "water gas" may, no doubt, be used for developing heat, but it is not the water which supplies the energy. Trains may be run by electricity, but all that the electricity does is to convey the energy from the point where it is generated to the train which is in motion. Electricity is itself no more a source of power than is the rope with which a horse drags a boat along the canal. There is much philosophy in the old saying, "Money makes the mare go," than in the optimistic doctrine we hear spoken of with regard to the capacity of man for dealing with nature.

The fact is that a very large part of the boasted advance of civilization is merely the acquisition of an increased capability of squandering. For what are we doing every day but devising fresh appliances to exhaust with ever greater rapidity the hoard of coal. There are just a certain number of tons of coal lying in the earth and when these are gone there can be no more forthcoming. There is no manufacture of coal in progress at the present time. The useful mineral was

the product of a very singular period in the earth's history, the like of which has not again occurred in any noteworthy degree in the geological ages which have since run their course. Our steam engines are the means of spending this hoard, and what we often hear lauded as some triumph in human progress is merely the development of some fresh departure in a frightful extravagance.

We would justly regard a man as guilty of expending his substance wastefully if he could not perform a journey without a coach and six, and half a dozen outriders, and yet we insist that the great steamers which take us across the Atlantic run at a speed which requires engines, let us say, of 12,000 horse power. If the number of passengers on such a vessel be set down as 500, we have for each passenger the united force of 24 horses, day and night, throughout the voyage. I expect that our descendants will think that our coal cellars have been emptied in a wasteful manner, particularly when they reflect that if we had been content with a speed somewhat less than at present demanded, the necessary consumption of coal would have been reduced in a far greater proportion than the mere alteration of speed would imply.

PRETTY GIRLS OF IRELAND.

Do you know how very pretty a pretty Irish girl is? She is like a glass of fine, clear chablis. She hasn't the champagne sparkle of the American girl, the beery tranquility of the German fraulein, nor the vermuth suggestiveness of mam'selle our French cousin. She does not intoxicate, neither does she soothe, nor yet inspire, but she allures you. There is something enduring, yet evanescent and fleeting, and it draws you on and on. She is like a draught of pure, sparkling spring water that refreshes and never palls. She is tall, slender and round. Crisp little black curls lie against her white neck, there is nothing creamy nor peachy about her skin; it is clear red and white, and her fine black brows and curled lashes accentuate it. And then her eyes! Why should poets sing of the languorous orbs of oriental houris or the violet eyes of the fair women of the north when the Irish girl has them all at one and the same time! Starry eyes that sparkle and glow. You think they are darkly brown until some day she turns them upon you as she stands in the sunlight and a sapphire is not more blue, and as you watch her in surprise they are gray and they are black, and you despair of telling what color they are, but are content to watch them assume whatever shade they will.—Chicago News.

DUST AT SEA.

The British ship Berean, which recently made the voyage from Tasmania around Cape Horn to England, encountered a remarkable but not unusual phenomenon at sea, viz, a storm of dust. After crossing the equator she fell into the northeast trade winds, and when about 600 miles west of Cape de Verde Islands, the nearest land, the Berean's sails and rigging were thinly coated with a very fine powdery dust of a dark yellow or saffron color, scarcely discernible on or near the deck, but profuse on the highest part of the rigging, so that the sails appeared to be "tanned."

Fine dust falling on vessels in the Atlantic near the Cape de Verde Archipelago has often been reported, but it has so often been of a reddish hue that it is known among sailors as "red fog," and has been generally supposed to come from South America.

The observation on board the Berean appears to overthrow this conclusion, and to determine the African origin both of the Atlantic dust and the so-called "blood rains" of Southern Europe.

Admiral Smyth many years ago re-

ported during his stay in Sicily, March 14, 1814, a "blood rain," which fell "in large, muddy drops, and deposited a very minute sand of a yellow-red color" quite similar to that now reported by the Berean.

He then regarded it as a "sirocco dust" from the African desert, crowning the beautiful theory of atmospheric circulation. Both on the Atlantic ocean and in Europe these rains of dust have almost invariably fallen between January and April—a period of the year in which the Sahara is most arid.

Election of Officers.

The following have been elected officers of Black Diamond L. A. 1711, for the ensuing six months: M. W., J. Carroll; W. F., J. Maguire; R. S., Wm. Robertson; F. S., S. Fitzpatrick; Treas., J. Fraser; P. M. W., Geo. Halliday.

Nomination of Officers.

The following is a correct list of the members nominated for office at a meeting of No. 1 Section, Quebec Ship Laborers' Benevolent Society: For President, Thomas Webb, Maurice Cottrell, John Dinan and Patrick Griffin; Vice-President, Robert Farrell, George Quart and James Hennessy; Assistant Secretary, M. J. Sullivan, John Farrell and John Feeney.

The next meeting of the Labor Day committee will be held on Tuesday, 5th instant, at 127 1/2 St. Lawrence street. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Mr. V. Dubreuil, 687 Notre Dame street.

A public meeting will be held in the Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, Tuesday evening next at eight o'clock, for the purpose of organizing the Machine Woodworkers under the International of that trade.

MARRIED.

TAYLOR—MYERS.—At the residence of the bride's father, 75 Magdalen street, Montreal, on the 22nd June, by the Rev. John Ker, John Taylor, composer, eldest son of David Taylor, formerly of Stonehaven, Scotland, to Ellen Marie, eldest daughter of P. Myers, of Montreal.

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We might divide this world into two hemispheres; other than the geographical, viz, the theoretical and the practical. In the former fairy realm of Utopia dwelt the poets, philosophers and preachers, weaving their webs of thought "far from the madding crowd," and dreaming dreams of what would almost seem to be an impossible existence. Impossible! when one considers the other and larger half where the great quest of the age is bargains. Bargains! All the bustle, worry and excitement has this for its ultimate end and aim—bargains. Whether it is good, is not the question, for the pressure of modern life—the mere necessity of living—makes it all but imperative for the multitude. Buyers must demand the best possible value for their money, and keen competition forces sellers to meet the requirement. These are the stern facts of the situation which the clear prosaic eyes of the trained man of business sees at a glance, and to which he adjusts his chart if he expects his ship to reach the harbor of SUCCESS. That our own compass is so set, the undemoted list, verified by a visit of inspection, will at once show.

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ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

There is a good deal of speculation in Toronto as to how the United States bishops will consider the plan adopted by the Knights of St. John here for a system of signs and passwords in their order. Rev. Father Reurne, who is one of its officers, is credited with the opinion that the bishops of the States will not concur in Archbishop Walsh's opinion.

The Winnipeg Free Press springs a political sensation calculated to injure the Greenway Government in the approaching general elections. The story in brief is this: Hugh Ryan, the contractor who built the Red River Valley railway for the Government, has been here for several days. At the time of the settlement with the Government, five years ago, on the completion of the work, he put in a claim of nearly sixty thousand dollars for extras. This the then premier, Mr. Norquay, refused to pay as unjust and when Greenway came into power in 1888, he also declared his Government would not pay an unjust claim. Ryan was challenged to make good his claim in court, but this he could not do. Now, according to the Free Press' insinuations, the Government has settled with Ryan, the latter having agreed to refund a certain amount of the money to swell the boodle election fund. The charge creates considerable sensation in political circles, but is ridiculed by the Government organ, which, however, does not deny that Ryan has been settled with.

Stephen Duffy, one of the painters employed on the carriage way, Suspension bridge, Niagara Falls, met with a terrible death Tuesday, falling from a scaffold near the top of the north tower on the Canadian side into the roadway below, a distance of nearly one hundred feet. Death was instantaneous. His neck, both legs and his back were broken. The unfortunate man was about 25 years of age and hailed from Utica, N. Y.

The seventh Legislature of Manitoba has been dissolved, and the formal announcement is made to day that nominations will be held on July 16 and polling on July 23. By pushing the preparations for the voters' lists, the Government has been enabled to bring on the elections. The chief issues are the National School question and prohibition plebiscite.

Nez Perce Sam, the Indian who is to be hanged in Manitoba next month in the presence of all the convicts in the penitentiary, embraced the Christian religion and was baptized. He says he will now die happy. There is little chance of a reprieve, as the murder was cold-blooded.

American.

While a number of men were engaged in drilling a well at Herndon, near Shamokin, Pa., the other afternoon, a piece of dualin prematurely exploded, killing Charles Milliken and George Garber and severely injuring three Italians. Milliken's head was blown completely off by the explosion.

The battleship Texas was launched at 11 a.m. on Tuesday. The Texas is the first battleship of the new navy.

A telegram was received at the Navy department, Washington, Tuesday, from Capt. Johnson, commanding the United States steamer Mohican, dated at Sitka, Alaska, announcing the seizure of the vessels Kodiack, Lettie and James, for violation of the modus vivendi. The seizure occurred near Cook's inlet, and the vessels were taken to Sitka, Alaska, for legal prosecution.

Captain Mariner, of the steamer Rosebud, reports a cyclone at Fort Yates, S. D., on June 18, which killed four Sioux Indians and crippled a number of others.

A St. Louis despatch says: "The Western Associated Press has given notice to the New York Associated Press of their intention to terminate the contract now existing between them."

Last night the Ontario and Western milk train coming south met a wild cat engine between Phillipsburg and Mountaineale and the two collided. James Scott and Frank Cassidy, firemen, were killed instantly, and O'Neill, the engineer, and Hawley, the brakeman, badly injured.

On Tuesday a mob entered the Shelbyville, Tenn., gaol and forcibly secured the keys from the sheriff, took the wife murderer, W. M. Bates, of Bowesville, from his cell and hanged him to a tree in the Court House yard. He died protesting his innocence.

The high water that has covered the Bois Brule bottom, St. Mary's, Mo., for the past six weeks has driven all the animals that infest that section to the bluffs. On Friday a report reached here that a panther had killed the child of Mrs. Williamson. She was engaged in some housework and had left the baby on the porch. A panther slipped up and seized the infant. She gave the alarm at once and the animal was pursued and killed half a mile from the house. The child was dead, the beast having eaten its head off.

European.

Three tenement houses in Berey, a Parisian suburb, were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. A number of the occupants were burned to death and many were injured while trying to escape. Loss, 1,500,000 francs.

The Marquis of Dufferin, the British ambassador to France, and Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, the American minister in Paris, will present an identical note to M. Ribot, minister of foreign affairs, requesting President Carnot to nominate French arbitrators to serve on the Behring Sea commission.

The caravel Santa Maria, a reproduction of Columbus' vessel, was successfully launched at Caiza in the presence of 10,000 spectators. The American consul and the mate of the barque Yamokden were the only Americans present.

The Governments of Germany and Austria are acting in concert in the adoption of measures to prevent cholera from entering their respective countries. Prince Drache, of the Vienna Sanitary board, who has been studying cholera for thirty years, thinks it improbable that the disease will spread beyond Russia, even if it gets a foothold there.

The greatest consternation prevails in some parts of the Russian Empire owing to the rapid spread of cholera. At Baku, on the northwest coast of the Caspian sea, 35 new cases of the disease were reported yesterday. Baku is a great petroleum shipping port. The workmen have become so frightened that they are leaving in droves. The military physician at Duhak telegraphs that the disease there has got beyond his control and asking that medical assistance and nurses be sent. A feature of the epidemic is the rapidity with which persons stricken with it collapse. One of the guards on the Transcaspian railway was seized with cholera and died on the train before medical assistance could be obtained.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

There was no match in the big league last Saturday, but this was more than atoned for by the intermediate, junior and juvenile matches that took place. Of course, the most interest was centered in the match between the Crescents and Sherbrookes for the intermediate championship. The Crescents had things pretty much their own way in the first two games, but it took them over an hour to score the last one. The home team played a great individual game, but were not in it with the visitors as far as team work was concerned. A good crowd witnessed the junior match between the Montreal Juniors and the Shamrock Juniors. There was only one disagreeable feature, and that was when Mr. McLaughlin was so grossly insulted by one of the players that he refused to act as umpire any further.

The following is a summary of the matches played:

Crescents vs. Sherbrookes—3 straight in favor of Crescents.
Montreal Junior vs. Shamrock Junior—3 to 1 in favor of Shamrocks.
Gordons vs. Emmets—3 to 2 in favor of Emmets.
Shamrock Junior, 2nd, vs. Montreal Junior, 2nd—3 to 1 for Montreal.
Orientals 2nd vs. Elms—3 straight for Orientals.
Standards vs. Clippers—3 to 1 in favor of Standards.
Silver Leaf vs. Standards 2nd—3 straight for Silver Leaf.
Windsor vs. Oak Leaf—3 to 0.

BASEBALL.

The Hawthornes and Clippers met on Saturday in the series of the Amateur Baseball League, and probably one of the finest games ever witnessed in Montreal was the result. It was a close, sharp game throughout, and until fifth inning neither side scored, when the Haws succeeded in making one, to which they added three more in the seventh. The Clippers got in one on the eighth, and the game ended thus four to one. The battery work on both sides was exceptionally good, while the fielding of the Clippers was remarkably free from errors.

Two nines from the Globe Woollen Mills of this city and the Dominion Wire Works, Lachine, started a game on Logan's farm on Saturday afternoon, but it ended in the Lachine team being withdrawn from the field over a disputed decision of the umpire, and what promised to be a rattling good game was abruptly brought to a conclusion.

CRICKET.

A team from the Montreal Cricket Club suffered an inglorious defeat at the hands of Ottawa on Saturday, the score being Montreal, 33; Ottawa, 105 for seven wickets.

The Lachine Club was defeated by a scratch team captained by J. Coates.

FOOTBALL.

It would appear that the weather is not yet too warm for some people to play football, and it looks as if some of the clubs

meant to stay it out all summer. The Thistles and Druids met on Saturday in a game under association rules, when the former won by one goal to nothing.

The second teams of the same clubs also met when the Thistles won, 2 to 0.

QUOITING.

The annual mid-summer matches of the Dominion Quoit Club will be held on their grounds, St. Antoine street, near Atwater avenue, this afternoon, when a number of valuable prizes will be competed for amongst the members who, contrary to practice, are this season to be handicapped.

The Caledonians will play a friendly game with the Montreal Club on Saturday.

The members of the Montreal Club are making preparations for their annual handicaps for the gold and silver medals belonging to the club, and in the course of the season some interesting competitions may be looked for.

Last Saturday afternoon the return match between the employees of Messrs. Peck & Benny and Pillow, Hersey & Co. was played on the Caledonian Club grounds, corner of Britannia and St. Etienne streets, Point St. Charles. Owing to the recent heavy rain the ground was in very poor condition for quoit pitching. Mr. James Knox, of the Montreal Club, was selected as referee. There were only six rinks played, as the players for the other two rinks did not turn up. The following are the scores at the several rinks:

PECK & BENNY	PILLOW, HERSEY & Co.
W. Wilson..... 21	George Tait..... 19
A. Lindsay..... 21	J. Hutchinson... 7
W. Stewart..... 21	J. Watson..... 14
B. Pitts..... 21	A. Vinet..... 1
E. Carragher... 21	James Hale..... 14
J. Monette..... 21	Jas. Fuller..... 14
Total..... 126	96

Majority for employees of Messrs. Peck & Benny, 57 points.

THE RING.

The battle for the featherweight championship of the world was won by George Dixon, the colored boy from Boston, over Fred Johnston, the featherweight champion of England. There were fully 6,000 people present. Johnston was knocked out in the fourteenth round.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Staten Island lacrosse club beat the Lorillards by four games to one on Saturday.

"Can you overhaul the Bostons?" was asked of Harry Wright. "We can and will," was the quiet reply of the Quaker manager.

Messrs. Gilman and Bryan are looking after the programmes for the Bel-Air race meeting, and promise to introduce a style of card new to this province.

Tracy Hoppin, Harvard's tennis champion, beat H. G. Rixby, of Nashua, N. H., in the finals of the Worcester Athletic club's annual tennis tournament Saturday afternoon.

Says a Toronto paper: Just at this writing Canada is so much pre-occupied with the charges of professionalism preferred against Barney Quinn, the eminent defence player of Elsewhere and Ottawa, that the country does not even know who is running for president.

G. Waulbaum, the Gutenberg magnate and bookkeeper, has been debarred from book making privileges at the Coney Island track for making a disturbance in the betting ring on Wednesday. He at once threatened war and announced a meeting at Gutenberg early in July. Its guineas to ginger snaps that it won't be held.

Relief for Rheumatism.

"This information," said a well-known physician to me, "may save many lives; at any rate it will prove an invaluable boon to people suffering from rheumatism in any shape or form. Rheumatism, as probably nearly everybody knows, is caused by acidity of the blood. It should never be neglected. This remedy, as I know by long practice, is very efficacious, and it is as simple as it is powerful."

"Here it is," he added. "When a rheumatic twinge is experienced the patient should proceed to a drug store and buy 15 or 25 cents worth of oil of gultheria (oil of wintergreen), put ten drops on a lump of sugar, place it in the mouth, permit it to dissolve slowly, and swallow it. This should be repeated at intervals of two hours until the last vestige of the malady has disappeared. In the meantime take a dose or two of Rochelle salts."

"That," said the physician, "is all there is to it, but if taken as I have prescribed it will save suffering humanity many dollars in doctors' bills, to say nothing of pains, aches and swellings. No. I charge nothing for this advice. It is simply given for the benefit of mankind."

Three socialists in Berlin town council were forced to resign by their constituents for attending the funeral of a mugwump, who in life had advocated coercion laws.

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

So far this year forty bakers' unions have been organized.

The most recent thing offered the masses in the way of protection is an \$8,000,000 umbrella trust.

The machine woodworkers are gradually strengthening their ranks. Eight new unions were organized during the month of May.

One of Ohio's leading labor papers, the Zanesville Labor Journal, has come out for the people's party, and with it went the trades and labor council of that city.

The Allentown, Pa., rolling mills has reduced puddlers' wages from \$3.30 to \$3.30 per ton and the pay of other employees, except laborers, proportionately; 300 men are affected.

Members of unions connected with the building trades at Anderson, Ill., will not work with non-union workmen. Notices to this effect have been posted in all parts of that city.

Andrew Carnegie has notified the employees in his different iron mills than an average reduction of 20 per cent will immediately go into effect. Let's see. Oh, yes! Andy believes in high protection—for himself—and that with a vengeance.

It is now generally believed that there will be an iron strike in Pittsburg. In the event of such an occasion all the firms which have up to this time refused to sign the scale of the Amalgamated Association will remain firm. Nearly sixty mills in the section will be involved, and from 35,000 to 40,000 men, about half of whom are members of the Amalgamated Association.

All the housemiths employed by the different iron firms in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City connected with the Iron League were paid off in full and ordered to apply as new men in case they want work. If they do apply and any of them is refused work it is stated that District Assembly 253 of the Knights of Labor will order a strike on all buildings with which any of the firms of the Iron League are connected. This will involve a strike affecting at least 50,000 men.

Indications point to a settlement of the granite troubles this week, when a meeting of the manufacturers' executive committee will be held to consider a proposition for a settlement which was made by the Quarrymen's union last Saturday. The suggested settlement is practically a compromise for four years, with March 1st as the date. A great many manufacturers are willing to accept this compromise. Nine hours is to constitute a day, and 23 cents per hour is the average price for labor.

EUROPEAN.

Linen workers of Belfast, Ireland, after a long lockout, went back to work on the employers' terms.

All city contracts in London must stipulate that the work is to be done by union men, at wages fixed in the contract.

A despatch from Madrid says that in consequence of the strike of the telegraph operators throughout Spain the Director of Telegraphs has resigned, but this has not appeased the operators, who adhere to their demands for a higher grading in the service and an increase in their pay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This is interesting. Ye faithful "copper" of Fairfield, Conn., rose up in his dignity recently and struck against his boss, the mayor. That dignitary has reached the conclusion that policemen have rights that he had better respect.

The boasted New York anti-sweating law is found to be inefficient. Too many loopholes. It is all right as to manufacturing establishments, but does not reach with sufficient particularity to the tenements. Organized labor has no vote in the selection of inspectors.

Here's gall for you. The Paterson Labor Standard favors a parade of the unemployed on the Fourth of July. If such a thing's a go and America's great mass of unemployed should form in line, Steve Elkins would have a fit and make an immediate demand for an increase in the standing army, say about one thousand for each State. You see, Stephen loves his country.

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!
MILLAR'S
Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale
Cream Soda, Cider, &c!
GLADSTONE!

The Best of all Temperance Drinks.
To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

THE CANADA
Sugar Refining Co.,
(Limited) MONTREAL.
Manufacturers of Refined Sugars of the well-known brand

Redpath

Of the Highest Quality and Purity. Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR,
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.
"CROWN" Granulated.
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED.
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS.
(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS.
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS,
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS,
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lb. and 8 lb. each.

GLENDINNEN'S

"LEADER" Stoves
Embrace every requisite
Necessary to
Delight the good housewife.
In manufacturing them
either time or money is spared,
Nothing overlooked. Our
endeavor to make a stove second to
none, and the popular verdict is we
"GET THERE!"

What say you, Sir Knight (or his wife)?

Sale rooms:

524 CRAIG STREET,
319 ST. JAMES STREET,
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CORNER
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MONTREAL.

THE DOMINION

CUSTOM MADE
PANTS

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TO ORDER.
Imported Goods.
Inspection invited

The Dominion Pants Co.,
364 St. James st. Montreal.

ADVERTISERS.

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

"AVERAGE" PEOPLE.

The genius soars far to the fountain
That feeds the snow cap in the sky;
But though our wings break in the flying,
And though our soul faint in the trying,
Our flight cannot follow so high;
And the eagle swoops not from the mountain
To answer the ground-bird's low cry.

The world has a gay guerdon ready
To hail the fleet foot in the race;
But on the dull highway of duty,
Aloof from the pomp and the beauty,
The stir and the chance of the chase,
Are toilers, with step true and steady,
Pursuing their wearisome pace.

False prowess and noisy insistence
May capture the garrulous throng,
But the "average" father and brother,
The home-keeping sister and mother,
Grown gentle and patient and strong,
Shall learn in the fast-nearing distance
Wherein life's awards have been wrong.

Then here's to the "average people;"
The makers of home and its rest;
To them the world turns for a blessing
When life its hard burdens is pressing,
For stay-at-home hearts are the best.
Birds b'ild if they will in the steeple,
But safer the eaves for a nest.
—Mary Riley Smith, in Harper's Bazaar.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

What is love? Two heads with but a
single thought, two fools that act like one.
There are two places where it requires an
effort to keep one's balance—on the ice and
at the bank.

She—When papa dies I shall be worth
fifty thousand dollars. He—And I am poor.
She—But my wealth need not be a barrier
between us. He—My darling, it shan't.

Mr. Littleton—Well, it takes two to make
a quarrel, so I'll shut up. Mrs. Littleton—
Just like you, you mean, miserable man!
You'll just sit there and think ugly things.

A servant girl in need of employment was
a little perplexed when she read this adver-
tisement in a daily paper: Wanted, a young
woman to wash iron and milk one or two
cows.

She (in affright)—Oh, Tom, why do you
make such awful faces at me? He (contrite-
ly)—I can't help it, dear. My eyeglasses are
falling off and I don't want to let go of your
hands.

Little Robby—Are you a lawyer, like
papa. Doctor—No, my boy; I'm a physi-
cian. Robby—Oh, yes; you're the gentle-
man that comes to see sick people before
they die.

First Visitor (to museum)—Did you see
that man dining on carpet tacks and nails
and things? Second Visitor—Yes. How I
envied him. Just think how he must en-
joy shad.

I want a dog's muzzle, said a little fellow,
entering a hardware shop. Is it for your
father? asked the cautious shopkeeper. No,
of course it isn't, replied the little fellow in-
dignantly; it's for our dog.

Rufus, said the guest, are you aware that
a colored waiter fell dead in a New York
restaurant just after he had received a tip?
Dat's all right, sah, answered Rufus. I dun
got religion no moah'n fo' days ago.

Mistress—I shall have had luck now,
Marie. See, I have broken this looking
glass. Maid—Oh, my good lady, the glass
is so small it won't count. But I shall have
bad luck, for I have just broken the great
mirror in the parlor.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Oi
hov fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Y'r
husband's new watch is broken. It was a
foin watch, an' it's smashed all to pieces.
Mrs. McG—Dearie me! How did that hap-
pen? Foreman—A ten ton rock fell on 'im.

A Parisian thief was lately arrested at his
lodging. The rooms were full of valuable
objets de luxe. Where in the world did you
scrape together the money to buy all these
valuable articles? inquired the astonished
detective. Sir, I never buy anything! re-
plied the thief with a noble air of self pos-
session.

A lecturer in Cork once began an address
by remarking very solemnly; Parents, you
may have children, or if not your daughters
may have. And concluded with: There is
no man, woman or child in this house who
has arrived at the age of fifty years but that
has felt these mighty truths thundering
through their minds for centuries.

Not Necessary but Expedient.

Once upon a time a Roman Catholic Arch-
bishop of Cologne was catechising the chil-
dren and asked a boy:

Is the sacrament of confirmation neces-
sary to salvation?

No, your reverence, was the reply; but
when the occasion to receive it presents
itself it should not be missed.

A good answer, my child, said the pre-
late; and turning to a little girl who was
near, he asked:

Is the sacrament of marriage necessary to
salvation?

No, your reverence, but when the occa-
sion presents itself it should not be missed.

The Old Man Consented.

It had been a great struggle for the gray
haired man with a high collar to send his
son through college and now that the youth
showed small aptitude for wrestling with
the stern realities of life the father's soul
was greatly tried. And now, as they sat to-
gether and conversed, the parent's brow was
knitted sternly. The boy was eager, the
old man was cold.

But I love her devotedly, the son ex-
claimed.

For a long time neither spoke. The
father, pale and frowning, stared vacantly
through the window. The son still stood
with hanging head and trembling limbs. A
bill collector fitted into the room, left a
scrap of paper and departed unheeded. A
boy thrust his head within the door, offered
to sell half a bushel of matches for 10 cents
and, meeting with no response, quietly
withdrew.

Papa.
In the anguish of his heart the youth
spoke in the affectionate vernacular of his
childhood.

Forgive me.
The old man rose to his feet as one in a
dream.

My boy, he groaned, my boy, I had not
expected this of you.

The son pressed his handkerchief to his
eyes.

Marriage, the parent proceeded with shak-
ing voice, is the most important step in
life.

The young man's frame was racked with
the force of his emotion.

My son, tell me the worst. Who is the
woman you think you love and who, you
say, loves you?

Through a mist of tears the boy looked
fearfully into his father's face.

Forgive me, papa, he faltered, it is the—
the hired girl.

Instantly the old man was transformed.
Bless you, my child—

He was shaking heartily the nerveless
hand of his offspring.

I am very glad. I—

He was fairly beaming with delight now.
Was awfully afraid, you know, that you'd
set your mind on marrying somebody who
couldn't support you. Bless you, my child,
bless you.

And so the lovers were made one.

Mr. Jones Saw a Great Light Too Late.

Good mawnin' Miss Jackson, said Mr.
Limbo Jones gallantly to the belle of the
quarters.

I hain't no Miss Jackson, was her dis-
courteous reply.

Mr. Jones looked at her critically. Didn't
he know her well? Had he not been court-
ing her off and on for a year?

Hain't no Miss Jackson! he said ques-
tioningly; who is you, den?

I see Mrs. Lightfoot, sah; dat's who I is,
and she tossed her head loftily.

Mrs. Lightfoot? Mrs. Lightfoot? he re-
peated slowly. When dat happen?

Las' night as seben o'clock, Mr. Jones.

Wha' Lightfoot is dat you marry, Miss
Jackson?

Henry, Mr. Jones.

Henry Lightfoot! he exclaimed angrily.
Whaffur you gwine marry dat lazy, good
fer nothin' nigga wen you kno I've been
co'tin' you fer mo'n a yea'? Whaffur you
do dat, Miss Jackson?

Caze he axed me, Mr. Jones.

Then it was a great light shone on Mr.
Limbo Jones, and he went to a sequestered
spot and kicked himself across a cornfield.

Love More Powerful Than Onions.

George, she said, turning her head shyly
to one side, I—I think you'd better not. I've
—I've been eating onions.

Onions or rose leaves are all the same to
me, Laura, said George with a deep sigh of
something like resignation. Love levels all
ranks.

And from the dimly lighted hallway in
which the young man was endeavoring to
say good night there came a sound like the
impact of a cold boiled potato against the
side of a brick house.

Her Sole Condition.

The Mistress—We leave on Monday,
Bridget. You will surely stay during our
month's absence? You will have scarcely
anything to do.

The Maid—O'll sbtay on wan condishun.

The Mistress—Well?

The Maid—An' that is that ye'll have the
pianner chuned. It's in that bad a shape
that me young man don't know whether
Oi'm playing Annie Rooney or The Wear-
ing of the Green.

The Saleswoman Was Equal to the Occasion.

A young saleswoman in a dry goods store
who had just sold a quantity of goods to a
lady asked: Will you have the goods sent
or take them with you?

Do you expect that I am going to carry a
bundle like that? asked the shopper, indig-
nantly. Oh, no, madam, answered the
saleswoman, mistress of herself. I supposed
your carriage was at the door and that you
might prefer to take your purchase with
you. And she scored one on the victorious
side.

THE SOCIALIST CATECHISM.

REVOLUTION.

Q. On what grounds do capitalists defend
the principle of competition?

A. On the grounds that it brings into play
a man's best qualities.

Q. Does it effect this?

A. This is occasionally its results; but it
also brings out his worst qualities, by stim-
ulating him to struggle with his fellows for
the relative improvement of his own posi-
tion rather than for the absolute advance-
ment of the interests of all.

Q. Why does this happen?

A. Because in ordinary competition one
man's gain is another's loss.

Q. What is the theory of the Survival of
the Fittest?

A. That the class of persons who are
the most fitted to live and propagate their
race in the conditions with which it is sur-
rounded, is certain to survive the rest.

Q. Are the existing social conditions fa-
vorable to the survival of those persons
whose character renders them most valu-
able to society?

A. On the contrary, they favor the sur-
vival of the most valueless.

Q. What is the final result of such condi-
tions and surroundings as the filth, foul air
and squalor of a town rookery?

A. The crushing out of those who are
least able to adapt themselves to these sur-
roundings; and the consequent survival of
those who are most fit for filth, but least for
decent social life.

Q. Does the law of the Survival of the
Fittest affect men in the same way as it af-
fects the lower animals?

A. No; because it is possible for men to
alter their surroundings, while other ani-
mals must simply adapt themselves to them,
whatever they may be.

Q. What is the Revolution for which So-
cialists strive?

A. A revolution in the methods of the dis-
tribution of wealth corresponding to that
which has already taken place in the means
of its production.

Q. What change has already taken place?

A. Wealth is now almost entirely pro-
duced by the associated effort of great num-
bers of men working in concert, instead of
by individual effort as in former times;
while individuals still possess command of
its distribution, and use their powers in
their own interests.

Q. How are forms of government changed
so as to readjust them to the economical
changes in the forms of production which
have been silently evolving in the body of
society?

A. By means of revolutions.

Q. Give an instance of this?

A. The French Revolution of 1789.

Q. Did that revolution fail to attain its
objects?

A. Certainly not; but its objects were
not those at which Socialists aim.

Q. What were its objects?

A. The political expression of the fact
that feudalism was demolished, and the
reign of capitalism established on its ruins.

Q. What do you mean by this?

A. The overthrow of the political sup-
remacy of the landed aristocracy, and the es-
tablishment of a bourgeois plutocracy; that
is, putting the political power into the hands
of the merchants and money lords of the
middle class.

Q. What change in the forms of produc-
tion had rendered this inevitable?

A. The fact that the possession of agri-
cultural land had ceased to be the chief
means for the attainment of wealth.

Q. What, then, had taken its place?

A. The possession of capital and the use
of machinery.

Q. In what sense was the revolution a
selfish struggle?

A. After the displacement of the upper
by the middle class in political and social
supremacy, the latter established its own
power irrespectively of the rights of any
other class.

Q. Is not the struggle which precedes
and heralds the Social Revolution one of
selfish class interests in the same way?

A. By no means; Socialists do not aim at
the supremacy of a class or section of the
community at the expense of other sections.

Q. Do they not wish the workers to con-
trol the State?

A. Certainly they do.

Q. Is this not the supremacy of a class?

A. No, for they insist that every able
bodied person of sound mind should do a
fair share of necessary work. When all are
workers, the workers will be no longer a
class, but a nation.

Q. What, then, will become of the class
selfishness of the workers?

A. Selfishness will then become public
spirit, when the motives which formerly led
men to work for the interests and advance-
ment of themselves alone, operate for the
benefit of the whole human race with which
their class has become identified.

THE END.

A Model Union.

The Cigarmakers' International Union
may well be proud of its financial standing
among the labor organizations. Its last re-
port shows a balance on hand, January 1,
1892, of \$421,950 and a total membership of
24,221.

In the course of last year it paid "bene-
fits" to its members to the amount of \$233,-
832, as follows: Strike benefit, \$33,562;
Sick benefit, \$87,473; Death benefit, \$38,-
068; Assistance to traveling members, \$53,-
536; Assistance to members out of work,
\$21,223.

The grand total of benefits paid during
the past 13 years (from 1879 to 1891, in-
clusive) amounted to \$1,532,587, as follows:
Strike benefit, \$478,440, of which \$143,547
was paid in the great strike year 1884, and
\$115,490 in the two following years; Sick
benefit, \$480,919; Death benefit, \$130,850;
Assistance to traveling members, \$398,395;
Assistance to members out of work (for the
last two years only), \$43,984.

The balance on hand increased about
\$98,000 in 1890, and \$39,000 in 1891. The
large additions made to the fund of the
Union in 1890 were chiefly owing to a marked
increase of membership, coincident with
relatively small disbursements for strike,
sick, death and traveling benefits, as com-
pared with 1891.

The total receipts from all sources for last
year were \$423,588, as against \$389,167 in
1890, showing an increase of \$34,421.

Everything is open and above board in
the accounts of this great organization, the
receipts and expenditures of each of its 333
local unions, together with their respective
membership, being given in the financial re-
port.

The strongest of the local unions, and one
of the most progressive, is No. 90, of New
York City. It would be stronger still but
for the fact that its membership was reduced
several hundred last year by a decision of
ex-president Strasser, who excluded from
the organization the tenement house workers
that No. 90 had organized and enrolled with
a view to the ultimate abolition of the tenement
factory system and as a necessary step to
that end.

In a few years, unless some great conflict
between capital and labor occurs in the
tobacco trade, the International Cigar-
makers' Union will be a millionaire. But
were it a multi-millionaire its members
cannot look to trade unionism pure and
simple for a marked and permanent im-
provement of their condition. The tendency,
indeed, is the other way—that is, to increas-
ing hordes of "scabs" and lower wages.
Let us hope, then, that even before this great
organization of proletaires can be placed on
the list of American millionaires it will be
found at the front of a mighty movement of
labor in the political field, where more can
be accomplished in one day by the inde-
pendent and united action of the working
class than in a century of economic conflicts
with capital and "scabs."—The People.

John Burns, England's Powderly, is a can-
didate for parliament from Battersea on an
independent and socialist ticket.

A recent reception was given in Washing-
ton by Senator Brice which cost \$20,000.
Coming easy for him. Eh, boys?

Twenty-eight millionaires is all that Iowa
claims up to date.

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1st and 15th JUNE. 6th and 20th JULY. 3rd and 17th AUGUST.
7th and 21st SEPTEMBER. 5th and 19th OCTOBER.
2nd and 16th NOVEMBER. 7th and 21st DECEMBER.

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ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

There has been much said of late against the adulteration of food, and some are invoking legislative protection for the community from this evil whose magnitude is so universally acknowledged. At a recent meeting of workmen in Chicago, "Adulterated Food" was the subject of an essay read by a Mr. Charles Billows, who made the point that largely due to food adulteration is the fact that the workingman of to-day is not as hardy, as strong and healthful as was the workingman of 25 years ago. Mr. Billows, however, said that no law to prohibit the sale of adulterated food would benefit the workmen, but that it would, under present conditions, result in making it more difficult to obtain food. Mr. Billows is quite right. The cause of the evil lies too deep to be remedied by legislative enactment which contemplates nothing more than prohibiting the sale of adulterated food. If laws could put an end to rascality, the millennium would have come long ago.

Of course it is not pleasant, when shaking the pepper castor, to know that we are flavoring our food with ground cocoanut shell, and we don't like being haunted with visions of cotton seed and peanuts when buying "pure olive oil," nor is it comforting to think that our sardines may be only herrings and moss bunkers. But laws, however stringent, cannot save us from these unpleasant reflections while we continue our present social policy of permitting the few to monopolize our markets and production. Working people buy adulterated food products because they are cheaper than the genuine. The workingman has but a small income, which we call wages, and the margin between this income and the rent he pays to the landlord for the privilege of occupying a small spot of earth leaves him little, out of which subsistence must be provided. For most people this margin is so very small that they are absolutely forced to take the risk, or even the certainty, of adulteration for the sake of saving a few pennies to buy clothing, fuel and other necessities, and to pay for the children's schooling.

It is not so much the fault of the grocer if adulterated food is sold, since, in conducting his business he must be guided entirely by the purses and demands of those who patronize him. He sells adulterated food products partly because his customers demand low priced goods, and partly because the margin of profit above rent to landlord is so small that without the advantage of adulteration many grocers would be forced out of business entirely. There are people who insist on having pure food, and there are grocers who make a specialty of furnishing it to them; but, as Mr. Billows says: A law which should effectually prevent the production, sale and consumption of adulterated food products would, under present social conditions, simply result in preventing many poor people from using groceries of any kind, and would drive many grocers out of business and into the ranks of the army now fighting for the privilege of employing themselves. When natural opportunities are opened to labor so that all may employ themselves, wages will go up, prosperity will be general and no family will purchase adulterated food products.

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE SINGLE TAX

There are many strange things in this queer old world, but what strikes me as being uncommonly strange is the attitude of Christians—people who believe the Bible an inspired work—towards our present system of land-holding. If they approve of the present system, then their interpretation of the Bible must be a contortionist's act. "Thou shalt not hold the land in per-

petuity; it is mine, said the Lord." Listen to this: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger." If these precepts were acted upon, the rage for wealth, the grinding monopolies, the iron heel of oppression which grinds the unfortunate—these would no longer exist. But what are Christian people doing? Do they not glean the last straw from the fields? Do they not dismiss the servant who leaves a little for the poor, as unprofitable? When our Christian friends get to understand that the land is not theirs, and that God himself has put in an inviolable claim, despotism, grinding oppressions which crush the weak and helpless—selfishness on the part of the employer—all this will disappear. A simple tax on the value of land will regulate it.—"Clito" in Sunday Truth.

PREPARING FOR TROUBLE

The Carnegie firm made further additions to the fortifications of their gigantic steel works at Homestead on Saturday night in the anticipation of serious trouble with their workmen growing out of the wage scale problem. One hundred open-hearth workmen were discharged and four furnaces were taken out of blast. Almost every one at Homestead now looks for another fierce labor conflict. That trouble in the near future is expected by the firm is evidenced by the fact that a portion of the large double fence which surrounds the Homestead works has received special attention. Portholes three inches in diameter have been bored in the fence at intervals of twenty-five feet, completely commanding the vicinity of the railroad station, the scene of the memorable fight three years ago. Large water pipes are being laid from the mill to different parts of the fence, and the workmen claim that either hot or cold water can be turned on any one on the outside at a moment's notice. The 4,500 employees are hopeful that the firm will reconsider its expressed determination to ignore the Union scale.

PITTSBURG, June 29.—At five o'clock this afternoon the 17th convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steelworkers adjourned sine die, and the organization having approved the work done by its representatives is ready to stand or fall by the position now taken.

The real work begins from this day on, and the doings of the next two weeks will tell the tale. To-morrow midnight the western iron and steel scales of 1891-92 will cease to be in existence and all mills desiring to continue at work can do so only under the scale of 1892-93. The situation right on the eve of the great shut down is threatening.

A special from Homestead, Pa., says: The intense feeling of the workmen at the Homestead Steel Works of Carnegie, which has been heretofore well controlled, has at last broken forth. To-day there were numerous hostile and exciting demonstrations on their part. H. C. Frick, Wm. McBroom and several others were hanged in effigy in the mill yard on electric light poles. When James Dinkey, chief of the electrical department, climbed the poles to cut down the effigy of Frick, the workmen turned the hose on him that had been prepared as a defence for the plant and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. Another figure was cut down by a Hungarian laborer upon command of the yard master. As he carried the figure through the yard he was met with looks and jeers on every side. Wm. McBroom is the chief of the steel works police. To-night James McNeely, a policeman, supposed to be in the employ Carnegie Co. was arrested, charged with carrying concealed weapons. He was held for court in \$600 bail. The Carnegie

works here have shut down except the beam mill, and the idle workmen are to-night patrolling the streets of the town on the look-out for "scabs."

June 30.—The Carnegie steel company stole a march on their Homestead employees to day by serving notice of discharge on every man of them. This was twenty-four hours earlier than expected, the scale not expiring until June 30 at midnight. The notice was posted at midnight, and directed the men to call for their pay on Saturday. The shut down involved 3,500 men.

TERRIBLE BALLOON ACCIDENT

A terrible accident occurred at the Crystal Palace, London, Wednesday afternoon. One of the attractions in the palace grounds was a balloon ascension. It ascended with four occupants and after reaching a height of 100 feet it burst. Capt. Dale, one of the occupants, struck the ground with terrific force and was instantly killed. The other three passengers were terribly injured, and it is not believed they will live. Quite a crowd was watching the ascent when the accident occurred, and they were horror-stricken when they saw the balloon collapse and the occupants of the car falling through the air. When the unfortunates struck the ground several women fainted.

PROFESSOR ASHLEY.

Much regret is expressed in Toronto at the resignation of W. J. Ashley, professor of political science in Toronto university, to accept a similar position in Harvard university. He was the brightest member and most profound and advanced thinker on the professoriate here, and he has always displayed an active interest in social questions and has been regarded as a high authority on such subjects.

PRICE OF COAL RAISED.

The sales agents of the anthracite coal companies have advanced the price of coal to eastern points as follows: Broken coal 15c a ton, stove 30c, egg 35c, chestnut 35c. This practically means an advance to consumers of 50 cents a ton over the present prices.

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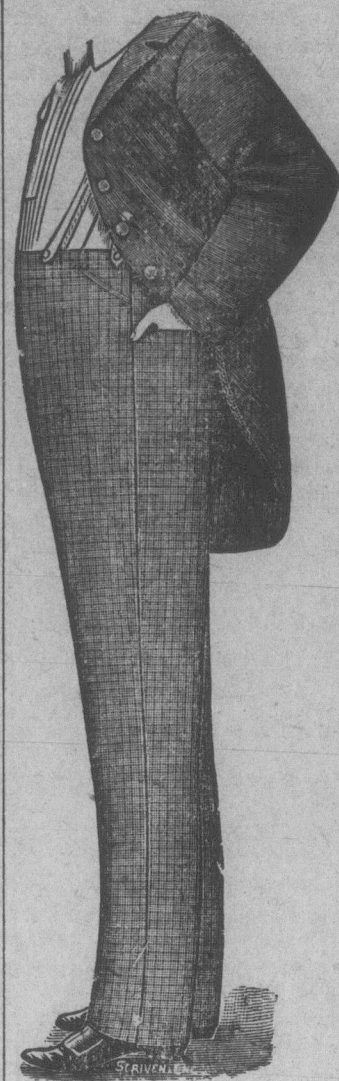
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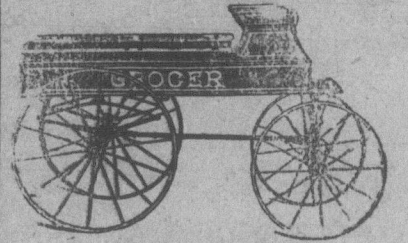
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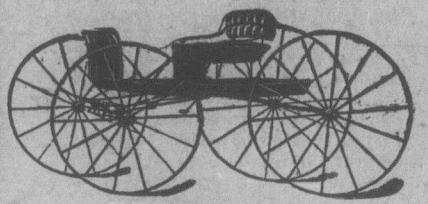
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