

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

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JOS. CORBEIL, . . . . . TREASURER  
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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to O. FONTAINE, Corresponding Secretary, 391 Amherst street.

### RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7628.  
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Next meeting Sunday, March 20, at 2.30. 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, Chaboulliez square. Address all communications to H. J. BRINDLE, R.S., No. 11 St. Monique street.

### PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

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

### BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.  
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square, at 2 o'clock.  
Address all communications to WM. ROBERTSON, 7 Archambault street.

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## TORONTO NOTES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TORONTO, March 16th, 1892.

It is an old adage that a person must go away from home to hear news as to their own vicinity. As to whether or not this will be true in the case I am about to refer to will be best vouched for by people in Montreal Centre. There is a rumor current in labor circles in Toronto, and it appears to be vouched for on tolerably reliable authority, that a certain person who rarely misses an opportunity of figuring as a very radical and no less honest exponent of the rights of workingmen, and who resides in one of your Montreal divisions, approached Mr. L. Z. Boudreau, on behalf of "The People's Jimmy" some time before polling day, and offered him \$3,000 on condition of his (Boudreau's) retirement from the contest. The story is further to the effect that the point blank and prompt refusal to accept the bribe was couched in language of most vehement character—almost sulphurous in fact. Those in Toronto who have the honor of personal acquaintance with Mr. Boudreau do not doubt the latter part of the tale, if any such infamous proposal was made by chameleon-charactered individual first referred to. Can the Echo throw any light upon the truth or otherwise of the foregoing rumor, and if so will it kindly give the facts without care as to whose feelings may be hurt in the premises?

The Toronto Globe of yesterday says that matters are quiet in connection with the Moulders' difficulty in Hamilton. The foundries of the Gurney and Moore companies are kept open; but none of the other foundry men have succeeded in making much headway. The union moulders had cause for satisfaction to-day in having succeeded in inducing two non-union moulders to leave the Gurney foundry. The strikers continue to receive assistance, beyond that given by the International Union, and they show no disposition, after three months of idleness, to yield to their former employers' terms.

"Honor to whom honor is due." Naturally I like to speak well of any one, but in the present instance, and for reasons which more than one of your lower province will readily understand, it gives me special pleasure to record the following to the credit of a really "square" man. Some time ago Mr. E. Colonna, a master painter and decorator of Montreal, secured the papering, decorating, etc., of some very large and fashionable private residences in Toronto. He advertised for men here and secured those he required in short order, but at a rate of wages less than the scale of the Toronto Painters' and Paperhangers' Union. When Mr. Colonna's foreman appeared on the scene he promptly discharged the "cheap Johns" and replaced them with members of the Painters' Union and, of course, at Union wages, being thoroughly satisfied by experience that his employer's interests were best served in so doing. I have not as yet met or had any communication with that foreman whose name, I am told, is E. Pelletier, financial secretary of the Central T. and L. Council of Montreal, and also First Vice-President of the Painters' and Decorators' International Union of America, I am informed. Evidently neither body made a mistake in their choice in so far as Mr. Pelletier is concerned.

The Toronto News of the 14th inst. says the journeyman bakers of Toronto are again trying to reorganize their union, which is known as Wheat Sheaf Assembly No. 3,499, and a mass meeting toward that end was held on Saturday evening in Richmond hall, when Robt. Glockling, Mr. Beales and W. G. Newman delivered speeches on the situation. In 1884 the membership was 200, but only fifty members now meet, and practically the union is a dead letter, for employers are working and paying the journeymen without regard to union hours or wages. Some of them work 14 and 15 hours a day. Formerly a nine hour day, with wages from \$10 to \$12 a week was enjoyed. All present were in favor of united effort to regain their old standing, and eight new members were enrolled. The agitation will be continued until the union gathers power.

The Ottawa correspondence of the Toronto Mail of the 11th inst., referring to proceedings of the House of Commons says that Mr. Bowell laid on the table the day before, the return of the number of Chinese immigrants to Canada between January,

1890, and June, 1891. The total number was 2,637. Of these 1,831 arrived at Vancouver, 795 at Victoria, 4 at New Westminster, 1 at Montreal and 6 at Ottawa. The total amount collected on Chinese immigrant tax was \$131,850. . . . It stated further that there were only 4,383 Chinese in Canada according to the recent census. . . . There is also in the correspondence a proposition from the Executive Council of British Columbia representing that the conditions under which the Chinese are admitted are not sufficiently strict. The British Columbia Government proposes that the poll tax shall be increased from \$50 to \$100, and that the number of Chinamen which any vessel may carry should be reduced. The Vancouver Trades and Labor Council also wrote to the Secretary of State complaining of the filling up of the labor market by Chinese and the introduction of immoralities by this race. The order-in-Council with reference to this communication states that the Trades and Labor Council not being a body registered according to law, the Government cannot ask the Governor-General to take official cognizance of it, but that informally they would receive the representations made and have them conveyed to the proper quarter.

This return did not have any reference evidently to a fact equally, if not even more important than any of the items above referred to—that more than one of these Chinese immigrants was afflicted with the dread and incurable disease of leprosy. Lest anyone should doubt the assertion permit me to say that the Vancouver, B. C., Weekly World gave a column and a quarter account of a visit by one of its reporters to the place on Darcy Island where the lepers are located. The heading to that account, in large black type, reads as follows: "The Leper Colony visited. The New Yorker Oung Moy Loi found to have the disease. His case is now well advanced. The other victims in a loathsome condition." The reporter, after detailing that he accompanied the chairman of the Board of Health, Dr. McFuigon, Dr. Bell Irving and Health Inspector Huntly, and other matters incidental to the trip, says that:

Oung Moy Loi was found in another house and taken to his own for examination, to which he submitted readily. He is stouter than when he went to the Island, but the disease is much further advanced. A pin tried on his arm showed the skin thereon to be quite sensitive, but a jab on his ear which looked more like a flap of hippopotamus hide than anything else, awakened no response. The doctors had no trouble in concluding that his disease was leprosy, indeed a typical case as Dr. McFuigon put it, and the unscientific observer had no difficulty in noticing the chief signs mentioned in the encyclopedias. Dr. Bell-Irving who has had opportunities to observe leprosy of all classes in Paris, Demerara and other places, cut off a few pieces from Oung Moy Loi's ornamented anatomy and brought them with him for analytical and microscopical examination. The ex-gambler and bad man is evidently an able and versatile liar, because his story of Saturday and that as told when he first came are widely different. When he arrived here he said that the New York doctor who had cut the piece out of him had told him that he had leprosy and that he had on that condition accepted a ticket to China. Now he says that the doctor told him that he had only syphilis, and that it was quite safe for him to travel. It is known though, that he was kept on an island, near New York, for a long time under surveillance before the clever scheme that landed him here was worked by the New York Board of Health.

The next one met with was distorted in many ways and had only stumps of fingers. He had a number of packages of seeds which he wished Mr. Huntly to classify for him. Despite his condition he was quite cheerful and spoke with a touch of enthusiasm of the great things to be done in the garden this season. He also pointed out the forcing boxes in which they had some plants well on. Another, named Gee, was perhaps the most horrible looking fellow in the party. He said he had had the disease working on him for 16 years. His nose was gone, his ears nearly so, his eyes nearly closed, his feet only stumps, his eyebrows fallen out and his voice hoarse. He was still able to get around and saw wood, in short pieces, which a simple-minded fellow, whose feet were nearly gone, split into stove sizes. The fellow who was looking after the pigs was named Kong Ching Sing. He had only stumps of his hands and feet left, and has also paralysis of one side of his face.

While this subject only directly interests the people of British Columbia for the time being, yet it requires no prophet to foretell that if drastic measures of protection are not brought into force, and quickly, the time will most surely arrive when all Canada will have a deadly interest therein. I will have something further to say on this subject next week.

Toronto T. and L. Council are not un mindful of the fact that the next annual meeting of the Dominion T. and L. Congress will be held in Toronto during the present year. At a meeting of the former body it was moved by Delegate Dower, seconded by Delegate March, and resolved

That the following delegates to this Council be appointed a committee of reception and entertainment for the delegates attending the 8th annual session of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, and that the said committee take into consideration the advisability of holding a labor demonstration during the holding of the Congress, viz.: Rose, Litherhead, Benson, Tweed, March, Cumming, Todd, Crowhurst, Schmidt, Lawrence, S. M. Bradley, Emmett, Brown, Tuppin, Nicholas, Heatly, Hodgins, Bruce, Coulter, Ball, Sims, Weston, O'Donoghue, Francis, Wright, Wilson, Worr, Westcott, R. Glockling, Morrison, Cribben, Watson, Davey, Doctor and Howell.

The many friends in Montreal and Quebec of D. A. Carey, D. M. W. of D. A. 125 of this city will hear with sorrow of the death of his beautiful and interesting little daughter, Mary, aged 4 years and 7 months. Her demise took place yesterday after a few days' illness from inflammation of the bowels.

URIM.

## OPINIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

### YEARS OF SERVICE "REWARDED" BY INSULT.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—Having been for several years in the ranks of organized labor I feel bound to state that during that period I have never seen a time when an apology was due from that party to an individual more than the present. During my service in the army of what I should call workers, but from polling day results should be called "shirkers," I have on many occasions come in contact with Mr. Boudreau, and at all times have found him to be a most energetic and valuable representative. When the Canada Cutlery Co's employees required advice and assistance, Mr. Boudreau was there ready with [both]; when protection was wanted for the wharf laborers, Mr. Boudreau was there; when Mr. David's bill to amend the workmen's wages seizure act was opposed by some of the '92 killed politicians of this city and aid was wanted, Mr. Boudreau was there; when the night schools were requested by this army, Mr. Boudreau was again there; and lastly, when Mr. Mercier was asked for a masters' liability act, Mr. Boudreau was again there, and for this unflinching service was he (should I say honored? Let it pass as such anyway) selected as the standard bearer of the labor party for the Centre Division by the central pivot of organized labor, the Central Trades and Labor Council, and after three weeks hard work advocating the wants of the workers he was rewarded on the 8th day of March, not with a defeat, but with what I consider an insult, by receiving such a scant vote from those who, for years, he has been their faithful servant. Three hundred and twenty-nine votes! What a disgrace to this division. Just think of it. Why not have made it thirteen; then he would have been honored by being on the list of heroes such as Dalton McCarthy's noble thirteen. No, this was not a day for honor but for disgrace, and it was well done at both ends of the results. Failing to place Mr. Boudreau among the noble thirteen, I think they certainly owe him an apology, and to complete matters after voting so intelligently and thereby electing of course the most intelligent to represent them, I would suggest that said apology be illuminated, and a procession formed, headed by the elect on horseback, and that, on All Fool's Day, the same be tendered by him on their behalf, as a mark of their conduct on March the 8th and April 1st, 1892; Mr. Boudreau to accept, of course, if so disposed.

Yours, etc.,

ONE IN THE SOUP.

A farmer invented a scarecrow recently which seems to have worked with wonderful effect. It not only scared off every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened by the invention that he brought back the corn which he had stolen three days before.

## Insurance Swindles.

A widespread and somewhat ingenious plot for swindling accident insurance companies was lately laid bare in Paris. The leading actors in it were an inspector of insurance and a police agent; and leagued with these two responsible personages were cabmen, policemen, and several individuals who acted as the victims of accidents.

The modus operandi was this: One of the conspirators (a holder, of course, of a policy in an accident insurance company) would fall down (lightly, but with the appearance of coming down heavily and dangerously) near a cab, driven by one of his confederates. He would then be quickly picked up and carried into a chemist's shop, or, more frequently, a wine tavern, to be brought round, the passers-by being left under the impression that he had been run over.

The policeman near (another confederate, of course) would book the accident, and would be prepared to swear to its occurrence; while the part of the inspector would now come in, he being required to make false reports to the companies which he represented. In this way the insurance offices were several times swindled; but at last the police agent was reported to his chief by some jealous colleague for having attested accidents which had never occurred and everything then came out, the man making a full confession.

There was a case of attempted fraud on an insurance company in New Zealand some years back which aroused considerable interest at one time, and came to be pretty generally talked of as the "Severed Hand Case." A man named Howard had insured his life for rather a large sum. He soon afterwards disappeared, and his wife, stating that he was dead, claimed the insurance money. Proofs of death were very naturally demanded by the company on whom the claim was made. For some time none were forthcoming, and rumors were afloat that the alleged dead man had been seen alive and well in a distant part of the colony.

At last a hand, wearing a ring which was sworn to as Howard's, was brought forward by a man named Godfrey, who said he had found it on the seashore. On an examination of the hand being made, it was given as the decided opinion of several medical experts that it was not that of a drowned man who had been devoured by fish, but had been roughly torn from some dead body on land. Eventually Howard was tracked down by the police, and he, his wife, and the man Godfrey and his brother were put on their trial on two counts—conspiracy and intent to defraud—and convicted.

## Single Tax Again.

The agitation in regard to questions of taxation resulted at a recent meeting in New York City in the formulating of a new platform of principles on the subject, which has been signed by a number of influential men, as preparatory to a wider circulation throughout the country. The platform is as follows:

"Believing that public attention is concerned as never before with the solution of the social problems which confront us, we declare our adhesion to the following principles, and we urge upon all American citizens a careful examination of them with a view to their embodiment in the law.

"Taxes should be staple, just, definite and easily collected.

"They ought not to restrict production or saving, nor to favor individuals at the expense of the community.

"Labor should always be able to find suitable employment, and for this purpose only the use of land is absolutely necessary.

"A tax on the rental value of land, exclusive of improvements, is direct, equitable and certain. It would encourage production and industry, and hinder the withholding of available land from use. It would take for public purposes only the value created by the public growth, leaving to labor and capital their full earnings, free from all tax.

"Therefore, a single tax on the rental value of land alone is the best possible tax."

Keep your eye skinned for a Programme of the 25th Anniversary Celebration Concert of Montreal Typo Union. Only the best talent will be on it.



# LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

## CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

Then he turned from generalities to particulars, and entertained his audience with anecdotes gleaned, Heaven knows how, from the private histories of many noble families, tending to show the corruption into which the British Aristocracy had fallen. These anecdotes were received with that keenness which always awaits stories which show how wicked other people are, and what are the newest fashions and hitherto unknown forms of vice. Angela marveled, on her part, to hear 'Scandal about Queen Elizabeth' at Stepney.

Then, after an impeachment which lasted for half an hour, he thundered forth an appeal—not at all novel to his hearers, yet still effective, because his voice was like a trumpet—to the men before him to rise in their millions, their majesty, and their might, and to bear the accursed thing down.

He sat down, at last, wiping his forehead, and exhausted but triumphant. Never before had he so completely carried his audience with him; never before had he obtained such flow of language, and such mastery over his voice; never before had he realized so fully that he was, he himself, an orator inferior to none. As he sat down, while the men clapped their hands and cheered, a vision of greatness passed before his mind. He would be the Leader of the People; they should look to him as they had never yet looked to any man for guidance. And he would lead them, Whither? But this, in the dream of the moment, mattered nothing.

A cold chill came over him as he saw his cousin Harry leap lightly to the platform and take his place at the table. For he foresaw trouble; and all the more because those of the audience who knew Gentleman Jack laughed in expectation of that trouble. Fickle and fleeting is the breath of popular favor; only a moment before and they were cheering him to the skies; now they laughed because they hoped he was to be made to look a fool. But the orator took heart considering that his facts were undeniable.

When the tumult had subsided, Harry, to everybody's astonishment, laid his hand upon his cousin's shoulder—a gesture of approbation—and looked round the room, and said, quietly, but loud enough to be heard by all:

'My cousin, Dick Coppin, can talk. That was a very good speech of his, wasn't it? Voices were heard asking if he could better it.'

'No,' Harry replied, 'I can't. I wish I could.' He took his place beside the table, and gazed for a few moments at the faces below him. Angela observed that his face was pale, though the carriage of his head was brave. 'I wish,' he repeated, 'that I could. Because after all these fire-works, it is such a tame thing just to tell you that there wasn't a word of sense in the whole speech.'

Here there were signs of wrath, but the general feeling was to let the speaker have his say.

'Do you suppose—any of you—that Dick believes that the Lords go rolling drunk to the House? Of course he doesn't. Do you suppose that he thinks you such fools as to believe it? Of course he doesn't. But then, you see, Dick must have his fire-works. And it was a first-rate speech. Do you suppose he believes the Lords are a worn-out lot? Not he. He knows better. And if any of you feel inclined to think so, go and look at them. You will find them as well set-up as most, and better. You can hear some of them in the House of Commons, where you send them, you electors. Wherever there are Englishmen working, fighting, or sporting, there are some of those families among them. As for their corruption, that's fire-works, too. Dick has told you some beautiful stories which he challenged anybody to dispute. I dare say they are all true. What he forgot to tell you is that he has picked out these stories from the last hundred and fifty years, and expects you to believe that they all happened yesterday. Shall we charge you, members of the Club, with all the crimes of the Whitechape Road for a hundred years? If you want to upset the House of Lords, go and do it. But don't do it with lies on your lips, and on false pretenses. You know how virtuous and moral you are yourselves. Then just remember that the members of the House of Lords are about as moral as you are, or rather better. Abolish the House of Lords if you like. How much better will you be when it is gone? You can go on abolishing. There is the Church. Get it disestablished. Think how much better you will all be when the churches are pulled down. Yet you couldn't stay away any more than you do. You want the Land Laws reformed. Get them reformed, and think how much land you will get for yourselves out of that reform.'

'What we must play for is what we want. What we have got to do is, to remember that when we say we will have a thing—nobody can resist us. Have it we must, because we are the masters.'

'Now, then, what do we want?' Harry was quite serious by this time, and so were the faces of those who listened—though there was a little angry doubt on some of them. No one replied to the question. Some of the younger men looked as if they might, perhaps, have answered in the words of the sailor—'more rum.' But they refrained, and preserved silence.

'What do we want? Has any one of you what we do want? Let me tell you a few things. I can't think of any; but I know a few that you ought to put first.'

'Dick Coppin says you have got the Power. So you have. He says the last Reform Bill gave it to you. There he makes a mistake. You have always had the Power there is. It is yours, because you are the people, and what the people want they will have. Your Power is your birthright. You are an irresistible giant, who has only to roar in order to get what he wants.'

'Well, why don't you roar? Because you don't know what you do want. Because your leaders don't know any more than yourselves; because they go bawling for things which will do you no good, and don't know what it is you do want.'

'You think that by making yourselves into Clubs and calling yourselves Radicals, you are getting forward. You think that by listening to a chap like my cousin Dick, who's a clever chap and a devil for fire-works, you somehow improve your own condition. Did you ever ask yourselves what difference the form of government makes? I have been in America, where, if anywhere, the people have it their own way. Do you think work is more plentiful, wages better, hours shorter, things cheaper in a Republic? Do you think the heels of your boots last any longer? If you do, think so no longer. Whether the House of Lords, or the Church, or the Land Laws stand or fall, that, my friends, makes not the difference of a penny piece to any single man among us. You who agitate for their destruction are generously giving your time and trouble for things which help no man. And yet there are so many things that can help us.'

'It comes of your cursed ignorance.'—Harry was warming up—'I say, your cursed ignorance. You know nothing; you understand nothing of your own country. You do not know how its institutions have grown up; why it is so prosperous; why changes, when they have to be made, should be made slowly, and not before they are necessary; nor how you yourselves may climb up if you will, into a life above you, much happier, much more pleasant. You do not respect the old institutions, because you don't know them; you desire new things because you don't understand the old. Go—learn—make your orators learn, and make them teach you. And then send them to the House of Commons to represent you.'

'You think that Governments can do everything for you. You fools! Has any government ever done anything for you? Has it raised your wages—has it shortened your hours? Can it protect you against rogues and adulterers? Will it ever try to better your position? Never, never, never!—because it can not. Does any Government ask what you want—what you ought to want? No. Can it give you what you want? No.'

'Listen. You want clean streets and houses in which decent folks can live. The Government has appointed sanitary officers. Yet look about you! Put your heads in the courts of Whitechapel. What has the sanitary officer done? You want strong and well-built houses. There are Government inspectors; yet, look at the lath and plaster houses that a child could kick over. You want honest food—all that you eat and drink is adulterated. How does the Government help you there?'

'You have the power—all the power there is. You can not use it, because you don't know how. You expect the Government to use your power—to do your work. My friends, I will tell you the secret. Whatever you want done you must do for yourselves! No one else will do it for you. You must agree that such and shall be done; and then be very sure you will get it done.'

'In politics you are used as the counters of a game—each side plays with you. Not for your mind. You get nothing, whichever side is in—you are the pawns.'

'It is something, perhaps, to take even so much part in the game; but, as you get nothing but the honor, I am rather surprised at your going on with it. And, if I might advise, it would be that we give that game over, and play one by ourselves, in which there really is something to be got.'

'What we must play for is what we want. What we have got to do is, to remember that when we say we will have a thing—nobody can resist us. Have it we must, because we are the masters.'

'Now, then, what do we want?'

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'What do we want? Has any one of you what we do want? Let me tell you a few things. I can't think of any; but I know a few that you ought to put first.'

'You want your own local government—'

what every little country town has, you have not. You want to elect your own aldermen, mayors, guardians, and school-boards—be yourselves—be yourselves. Get that first, and abolish the House of Lords afterward.'

'There is your food! You ought to get your beef from America, at threepence a pound, and you are contented to give a shilling. You ought to have your fish at twopence a pound, and you pay whatever they choose to charge you. You drink bad beer, bad spirits, bad tea, bad cocoa, bad coffee, because you don't know that the things are bad and dear; and because you don't understand that you have only got to resolve in order to get all this changed. It is, you see, your cursed ignorance.'

'There are your houses! The rich people—having more knowledge than you, and more determination—have found out how to build houses so as to prevent fevers. You live in houses built to catch fever—fever traps! When you find out what you want, you will refuse to live in such houses. You will come out of them—you will have them pulled down.'

'When it comes to building up better houses, you will remember that paid inspectors are squared by the builders—so that the cement is mud and sand; and the bricks are crumbling clay; and the walls crack, and the floors are shaky. Therefore you will be your own inspectors.'

'The Government makes us send our children to board-schools to be educated. That would be very noble of the Government if they had first considered—which nobody has—what sort of education a workingman wants. As yet they have only got as far as spelling. When a boy can spell they think he is educated. Once it was all Kings of Israel—now it is all spelling. Is that what we want? Do you think it matters how you spell, so that you know? Are you contented that your children shall know nothing about this great country? Nothing of its wealth and people?—nothing of their duties as citizens?—nothing of their own trade? Shall they not be taught that theirs is the power—that they can do what they like, and have what they like, if they like?'

'Do you resolve that the education of your children shall be real, and it will become real; but don't look to Government to do it or it will continue to be spelling. Find out the thing that you want, and send your own men to the school-boards to get that done.'

'Another thing that you want is pleasure—men can't do without it. Can Government give you that? They can shut the public-houses at twelve—what more can they do? But you—you do not know how to enjoy yourselves. You don't know what to do. You can't play music, nor sing, nor paint, nor dance—you can do nothing. You get no pleasure out of life, and you won't get it—even by abolishing everything.'

'Take that simple question of a holiday. We take ours, like the fools we are, all in droves, by thousands and millions on bank holidays. Why do we do that? Why do we not insist on having our holidays at different times in the year, without these monstrous crowds which render enjoyment impossible? And why do we not demand—what is granted to every little quill driving clerk in the city—our fortnight every year with nothing to do, and drawing full pay? That is one of your wants, and you don't know it. The reform of the Land Laws, my brothers, will not bring you one inch nearer getting this want.'

At this point the chairman nodded his head approvingly. Perhaps he had never before realized how all his life he had neglected the substance and swallowed the shadow. The old man sat listening patiently with his head in his hands. Never before had any workman, any one of his own class, spoken like this young fellow, who talked and looked like a swell—though they knew him for what he was. Pleasure! Yes—he had never considered that life might have its delights. Yet, what delights?'

'There is another thing, and the blackest of all—Harry paused a moment; but the men were listening, and now in earnest.'

'I mean the treatment of our girls—your sisters and your daughters! Men, who have combined together and made your unions for yourselves—you have forced upon your employers terms which nothing but combination would have compelled them to accept. You are paid twice what you received twenty years ago. You go in broadcloth—you are well fed. You have money in your pocket. But you have clean forgotten the girls.'

'Think of the girls.'

'They have no protection but a Government Act, forbidding more than ten hours' work. Who care for a Government Act?—it is defied daily. Those who frame these Acts know very well that they are powerless to maintain them; because, my friends, the power is with the people—you. If you resolve that an Act shall become a law, you make it so. Everything, in the end, is by the people and through the people.'

'You have done nothing for your girls—you leave them to the mercies of employers, who have got to cut down expenses to the last farthing. They are paid starvation wages. They are kept in unwholesome

rooms. They are bound to the longest hours. They are oppressed with fines. The girls grow up narrow-chested, stooping, consumptive—they are used up wholesale. And what do you do for them?—nothing. There are girls and women in this hall—can any one of them here get up and say that the workmen have raised a finger for them? The worst charge that any man can bring against you is that you care nothing for your girls.'

'Why, it is only the other day that a Dress-makers' Association has been opened among you—you all know where it is. You all know what it tries to do for the girls. Yet, what single man among you has ever had the pluck to stand up for his sisters who are working in it?'

Then Harry stepped right to the edge of the platform and spread out his hands, changing his voice.

'You are good fellows,' he said, 'and you've given me fair play. There isn't a country in the world, except England, where I could have had this fair play. Don't misunderstand me—I tell you, and I don't think you knew it before, that the time has come when the people should leave off caring much about the Government, or expecting any good thing for themselves from any government; because it can't be done in that way. You must find out for yourselves what you want, and then you must have that done. You must combine for these things as you did for wages, and you will get them. And if you spend half the energy in working for yourselves that you have spent in working for things that do you no good you will be happy indeed.'

'Your politics, I say again, will do nothing for you—do you heed—nothing at all; but yours is the power. Let us repeat it again and again—all the power is yours. Try what Government can do. Send Dick Coppin into Parliament; he's a clever chap, and tell him to do what he can for you. He will do nothing. Therefore, work for yourselves, and by yourselves. Make out what you want, and resolve to have it—nobody can prevent you. The world is yours to do what you like with. Here in England, as in America, the workingman is master—provided the workingman knows what he wants. The first thing you want, I reckon, is good lodging. The second, is good food. The third, is good drink—good, unadulterated beer, and plenty of it. The fourth, is good and sensible education. The fifth, is holiday and pleasure; and the last, which is also the first, is justice for your girls. But don't be fools. I have been among you in this Club a good many times. It goes to my heart every time I come to see so many clever men and able men wasting their time in grievances which don't hurt them, when they are surrounded by a hundred grievances which they have only to perceive in order to sweep them away.'

'I am a Radical, like yourselves; but I am a Social Radical. As for your political law, it plays the game of those who use you. Politics is a game of lying accusations and impossible promises. The accusations make you angry—the promises make you hopeful. But you get nothing in the long run; and you never will. Because—promise what they may—it is not laws or measures that will improve our lot; it is by our own resolution that it shall be improved. Hold out your hands and take the things that are offered you—everything is yours if you like to have it. You are in a beautiful garden filled with fruits, if you care to pick them; but you do not. You lie grubbing in the mud, and crying out for what will do you no good. Voices are calling to you—they offer you such a life as was never yet conceived by the lordliest House of Lords—a life full of work, and full of pleasure. But you don't hear—you are deaf. You are blind—you are ignorant.'

He stopped; and a hoarse shout greeted his peroration. Harry wondered for a moment if this was applause or disapproval. It was the former.

Then one man rose and spoke.

'Damn him!' he cried. Yet the phrase was used in no condemnatory spirit; as when a mother addresses her boy as a naughty little rogue-pogue. 'Damn him! He shall be our next member.'

'No,' said Harry, clapping his cousin on the shoulder, 'here is your next member—Dick Coppin is your boy. He is clever—he is ambitious. Tell him what you want, and he'll get it for you if any one can. But, oh, men! Find out what you want, and have it. Yours—yours—yours is the power. You are the masters of the world. Leave the humbug of Radicalism, and Liberalism, and Toryism. Let dead politics bury their dead—learn to look after your own interests. You are the kings and lords of humanity. The old kings and lords are no more—they are swept away! They are only shadows of the past. With you are the scepter and the crown. You sit upon the throne, and when you know how to reign, you shall reign as never yet king was known to reign; but first find out what you want.'

He lightly leaped from the platform and stepped down the hall—he had said his say, and was going. The men laughed and shouted—half angry, half pleased, but

wholly astonished; and Dick Coppin, with a burning cheek, sat humiliated yet proud of his cousin.

At the door Harry met Miss Kennedy, with Captain Sorensen and Nelly.

'We heard your speech,' said Angela, with brightened eyes and glowing cheeks. 'Oh, what did I tell you? You can speak, you can persuade; you can lead. What a career!—what a career lies before the man who can persuade and lead!'

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE FIGUREHEADS.

It was Sunday morning, after breakfast, and Harry was sitting in the boarding-house common room, silently contemplating his two fellow-boarders, Josephus and Mr. Maliphant. The circle at Bormalack's was greatly broken up. Not to speak of the loss of the illustrious pair, Daniel Fagg had now taken to live entirely among the dress-makers, except in the evenings, when their music and dancing drove him away; in fact, he regarded the place as his own, and had so far forgotten that he took his meals there by invitation as to criticise the dinners, which were always good, although plain, and to find fault with the beer, which came from Messenger's. Miss Kennedy, too, only slept at the boarding-house, though by singular forgetfulness she always paid the landlady every Saturday morning in advance for a week's board and lodging. Therefore Josephus and the old man for the most part sat in the room alone, and were excellent company, because the ill used junior clerk never wanted to talk with anybody, and the aged carver of figureheads never wanted a listener.

Almost for the first time Harry considered this old man, the rememberer of fag ends and middle bits of anecdotes, with something more than a passing curiosity and a sense of irritation caused by the incongruity of the creature. You know that whenever you seriously address yourself to the study of a person, however insignificant in appearance, that person assumes an importance equal to any lord. A person, you see, is an individual, or an indivisible thing. Wherefore, let us not despise our neighbor. The ancient Mr. Maliphant was a little, thin old man, with a few grey hairs left, but not many; his face was unwrapped, so to speak, in a pair of very high collars, and he wore a black silk stock, not very rusty, for he had been in the reign of the fourth George a dapper young fellow, and possessed a taste in dress beyond the lights of Limehouse. But this was in his nautical days, and before he developed his natural genius for carving ship's figureheads. He had no teeth left, and their absence greatly shortened the space between nose and chin, which produced an odd effect; he was closely shaven; his face was all covered over like an ocean with innumerable wrinkles, crow's-feet, dimples, furrows, valleys, and winding water-courses, which showed like the universal smile of an accurate map. His forehead, when the original thatch was thick, must have been rather low and weak; his eyes were still bright and blue, though they wandered while he talked; when he was silent they had a far-off look; his eyebrows, as often happens with old men, had grown bushy and were joined across the bridge; when his memory failed him, which was frequently the case, they frowned almost as terribly as those of Daniel Fagg; his figure was spare and his legs thin, and he sat on one side of the chair with his feet twisted beneath it; he never did anything, except to smoke one pipe a night; never took the least notice of anybody; when he talked, he addressed the whole company, not any individual; and he was affected by no man's happiness or suffering. He had lived that long that he had no more sympathy left; the world was nothing more to him; he had no further interest in it; he gone beyond it and out of it; he was so old that he had not a friend left who knew him when he was young; he lived apart; he was, perforce, a hermit.

Harry remembered, looking upon this survival, that the old man had once betrayed a knowledge of his father and of the early history of the Coppin and Messenger families. He wondered now why he had not tried to get more out of him. It would be a family chronicle of small beer, but there could be nothing, probably, very disagreeable to learn about the career of the late sergeant, his father, nor anything painful about the Coppins. On this Sunday morning, when the old man looked as if the cares of the week were off his mind, his memory should be fresh—clearer than on a week day.

### (To be Continued.)

An exciting billiard match, fifty points up, three cushion caroms, was played on Tuesday night between Eugene F. Carter, of Toledo, Ohio, and Maurice Vignaux, the French champion, for 3,200f. a side. Seventy five innings were played, Carter winning easily by eleven points. Carter's highest break was six and Vignaux's five.

A new amateur athletic association has been instituted in Ottawa. It is named the Electric and has every prospect of being a success.



**THE ROW IN OUR BOARDING HOUSE.**

(From The Bulletin, Australia.)

The trouble began on the night when a newly-imported British youth named Johnson appeared at our boarding-house.

There were ten of us there before his arrival, including Bem, the humorous Polish tailor, who was vaguely understood to have thrown bombs at all the royal families of Europe, and then gone into exile. We paid seventeen shillings a week each, not including washing; and we lived riotously on boiled mutton. There were more empty beer-bottles in the bedrooms, and more laughter, and more grease sopped on the floor, and the candle-ends got into the soup oftener in that boarding-house than in any other I ever heard of. Also, the neighbours got less sleep than anybody ever did in the vicinity of any other boarding-house. The dining-room had not been papered since the beginning of history and the landlady had only one eye; also, her daughter had recently eloped with a non-union printer. She, the landlady, was aged about 40, and wore a green dress, and in the evenings she used to sing songs to us with her hair down. These few details will convey a reasonably good idea of the nature of that wild Bohemian establishment.

One windy evening, in March, the landlady had agitated the bell on the stairs, as was her custom. Her weapon was a sort of cowbell, and when she wrestled on the murky staircase she looked like a witch dancing on a heath. Her arms, her hair, her feet, her green dress, and her trodden-down shoes flew in eight different directions, and her one eye and the bell flew in two more. Strangers coming down in the dark, and meeting this apparition suddenly, generally took her for a heap of excited bo-constrictor, or an immense octopus leaping on the top step. Poor, old, agitated female—she is dead now. She broke her neck in the passage one day rushing down to look at a funeral. But if she had kept on ringing that dinner-bell she would have been immortal. Death couldn't have aimed straight enough to hit her in her gambols.

I rushed down to the dining-room at the first signal, and meeting Bem and two more coming tumultuously in the opposite direction, we got jammed in the doorway. I was just going to pass some uncomplimentary observations when we all caught sight of a spectacle such as the oldest individual in that boarding-house had never seen before. A great calm descended upon us, and we disentangled ourselves and went in silently.

What I saw was an object like a naked infant's hind-leg, resting in a careless, graceful attitude against a chair. There was a bracelet on it, and attached to one end of it was a woman. She was attired in a silk dress which exposed her right down to the fifth knob of her spine, or thereabouts, and she had a necklace, and an eye-glass, and sundry rings. There was a frozen expression in her eye—a look of cold derision that seemed to fall like a curse upon the whole company. This was Johnson's wife. Johnson himself was there in a tail-coat, and a tremendous collar, and another eye-glass, and he had a silver bangle on his wrist. He was the first male human being that I ever saw inside a bangle, and I am prepared to swear that he was the very first who ever wore a bangle in a boarding-house.

Between them they made just one remark all dinner-time. It was "Haw!" I could have said the same thing myself if I had been dead.

We did not eat much that evening, and there was very little conversation. We were all paralyzed by the spectacle of Johnson and his wife. They kept looking in a pensive, perplexed sort of way round the table as if they were searching for some of the commonest necessities of life, such as were to be found in stacks in their ancestral castle; and then they would wake up as if from a dream, and recollect suddenly that they were castaways in a savage land, where the wild aborigines never heard of the article, whatever it might be. And when they were finished the lady went and smote the piano with an arm of might for about 38 minutes, after which the pair retired and were seen no more that night.

That was the beginning of the row in our boarding-house.

Next morning the owner of the establishment came down early, and refreshed herself with a few melodies before breakfast. She was a strange, promiscuous, half-savage female, and was wont at times to get up before day-break, and thud out all manner of lost chords on the keyboard, and then she would keep time with her slippers, and her head, and whirl her tangled locks in the air, and cast the tails of her dressing gown out behind her in a frenzy of inspiration.

Then she would fling herself on the bell like a hash-house keeper possessed, and make a riot that was calculated to wake the lost souls of all the dead boarders who had shaken off this mortal coil, and were eating spectral ham and eggs in the fields of Asphoel. On this morning I found her leaping and gambolling on the stairs as usual, and I stopped to propound a solemn question.

"Mrs. Jones," I said sternly, "who are the partially dressed intruder in the bed-furniture, and the tailor's advertisement with the jewellery on his fore-leg?"

"He's in the gas-office," she replied in gasps, as she threw herself up against the air with the bell. "Newly-married! He's English and got £80 a year! I took them in at a reduced rate."

"Oh, you did! Now, look here: have you any reason to suppose he's a duke or an emperor, or anything of the sort?"

"No!"

"Do you suppose, as a respectable Christian woman, that he's got a castle anywhere?"

"No, I don't s'pose he has."

"Did he come in with the Conqueror, now?"

"There wasn't anybody with him when he came in, that I saw."

"And did you know when you took them in that she was going to stick so far out of her clothes?"

"No, I didn't. If I'd known it I'd have thrown her out."

I went into breakfast in a subdued mood. Johnson was there looking with a shocked expression at the sausages, and shuddering in a new bangle and a collar that was six sizes taller than the previous one. His wife, with a fresh bracelet, was glaring at the same viand, and the expression in her eye seemed to say "Where am I; is this a horrid dream?" It was the only morning, too, in six months when the sausages hadn't either fallen under the grate or been dropped on the stairs, and this made their conduct all the more uncalculated.

At lunch time Johnson's wife appeared in another fresh bracelet, and with a profusion of jewellery on her right forefinger. And as for Johnson, astounding as it may seem, he had a third bangle on. Evidently he had one for each meal, and this was his lunch-bangle.

In the evening the lady had another silk dress on, and it exposed one knob more of her spine than the previous one. Johnson wore his second clean collar and his dinner-bangle, and his small countenance, looming over his great expanse of shirt-front, looked like a pallid bird of prey on the top of an icy mountain. They talked together in scraps of inferior French, and when the meal was over Mrs. Johnson again smote the piano, and then retired coldly to her own apartments.

That night we held an indignation meeting on the balcony. The landlady had deposited the vegetable-dish out there through the window when she was getting ready to make her turbulent entry with the pudding, and had forgotten it. Inside there were two candles burning, and one lamp with a broken shade—the gas had been cut off for non-payment. The bread was in a plate on top of the piano, and the dishes were in an unwashed condition downstairs, and the mistress of the house was singing a shrill melody in the kitchen. And among these surroundings Bem, the Polish tailor, passed a resolution that he would drive Johnson off the premises, or die in the attempt. After that our souls felt relieved, and we settled down to placid harmony. Somebody found some liquor in a bottle under his bed and brought it down. The cards were fished out, and we played nap, and gave each other I. O. U.'s on a lavish scale till the lamp flickered and went out with an awful smell.

I woke on that third morning with a vague, indefinable feeling that somebody had died in the night. There was a Sabbath calm brooding over Jones's boarding-house which was quite foreign to that clamorous establishment, and as I listened it suddenly occurred to me that Bem must have carried out his threat, and dynamited Johnson in the darkness. All the doors seemed to close softly, instead of shutting with a soul-destroying bang as usual. The landlady flopped about gently on her trodden-down shoes, instead of bringing in the breakfast with a crash and a shriek, and shedding dishes about in all directions; and she rang the bell gently, whereas she usually rang it like a dray-load of escaped lunatics. I descended the stairs amid a prevailing smell of ham and eggs, and went into the dining-room.

Johnson was breakfasting with a troubled expression and a bangle, and his wife was glaring across the table. Opposite them Bem was solemnly feeding in evening dress. He looked absolutely vacant, and seemed to be lost in profound thought, and the frantic excitement of the other eight boarders made no impression on him at all. He wore a pair of kid gloves and a bracelet, and his moustache was elegantly waxed. Johnson rose at last and walked round this apparition, but the apparition never moved. Finally the Pole got up, and thoughtfully fished an ancient, battered straw hat from under his chair, and having jammed it hard down on his head, he went out of the room and out of the house like a man who was lost in profound vacancy.

Nobody spoke. A species of paralysis seemed to have descended on that boarding-house. But, after a moment, Johnson rushed on to the balcony and glared in a cataleptic fashion after this unaccountable visitant. And outside, on the stairs, stood a petrified landlady in a smudged green dress, and with a hat with six broken feathers in it, cocked rakishly over one eye, and two misfit shoes that seemed to have taken root in the floor. She held a teapot in

one hand and a pie in the other, and she was unconsciously pouring the tea into the pie, and the pie on to the staircase.

Bem turned up in evening costume again at lunch-time, but, though expectation rose to fever-heat, nothing happened. Owing to mental strain, however, the landlady fainted in the sink in the course of the afternoon.

At dinner, the Johnsons began to show signs of wear and tear. Mrs. Johnson's left eyebrow was out of line, and her complexion had shifted round to her ear. Evidently it had been put on with a reckless hand, while the wearer was under the influence of considerable excitement. Her husband had an enraged and harassed look, and his hair was off the straight, and his tie was crumpled. There was a dead and awful silence in the company—a silence that was too awful to be accounted for on the supposition that Bem had appeared again in evening-dress and caused a panic. For one awful moment the thought occurred to me that the insane Pole might possibly have appeared clothed in a marked scarcity of dress of any kind—

He entered at that moment, carefully removing a shiny bell-topper as he came in, and depositing a pair of gloves in its inmost recesses. He was attired in grey pants and a linen jacket, but he had taken the sleeves out of the jacket and out of his shirt, and he was "cut low" at the neck. Also he wore a gold bracelet—in fact, he was a remarkably good copy of Johnson's wife. The landlady uttered a shriek when she saw him, and disappeared down the stairs. The cat escaped up the chimney, scattering last night's dead ashes out of the grate as it went. The other boarders choked with insane glee, but Bem only contemplated them for an instant with a lack-lustre eye and a funereal visage, and sat down. He was the one unmoved individual in the company.

Then Johnson arose, and shaking a fork in the air with a palsied hand, he made a brief oration.

"I give notice," he shrieked, "that I will leave this den of infamy at the end of this week. I am accustomed—I mean, I am not accustomed—British constitution—degraded parody upon a human being—I refuse to associate—I—dash and confound the—the—objectionable ruffian opposite—insolent outrage upon all gentlemanly sentiment—gorilla on the other side of the table—"

He gave out there, and choked. With a wild howl he heaved up the table and capsize the ruins of it bodily at Bem, and then he tramped heavily over the debris and engaged his enemy in mortal combat. The Pole emerged from the wreckage, and with his hair full of gravy, and corned beef in both ears, and one eye stopped up with cabbage, and mustard streaming down his back, he flew at Johnson like a wild cat. The candles went out; Mrs. Johnson shrieked in the passage; the landlady wailed dismally in the kitchen; and all was horror and confusion.

There was an item in Johnson's bill when he left, which read: "Broken crockery, 22s. 6d." I believe he hypothecated his lunch-bangle to pay it. The gas has been turned on again since then, and the landlady sings weird songs to us in the gloaming, with her hair down as of old. She wears the same green dress, and drops her shoes all over the house as before, but it isn't the same landlady—the old one broke her neck on the stairs as before mentioned, and her daughter has inherited her clothes and the business, and she rings the dinner-bell with even more vim than her lamented predecessor. She reminds me very much of her mother, for she drops the meals on the stairs in a way that calls up sad, pathetic memories; and rushes in as recklessly holding out the gravy in front of her, and rushes out again as madly to look for the vegetables, as her deceased relative could have done. Johnson is in gaol somewhere—there was a gap in his accounts which even his jewellery could not fill; and his wife has eloped with our new landlady's husband, the printer. Also, nobody wears evening-dress in our boarding-house any more.

**Fishing by Electric Light.**

Attention has been called to a serious abuse of the electric light. The sense of sight is extremely well developed in fishes, and years ago the Indians recognized this, attracted the fish at night to the point of their spears by the glare of torches. When used along with the electric light, most kind of nets become murderous in their effects, for the brilliancy of the lights is an irresistible attraction to the fish. Salmon fishers, and others, who take and pack fish on a large scale are all resorting to the use of the electric light for this purpose, and the wholesale destruction of fish is likely to lead to the extermination of certain species. The great injury arising from this cause consists in the fact that such quantities of fish are caught that a large proportion of them are wasted instead of being turned to their legitimate use of feeding the population of the country. The indiscriminate destruction of fish in this way is almost criminal, and if prompt measures be not taken for placing it under restriction, our fish supplies will in a few years be, if not exhausted, very seriously crippled.—Electricity.

**THE LOOM OF LIFE.**

All day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound, As the fireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom, In the light of day and the midnight's gloom; The wheels are turning early and late, And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in; Click, clack! another of wrong and sin; What a checkered thing will this life be When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery, And hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with its arm outspread, To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or one; Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I. But the wheels turn and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life web—say? Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day? It were better then, O my friend, to spin A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow, But each one is nearer the end I know; And some day the last thread shall be woven in, God grant it be love instead of sin.

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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.

### THEY WANT THE WHOLE EARTH.

The modern form of belief that "the earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the landlord" is becoming every day more widespread among the class, and its exponents—the real estate men—are growing bolder in their self-assertive claim to dominate the vast majority of the human race outside the charmed circle of landlordism. Right here in Montreal we find there are a large number of landlords who believe there are divinely instituted rights attached to the possession of property, and so they have taken upon themselves to demand that these rights shall receive recognition at the hands of the common herd, in their estimation the tenants, who are not to be thought of in any other capacity than as mediums for the payment of rack-rents and interest on mortgages. To have greater weight in their demands, a movement is on foot to organize an association to conserve all their already wrongfully acquired "rights" and to agitate for more favors. From the "platform" drawn up by the promoters of the association we get a glimpse of some of the "reforms" which they are bent on having, and one of these, and the one we have now to deal with, calls for a complete revolution in the mode of electing city aldermen. The proposition is coolly made to reduce the number of aldermen to two for each ward (against this we have nothing to say), one of whom shall be elected by proprietors alone, the other by the votes of proprietors and tenants conjointly. But this is not all. The demand is made that the aldermen selected by the proprietors shall constitute a sort of House of Peers or Senate Chamber, which shall have sole control of the civic finances, and who, we presume, shall have the right to veto any by-law enacted by the lower chamber. The "gall" attached to the proposition is so apparent and the proposal itself so preposterous that it is not likely the citizens would submit to such a brazen invasion on the right of popular government, yet they have exhibited so much inertness and apathy in the past that the promoters are not a little justified in assuming the citizens will accept this new proposal without much opposition. At one time in the history of this city there existed what was called a "Tenants' Defence Association," but as we have not heard from it lately there is reason to believe it has died a natural death; if so, it is high time the corpse was restored to

animation, as some lively kicking will have to be done before the present set of aldermen (who of course are interested in maintaining the supremacy of the landlords) cannot be depended on to view matters in an unprejudiced light. The tenants should take a leaf from the landlords' book and imitate their example by promptly re-organizing to protect their interests which are dangerously imperilled by the existence of this association. It is believed the majority of our present aldermen, if not in sympathy with the platform of the Landlords' Association, are at least in favor of raising the property qualification, which would be quite as disastrous to the tenants as the scheme just promulgated. Any amendment to the city's charter in either direction indicated should be strenuously resisted, and the only and effective way to do this is by organization.

### NO PENSIONS FOR THE POOR LABORER.

A case of what looks very like class distinction was brought to light at a meeting of the Road Committee the other day through the application of Ald. Kennedy to have something done to assist a poor man, unable to work from sickness, who had served twenty-two years in the department. It did not take the Committee long to find out that nothing could be done in his case, although the members did honor to their manhood by each subscribing a little towards relieving the man's necessities. There was a singular unanimity of opinion about the refusal, too, which ought to convince workmen that in any matter which concerns them there is no danger of the law being strained to accommodate the circumstances. We venture to say that had the applicant been one of the heads of the department enjoying a large salary his case would not have been so summarily disposed of. He would have had no end of friends to urge a retiring allowance, or, at the very least, a bonus, and the application would at all events have been sent to the Council to be dealt with. If the principle of bonusing and giving retiring allowances is to be maintained there is no reason why the humble laborer who serves the city faithfully for such a number of years at a small weekly pittance should not receive the same consideration as his superior who has been the recipient during the same period of a large salary. In nine cases out of ten the former is the more deserving of the two, for while the latter has had time and opportunity to lay past a store for a "rainy day," the day laborer can never be said to earn more than will keep body and soul together. This inequality of treatment has been steadily ground into the hearts of the poor in the past, they meet with fresh examples daily, and yet when the opportunity comes round to reform the existing state of affairs it is allowed to slip past, the weakness of the working classes being to allow themselves to be cajoled by those who have deceived them time and again.

### THE TROUBLE ON THE RAILWAYS.

The threatened strike of conductors and trainmen on the Western Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway has now taken place, and the company, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, have had considerable difficulty in moving trains westward from Winnipeg; indeed the freight traffic is at a standstill, and considerable inconvenience is being caused to those who have grain and other produce to forward. Some of the daily papers have condemned the men for quitting work without even hearing what they have to say for themselves. One of our city contemporaries goes so far as to say that if a man has two dollars per day he is extremely well paid and ought to be content. When the hazardous and

responsible nature of a conductor or brakeman's duties are taken into consideration along with his long and uncertain hours of work, most people will be surprised that he does not receive more. We consider the demands of the men, to be placed on a similar footing with their brethren on western roads, is perfectly reasonable, and we trust that now that they have taken such a decisive step they will be supported until they have gained their desired point. It is fully believed that if the western men's demands are not conceded the whole staff of trainmen from Winnipeg to the Atlantic seaboard will quit work in their support.

The conductors and trainmen on the Grand Trunk are also agitating for increased rates and a readjustment of some other differences. These grievances have been before the officials of the company, the men claim, for over twelve months, and although promises were made that several matters would be rectified nothing has ever resulted. The men also allege that the rates paid by the G. T. R. are away below those paid by the Canada Southern which practically runs over the same ground. The Company deny that the earnings of the road will justify the increased rate demanded, but it is understood it has made some concessions, which the men are now considering, and the question of a strike will depend greatly upon the temper in which the men consider the Company's ultimatum.

### THAT \$3,000 STORY.

Ever since the last election a story has been in circulation to the effect that Mr. Boudreau, the labor candidate, had been approached prior to polling day by some friend of Mr. James McShane's and offered three thousand dollars to retire from the field. It was hardly necessary to notice the currency of the rumor here, because everything was being done by the friends of both Messrs. McShane and Kennedy to nullify the candidature of Mr. Boudreau, and if this story was originated and circulated by the Conservative party other stories equally vile and untruthful were invented by the other side, but we find from our Toronto correspondent that the rumor has made its way to the Queen City, and therefore it becomes necessary to give it a most emphatic denial. To set the matter at rest, we have to say that Mr. Boudreau never received any such proposition, and our correspondent is quite correct in assuming that if he did so it would have been received with the contempt it deserved. Mr. Boudreau has too much regard for his future career to have listened for one moment to such a proposal, and, as we have said, the opportunity was never given him either to accept or reject it. Those who are responsible for its circulation had not the slightest warrant from Mr. Boudreau, and the whole story is a pure invention as far, at least, as he is concerned. Whatever proposition other people may claim to have received or heard is of no importance, sufficient to say that nothing of the kind was made to him either at first or second hand.

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A very extensive assortment of Unlined Gloves for Spring wear.

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Men's Kid Gloves, with 2 patent hooks, just in, 85c pair.

Men's Kid Gloves, with 2 patent hooks, neat embroidered backs, \$1.

Heavy Kid Gloves, for driving, in all the latest shades.

Cape Gloves for Driving and Walking. Dogskin Gloves from 55c pair.

S. CARSLEY.

Mr. Pennyless—Do you think my illness is likely to develop into anything serious, doctor? Doctor—Very likely, if you don't soon pay my bill.—Extract.

### MEN'S GLOVES.

Antelope Gloves

Undressed Kid Gloves

Buckskin Gloves

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### BRACES.

Just received a large shipment of Braces in all the leading styles.

### ENGLISH MAKES.

Strong Elastic Web Braces, extra long.

GUYOT'S FRENCH BRACES.

Boys' Braces in all sizes. Men's and Boys' Shoulder Braces.

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Full range of qualities in Blue and Black Venetian Cloths.

S. CARSLEY.

Jack—Have a cigar, Billy. Billy—No. I've given up smoking. Jack—Well, tell me all about her.—Extract.

### SPRING OVERCOATS.

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Imported direct from the manufacturers, a stock of Spring Overcoats in all sizes and in every new shade.

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Cut to the latest styles.

Tweed Covered Waterproof Coats

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Best Goods. Newest Styles.

Waterproof Coats with Long Capes Sewn Seams throughout.

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A large stock in each line to select from

### FELT HATS.

Latest Spring Styles, for Boys, Youths and Men.

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Judge—How did you come to rob this man in broad daylight on a frequented thoroughfare. Highwayman—I couldn't help it; I had an engagement every night in that week.—Extract.

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Misses' Trimmed Spring Hats, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

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Boys' Tweed Caps

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Children's Tams

In Cloth, Velvet and Serge.

S. CARSLEY.

Remember, my boy, said Uncle James, as he gave Bobby a coin, that if you take care of the pennies the shillings will take care of themselves. Bobby looked a trifle dubious. I do take care of the pennies, he replied, but as soon as they get to be shillings pa takes care of 'em.—Extract.

S. CARSLEY,

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JOHN MURPHY & CO.

### CAPES AND DOLMANS.

Capas and Dolmans are again to the front this season. We are showing hundreds in all the latest London and Parisian styles, and all marked at regular wholesale prices.

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### 3-4 LENGTH JACKETS

3 Length Jackets will also be popular. We are showing thousands in all the newest shapes to select from.

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Usters and Spring Wraps are always in demand for this season. We are showing some SPECIAL LINES which are stylish and very cheap.

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### LADIES' CAPES AND DOLMANS,

Prices from \$2.50.

### LADIES' JACKETS,

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### LADIES' ULSTERS,

Prices from \$3.75.

### LADIES' MANTLE WRAPS,

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### CHILDREN'S MANTLES AND JACKETS

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Only the purest Grape Cream Tartar and Finest Recrystallized Bicarbonate of Soda are employed in its preparation.

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**OUR BOARDING HOUSE**

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"I believe," said Brown, "that legislative wrongs should be dealt with in the legislatures where they emanate, be they municipal, provincial or federal, and not in our civil courts of law. The labor organizations of this city have had a somewhat expensive experience in matters of this kind, and though on the whole they have been successful, still due consideration must be given to the wishes of the workingman himself as manifested at the ballot box. To judge by the vote cast for the labor candidates at the late election, a law which clearly defines the liability of employers for damages through accidents sustained is altogether unnecessary. For had he wanted such a law he would have demanded it by voting for the labor candidate. Now, it's a great pity that the elections did not take place sooner, because it would have saved the labor organizations of this city the few thousand dollars necessary to carry the Widow Flynn case to appeal. The workingman has himself in a most emphatic manner stated through the ballot that he is perfectly satisfied with the law as it stands; according to his verdict it is eminently right and proper, and perfectly just, that wealthy corporations like the C. P. R. should have an opportunity to worry and harass a poor widow for years in all the courts of the country because she claims damages for the loss of her husband. And when, in the course of time, he himself is maimed or killed through similar neglect of his employer he is perfectly satisfied to know that his own widow shall be treated likewise. I am sure that the Trades and Labor Council was not aware of the feelings he entertains towards his wife and family or it would certainly have respected them by allowing the Widow Flynn to sink or swim as she pleased, thus leaving the particular point of law raised in her case undecided, so that his widow at some future time might experience the full benefit of the law as it stands."

"The same argument applies to the demand that was recently made by a large section of the workmen of this city for a proper inspection of the gear and tackle used on the wharf," said Phil. "At the back of that demand stood between two and three thousand men who earn their living on the wharves, and the demand was made in a way which really led people to believe that such a thing as inspection of gear and tackle was necessary. And it was backed up by statistics showing the large number of accidents which annually occur through defective appliances used in our harbor. Now, this demand, coming from such a large number of people and in such a determined way, naturally led us to believe that the people were in earnest, when, lo! and behold, that section of Montreal Centre where most of the long-shoremen live barely gave our candidate a baker's dozen of votes. Yet, strange to say, one of the most important planks in his platform called for a proper inspection of gear and tackle, and stranger still, in this particular part of the constituency, his opponent who has done more than any other man to frustrate all previous attempts to secure such an act, actually polled a majority of votes over the successful candidate. Clearly these men could not have been in earnest when they came to the Trades Council with their request, otherwise Boudreau and not McShane would have secured the majority in St. Ann's Ward."

"That bears me out in what I stated," replied Brown, "and I believe that under the circumstances the Trades and Labor Council should not spend another cent in fighting legislative wrongs in our civil courts. If the people of Montreal want a more hu-

mane way of collecting the water tax and a more equitable assessment of the same, let them elect aldermen who will do this for them, but don't fight the thing out in the courts; it ain't appreciated. If in the future they again raise the demand for an Employers' Liability Act refer them to Mr. Kennedy or Martineau, but don't spend any money in taking a case to England for appeal. Let the elector bear the consequences of his own folly, and let us devote our time and money to educate the people by holding meetings, public and private, and by distributing such literature as will awaken thought. For, just as an artist first learns a pupil to see before he allows him to trace a single line, so must we make people THINK before we ask them to act. The habit of years is stronger than the impulse of the moment, and with the average man, the paid canvasser, the barrister, and the big drum and torchlight procession, still prove a factor in politics, though there be no principle behind them; ignorance and prejudice have characterized all his political actions in the past; it is for us to teach him in future to be guided by REASON. Let there be no more money spent by our labor organizations in litigation; spend all you have, and every cent you can possibly get, in educating the people; it pays better in the long run. I have heard it said that it was money which knocked us out in the last election. Now, I maintain that it was ignorance—pure, genuine, unadulterated ignorance—and nothing else. This must be overcome, and it can't be done by litigation. We must educate."

BILL BLADES.

**QUEBEC NOTES.**

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

QUEBEC, March 16th, 1892.

Things are toning down, finding their level in this city. The Provincial election being over the first act of the new Government was anything but a gracious one. That celebrated political demonstration of Saturday night, March 12, certainly had no raison d'etre. If the intention was to generate bad feeling then the demonstration was a success. On Saturday morning that class of our population known as election bullies were vaunting of what they intended doing; they were prepared, etc. Now as to the procession itself, it was a tame enough affair, considering its cost, two dollars being about the average per cap to the rank and file. The standard-bearer by the way deserves especial mention. He was a man, short and stout, with a face deeply marked with smallpox and very squinty-eyed. The procession did not follow the route laid down for it, and our peace-loving citizens have good reason to be thankful that this was done, for had it gone through St. Rochs, as contemplated, the result probably would have been serious. Judging from the numbers gathered at the different points, as well as the preparations for its reception in the way of stale eggs and rotten vegetables. What was most admired was the good generalship displayed by what our Conservative papers are pleased to term the rowdy element. Those who passed through could not help but admire the manner in which the crowd was disposed. Had the procession reached there they would have been heartily received in front, on the right and left sides, and in the rear. Happily a collision was averted by the procession shearing off and adopting another route.

Our public works for the relief of the unemployed have been stopped, the men employed at the landslide having been discharged, although the work so far done at that place has increased the danger by removing from the base of the overhanging rock with the tremendous crack, a large amount of the debris that served to partially support it. The men employed for taking out stone to make macadam have also been dismissed, and the only works of any note going on at present in this city is the demolition of the old Haldimand Castle, at which some few men are employed, and the John street sewer. This last work fortunately cannot be stopped as the street is opened up and traffic as well as public comfort and convenience demand its completion. The Liberal papers affirm that the elections being over is the cause of the stoppage of the different works. Whether this be true or not I cannot tell. Still the principle is a vicious one and is sure to bear evil fruit in time.

I see in the published report of one of our money institutions, La Banque du Peuple,

a kind of general review by the manager. I have no doubt at all but the gentleman is an able financier, thoroughly competent to handle the question of dollars and cents, interests, profits and discounts, but when he leaves this sphere to give the general public his opinions on agriculture, he gets beyond his depth. For instance he says: "The raising of hogs has also been an experiment in many districts, but owing to the high price of grain it has not been very profitable." A little further on he says: "The fatal mistake of farmers depending either entirely on hay or grain crop for their living is gradually disappearing." Now it must be very evident that there is something astray in these paragraphs. The high price of grain, according to him, caused the experiment of hog fattening to be unprofitable, still does he wish his agricultural friends not to grow grain when it is saleable at a high price or does he wish it to be understood that they should not grow enough to feed their hogs. As he happens to have confused these paragraphs slightly would he kindly explain his meaning at greater length. There is, however, one thing to be admired in the report, it is the beautiful frankness with which he admits the fact that capital has pocketed the entire proceeds of a bountiful harvest in the shape of, as he puts it, "the liquidation of mortgages and interest thereon that had piled up for the last three or four years, and the payment of notes discounted in the banks." (Which prevented the money going into circulation). How bland this statement is. From the whole report it may be gathered that money is plentiful in the bank, that failure in trade and manufacturing enterprises are likewise many, and, I will add for myself, that labor is scarce for the average workingman. Still the bank manager may be perfectly right from his standpoint. Mixed farming may be in the interest of the banks, so too would an increase of the production of the farm, because the banks—or capital—will absorb the whole, as they have admittedly done this year either in the shape of profit, interest, discount or mortgages. I have no doubt but that our intelligent farmers will hardly view this question from the same standpoint. Now that I have undertaken to criticize the statements of the higher classes I may as well go on a little further. I read an article in the last number of the *Moniteur du Commerce*, (a commercial and financial paper) that is really interesting, because of the fact that journal would seem to take a lively interest in the housing of our working population (les ouvriers) just now. The article is proof positive of how little the author knows about the subject on which he writes. After condemning unreservedly any increase in workmen's wages and admitting that under existing circumstances it becomes necessary for the father, mother and children—both boys and girls—to work in our industrial establishments to enable them to live, he points out their home surroundings or rather lack thereof, and gives his readers a project to build houses with gardens (little plot of ground) to be paid for by the said workmen in monthly instalments, ten or twelve years being deemed sufficient. Now if the writer has undertaken to boom the prospectus of a new Building society that did not intend to charge more than 20 per cent. upon the moneys it advanced, instead of 25 or 30 as at present, he should have said so plainly and not beat about the bush by giving a new version of the exploded chestnut about the three acres and a cow. His kind feelings toward the workers may also be gauged by the articles that appeared in that paper apropos of the Lesters strike, its exultation at their defeat, etc. That is over now about six months, and at the present time the lodgings of the poor are occupying its attention. If that paper would only say or rather write what it meant it might gain a reputation for common sense. I will just give your readers my version of the true meaning of the article alluded to. Our financial institutions having plenty of other people's money on hand, it becomes necessary to invest it at a profit. Looking around for one that will pay high interest and give absolute security from loss, the housing of our working population presents itself as the first and best. All that is necessary is a small capital. If the Company purchase the land they will make a profit on its resale, and if they advance the money for building purposes they are reasonably certain that ninety per cent. of those foolish enough to be caught will lose all they have paid, as well as the house and land, which will revert back to the Company before the expiration of the 12 years, for unfortunately no workingman can reasonably expect to enjoy a period of 12 years free from misfortune, lack of employment, sickness, in fact two words will define it "hard times."

Another article in the same paper likewise deserves notice. It is the article upon the increase of peddlers of Jewish persuasion in the Province and the injury they cause to the legitimate trade. Now this journal would sneer at any unfortunate individual who would assert that the present immigration policy of the Dominion Government is undesirable, but as soon as its in-

terests, or the interests of those whose opinions it voices, are touched then of course it squeals. Now so far as the Jewish pedlars are concerned, they certainly do no injury to the working element, nor are they likely to, as labor would seem to be a thing that they are opposed to on religious principles. As traders they must be partially successful since their presence is becoming felt by our large establishments, through reduced sales, and when our wives buy from out the pedlars pack anything they may need, from a calico dress to a fine tooth comb, they have at least the consolation of knowing that they are not contributing in any way towards the six and seven storied building with plate glass fronts called our dry goods emporium. Upon the whole I think it would be advisable to recognize the merit of the writer in the above journal, and as true merit deserves reward, he should be presented with a gingerbread medal so that when fatigued through the exertions of his powerful and brilliant mind he might refresh himself by sitting down comfortably and eating it.

Our Trades Council held its regular meeting last night, March 15. The most of the business done was of a routine character, but there was an evident gloom over the members. There was, alas! one vacant chair. Death has removed one of our active members, Patrick Fitzgerald, at the early age of 44 years. He will be missed indeed as his connection with the labor movement dates back to over a quarter of a century

ago, when, as a member of the Quebec Ship Laborers Society, he took an active part in helping to build up that organization to its present status. He was also one of the Charter members of Montgomery Assembly 4003, the first L. A. of the Knights of Labor founded in this city, and he represented that body in the Trades Council at the time of his death. It may be truly said of him, "Faithful till death." He succumbed, after a short illness, to an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and although one of our celebrated athletes a few years ago, he was at the time of his death unable physically to endure any great strain, being one of the victims of the celebrated landslide, where he was buried alive for several hours, and when recovered in an unconscious state was found to have sustained such severe injuries that his life was despaired of. He, however, recovered, but was never the same man as before; the double fracture of one of his legs partially crippled him, and unable any longer to work on shipboard he obtained employment in the Government Emigration building, where as usually the case, he had the most work to do and received the smallest pay for the doing it. Notwithstanding all this he never severed his connection with the labor movement but was known and admired by all until the end as one who had never skirred a duty. May he meet the reward that is his due, in the prayer of all who knew him.

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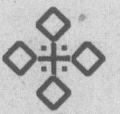
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## LABOR AND WAGES.

Women work on French railroads.

There are said to be 10,000 Chinese shoemakers in California.

The number of men out of work in Vienna, Austria, is 40,000.

The discontent and distress among European workmen are growing greater.

An international congress of mine workers will be held in London, England, next June.

The Knights of Labor building constructors in New York City are about 4,000 in number.

In twenty-four hours a steel manufactory in Pennsylvania recently turned out 1,907 tons of rails.

There were nearly seven hundred lives sacrificed by mine explosions in Europe and America last year.

The Radical Library of Philadelphia, Pa., gives out books free at its rooms, 150 South street, in that city.

E. M. Chamberlain, the noted Abolitionist and labor reformer, died at his home in Boston, Mass., recently.

Authorities in Austria have frowned upon attempts to relieve the distress existing among unemployed laborers.

There are 10,000 testotallers in the railway service of Great Britain, and 12,000 among the sailors in the naval service.

A strike of longshoremen is on at New Orleans, La., and 2,000 men are out of work. The demand is an hour's pay for fractional parts of an hour.

By far the greater part of the accidents that occur in mills, etc., happen during the last two hours of work, when workpeople are tired and careless.

The Queensland (Australasia) Government has decided, in consequence of the large number of unemployed workmen in the colony, to prohibit immigration for the present.

The London Polytechnic, a popular institution for the promotion of the education of the working classes, will arrange a series of workingmen's excursions to the World's Fair in 1893.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters throughout the country will on May 1 demand that eight hours constitute a day's work. They will strike where this concession is not made.

Statistics from Australia show that there are farms where laborers receive \$16 per year, three cents for meat and seven cents for butter per week, and 100 pounds of flour every three months.

Over 15,000 signatures have been secured in Boston to a petition endorsing the bill before the United States Senate for an investigation into the "sweating" system of clothing manufacturers.

Governor Markham, of California, has informed a committee of the Sacramento Federation of Labor that he has decided to declare Labor Day, the first Monday in September, a legal holiday.

The Royal British Commission on Labor has sat for less than a year, but has already spent \$50,000. The commission is admittedly a farce, but nobody imagined the entertainment would be so expensive.

Less than thirty years ago President McLeod, of the Reading Railroad, was a rodder on the Northern Pacific. He is now the head of a 2,600 mile trunk line and the employer of 100,000 subordinates.

Rev. Richard Wheatley, of New York City, has been doing some investigating of the sweating business on his own account. He says that trousers are made at 84 cents a dozen pairs, sack coats at eight cents each and frock coats for ten cents.

In Italy, the adherents of the Anarchist Communist school have recently distributed a strong manifesto advising abstention from voting. A correspondent of the London Commonwealth says that at the last parliamentary elections in Naples, 20,000 out of 36,500 electors so abstained.

The Miners' Union of France, whose members recently struck at Pas-de-Calais to improve their pitiable condition, have published statistics showing that the capital invested by the companies opposing the strike was \$52,321,000, while the actual value of the mine is \$246,760,101.

The platform of the "Independents"—members of Typographical Union No. 6—who met in caucus in Clarendon Hall last month and nominated an independent ticket, calls among other good things for an "administration that will administer," and provides for the "establishment of a course of lectures on current economic questions, which are to be delivered before the union."

The general executive board of the International Association of Machinists has officially endorsed the strike of the machinists in the employ of the Pennsylvania Central at Indianapolis, and \$25,000 was appropriated for their use. It is expected that this will result in calling out every blacksmith,

boiler-maker and machinist in the employ of the Pennsylvania Central from Altoona to Chicago. The strike has also been endorsed by the Federated Train Service, which includes the conductors, engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen belonging to the various unions.

Jay Gould's prodigality is seriously disturbing the press and the pulpit. Had Satan himself made his appearance in monastic garb he could not have produced a greater commotion than did the Black Friday hero by following up his gift of \$10,000 to the Presbyterian church with another gift of \$25,000 to the University of New York. It cannot be that Gould intended to be sensational in thus trying his hand at benevolence, for if he were seeking notoriety as a philanthropist he would not operate on such a mean scale, his two gifts amounting probably in the aggregate to little more than the income which his vast possessions yield him in one day. We rather suspect that he was intent upon a psychological experiment. At any rate, he was more successful in stirring the bad blood of sanctimonious hypocrites than in advancing the cause of religion or learning; and he furthermore brought out the emphatic statement, from the very moralists who live upon the bounty of Wall street, that there is not in the capitalistic den a better man than himself.—The People.

The seventh annual convention of the National League of Musicians was held during the week in New York City. At least fifty different local associations of instrumental performers were present. Among the questions discussed was that of aliens coming to the United States under contract. The League claims that musicians are either professionals or workmen. If the latter, they should receive the benefit of the Alien Contract Labor Law. Those who come to the United States under agreements, they say, are just as much wage earners as miners or shoemakers. Another subject that came up for consideration was that of affiliation with labor organizations. Several members of the National League are earnest in their desire to bring this about, but the men in the great cities, especially where labor organizations are strongest, strenuously oppose such an alliance. As a rule, it is only the poorer musicians (artistically) who are in any degree anxious for an alliance. The real artists claim that, while nearly every trade is a necessity, music is a luxury which can be dispensed with, and if musicians struck they alone would be losers.

## ECHOES OF THE WEEK

## European.

A violent explosion took place at half-past one o'clock on Wednesday morning in the Lobau Barracks, immediately beyond the Hotel De Ville, Paris. Considerable damage was done in the building, but no lives were lost. It is believed the explosion was the work of Anarchists, and that dynamite was used. The building is no longer used as a barracks, but as an annex to the Hotel De Ville, and is occupied by bureaux having in charge municipal public works.

Advices received in London from Singapore shows that the rebels in Pahang have again assumed the offensive. The Orang Kyah, the leader of the rebels, at the head of a portion of his old followers has captured the station at Lubokruk, which was defended by a few of the Sultan of Pahang's Malay soldiers. A number of rifles fell into the hands of the rebels. One European was captured, but was subsequently released.

Although some millions of francs passed through Boulanger's hands within the brief space of 18 months the assets of Gen. Boulanger are practically nil. The whole of his available property amounts to about £4,400, of which more than three-fourths goes to his wife, and the rest will barely pay his debts. The sale of his belongings in Brussels on Wednesday, March 23, bids fair to achieve success. It is announced by gigantic green posters, and includes everything, down to the gold-hilted sword given him by the electors of the Seine, busts, portraits, photographs and addresses may be counted by dozens, and fill ten pages of a bulky catalogue. The usual demand for private view tickets gives the whole of the melancholy proceedings the character of a salon.

The Emperor William's recent extravagances and aberrations which so troubled his family and entourage are attributed at court to the fact that his ear malady has been very troublesome lately, and that he has suffered many paroxysms of the most excruciating pain. The ailment appears to be getting worse for the attacks now recur with increasing frequency, and as it is pronounced to be incurable the consequences are likely to be most serious.

The British Home Office having notified the prison authorities that the surgeons in jails must be held responsible for the efficiency of executions, the General Medical Council has taken up the question and advises jail surgeons to refuse to direct executions, which it considers beneath the dignity

of the profession, and to limit their functions to certifying to the fact of death after execution.

A St. Petersburg despatch states that General Gourko has asked to be allowed to expel all the inhabitants of Warsaw except 50,000, but that the Government has declined to grant the desired permission.

The great banking house of J. E. Guenzburg, in St. Petersburg, has failed.

The Right Honorable Sir Henry Bonver's William Brand, Viscount Hampden, at one time Speaker for the House of Commons, is dead.

President Carnot has signed the commercial reciprocity convention with the United States.

The French Board of Trade returns for February show that the imports decreased 740,000 francs, and the exports increased 17,841,000 francs, as compared with the corresponding month of last year.

A Cabinet Council was held the other day at which President Carnot signed a bill introducing a clause in the penal code making the wilful destruction of property by means of explosives punishable with death. The frequency of anarchist outrages has caused a general feeling of consternation in Paris.

The directors of the Anderluis mines, near Charleroi, where the frightful accident occurred on Friday last, have subscribed \$200,000 for the relief of the families of the large number of men who lost their lives by the explosion. King Leopold has donated \$1,200 for the same purpose. Great distress prevails among the families of the victims.

A man named Williams was recently arrested in Melbourne, Australia, charged with wife murder, and during the investigation it became known that he had committed another horrible crime in Liverpool before leaving for Australia. The bodies of a woman and her two children were found under the hearthstone of a house there in which they had lived. Further search revealed other two bodies, making five in all, of children whose throats had been cut or else strangled. From the discovery of these murders a plausible theory has sprung up that the man arrested in Melbourne is none other than "Jack the Ripper" who left his mark so frequently in the Whitechapel district of London. Williams, while a resident of Liverpool, made frequent trips to London, and these visits are said to correspond with the Whitechapel murders.

## American.

The ship Frederick Billings, which arrived at San Francisco from New York, had a disastrous voyage. A sudden squall mastered the vessel, the fore and main-top were broken off at the eyes, and five sailors who were reefing were thrown overboard. The men were never seen again. The crew re-rigged the vessel and completed the voyage.

The relief steamer Missouri, with provisions for the starving Russians, sailed on Wednesday afternoon for a Russian port. On starting the ship ran her colors up to the tracks. Many flags floated in the breeze from the mastsheads and forward rigging and on the bow was the American flag.

Walter A. Snyder, confidential clerk in J. M. Naylor & Co.'s hardware store, in Tiffin, Ohio, on Wednesday shot two of his employes, Messrs. Edward J. Naylor and Burton W. Crobaugh, and T. W. Downey, a fellow clerk, and then killed himself.

The United States pays about \$10,000,000 a year in pensions to persons not citizens or not residents of that country.

Judge Van Brunt has decided that Edward M. Field is insane. Judge Van Brunt thinks that Field should be confined in a State asylum and kept in such place until the question of his sanity or insanity is decisive. It was so ordered.

During a family quarrel Frank Jeville, of Altoona, Pa., threw a lighted lamp at his wife, Mollie. The lamp exploded over the woman and she was literally roasted to death. Jeville is at large.

## Canadian.

The City Council has resolved to support the proposal to cut down the taxing powers of the Free Library Board.

In the Ontario Legislature a Government bill has been introduced to provide, on a local option plan, for a reduction in the membership of County Councils. The bill prohibiting municipalities from bonusing enterprises was read a second time and referred to the Municipal Committee.

Pare, the burglar who broke into Cardinal Taschereau's palace and stole a quantity of silver, was sentenced by Judge Chauveau, at Quebec, to seven years in the penitentiary.

The deputation of members waited upon the Postmaster-General on Wednesday and presented the petition of the Dominion letter carriers for an increase of their maximum pay from \$600 to \$750 per annum. Sir Adolphe Caron promised that the matter would be brought to the attention of his colleagues, but did not give any indication that the change, if made at all, would be made this year.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

## THE RING.

Ed. Simpson, the colored feather-weight of Tennessee, who has been issuing challenges to George Dixon, is matched to fight George Hammond, of Baltimore, at Chattanooga, March 18. Hammond must knock out Simpson in ten rounds to win.

Ike Weir has received an offer of \$500 from the Hennepin Club of Minneapolis to fight Tommy White eight rounds. The "Spider" wired the club it would have to increase its offer to get him. Weir is anxious to meet Jimmy Lynch, but the latter will not do any more fighting until October.

That Peter Maher is still a drawing card is evidenced by an offer of \$500 to fulfil a week's engagement in a Philadelphia theatre which has been made him. Billy Madden says that Maher will box Joe Lannon, Geo. Godfrey or any other heavyweight at the New York or Manhattan Athletic Club if a purse of \$500 is hung up.

Jack Ragau and Dan Donovan were the principals in a prize fight that occurred in Jersey City on Saturday evening. Donovan was beginning to prove his superiority when Regan clinched and sank his teeth in Donovan's neck, leaving an ugly wound. A row followed between the friends of the fighters, and in the meantime the referee decided the battle a draw. The fight was for a \$50 purse, but only half that amount was raised and divided between the contestants.

The Olympic Club of New Orleans do not want to overdo the fighting business. They believe that three fights a year are as many as will pay. The chances look most conspicuous for the Sullivan affair. Jim Wakeley and Charley Johnson while there authorized Pat Duffy of that city to announce that they were willing to match Sullivan to meet the winner of the Slavin-Jackson fight, and in the meantime neither Mitchell, Corbett, Goddard, or any other pugilist of note is barred. Capt. Williams, the hustling representative of the Olympic Club, with probably a delegation of other members, will go to England in May to see Slavin and Jackson fight. The Captain will have authority to sign the winner for a contest in the fall, and Pritchard will also be secured, probably to fight Fitzsimmons. It is not likely that any match for Jim Hall will be arranged. Fitzsimmons takes pleasure in pinning Hall down to 158 pounds, saying that if he must fight heavyweights he will go after bigger game. The Fitzsimmons party have as yet made no arrangements for the future. The combination will probably start out next week to tour the country, and may go to England later on. If Choynski is matched against Corbett the party will doubtless content themselves with remaining on this side of the water. Mike Kelly, the baseball player, proposed for Jack McAniff a fight with Billy Myer at 140 pounds. Myer agreed if a good sized side bet was made. Olympic Club would probably put up a purse for this match.

The well-known ring celebrities—Mitchell and Slavin—appeared in the Lyceum on Wednesday evening before an immense audience and gave a boxing exhibition. They left for Quebec Thursday but will return again to-day and in the evening will give another exhibition at the same place.

Jimmy Hurst, late of Montreal, and Doc O'Connell sparred six two-minute rounds in Partridge Hall, Boston. The latter had the best of the bout.

## SNOWSHOEING.

R. Davis, of Lachine, again proved his superiority over the mountain course on Saturday last, the occasion being the amalgamated club steeplechase. W. D. Mason and R. Steele, of the Argyles was second and third respectively. The course was very heavy and the competitors had to contend against a heavy wind, consequently the time was not exceptional. Winner's time 19.36.

The annual club (handicap) steeplechase of the St. George Snowshoes Club will take place this afternoon at 3.30 sharp, to the St. George Club house.

## SKATING.

The Breen-McCormack race for the championship of America and \$100 a side was witnessed by about four thousand people in the Victoria rink, St. John, N. B., on Tuesday night. Great excitement prevailed. Breen proved beyond all doubt the better man, winning the race easily in 6.14, leading McCormick by three quarters of a lap on the fourteen lap track. Breen's first mile was 3.2; McCormick's two miles were skated in 6.21.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

James Collins, of Edgetown, Wis., the well-known professional sprinter, is in New York. Collins is just home from England, where he ran in the big Sheffield handicap, which was won by Thos. Burrows, an Englishman. He won first and second trial heats, and was a favorite for the final, but he was beaten by only half a yard.

A. A. Zimmerman is now training at Nottingham, England, for the National Cyclists' Union championship meeting.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The drums came rolling up the wind, with peevish pipes between. Then rose the sweet old melody, "The Wearing of the Green." And Nora dropped the dusting brush and hastened to the street. (First stopping at the looking glass to make her ringlets neat.) But suddenly she crushed a sob that swelled her milky throat. For marching with the merry men, a shamrock in his coat. She saw the blue eyed Irish lad who stole her heart away In County Clare, across the sea, upon St. Patrick's Day!

Then like a lovely mirage thrown before her homesick eyes, She saw, with thatched and mossy roof, her native cabin rise. She felt the morning's gleeful wing entangled in her hair, And lightly trod the springy turf with rosy ankles bare; And leaning by the village well, she watched with sparkling eye Among St. Patrick's gallant sons her sweetheart marching by. Her bosom swelled with loving pride, he looked so bold and gay; He played the "Wearing of the Green" upon St. Patrick's Day.

At twilight, by the broken stile, beneath the windy boughs, They kept again their happy tryst and vowed their tender vows. He whispered of a tiny cot, a garden patch before, And flowers that waited but her smile to wreath the lowly door. And homeward in the moon they went, with all the dreams of bliss, And pledged there a solemn troth, and sealed it with a kiss; And when he planned the bridal out, she did not say him nay—"Oh, we shall dwell together, dear, by next St. Patrick's Day!"

Adown the haunted hill that night, and through the moonlit vale, And three times three at Nora's door, they heard the banshee wail; And ere the moon was young again, they broke the churchyard mold To hide beneath the April sod his curls of chestnut-gold. Our Nora is a laughing lass, and this was why I ween. She went to hear it played again, the "Wearing of the Green;" And seemed to see the blue eyed lad who stole her heart away In County Clare, across the sea, upon St. Patrick's Day. —Minnie Irving in Mercury.

PHUNNY ECHOES:

Schoolmaster—Would you like your son to learn the dead languages, sir? Mr. Dolt—Cert'nly, cert'nly; he's goin' to be an undertaker.

He—Don't you think it is wrong for people to marry their intellectual inferiors? She—Yes; always wrong, and in some cases quite impossible.

Tough—I tried the bunco game on a Kansas farmer yesterday. Another Tough—How did you come out? Tough—He got my dollar and a half.

Not Alarmed—Romantic Miss (addicted to poetry)—Oh, I'm just in love with Edgar Allan Poe. Practical Adorer—Well, that's all right. He's dead.

Political Candidate (addressing meeting)—I cannot help remarking, my friends, how mean my opponent is; but I wish to warn him that two can play at that game.

Father (indignantly)—How does it happen, sir, that you have such a miserable report this term? Small Son—S'pose because you ain't a member of the School Board any more.

Judge—What have you brought that thick stick into court for? Defendant—Well, everybody told me that I must come provided with a means of defence, and I fancy I've brought it.

Mr. De Club—My dear, a great German physician says women require more sleep than men. Mrs. De C—Does he? Mr. De C—Yes, my dear—um—er—you'd better not wait up for me to-night.

I see you are advertising again for a runaway dog. This is the third time in a single month! Yes, bother it! Since my daughter has begun taking music lessons I can't keep a dog in the house.

A gallant young man, giving an after dinner toast, referred to one member of the sex he eulogized as a "delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."

The story of a lazy schoolboy, who spelled Andrew Jackson "Aru Jaxn," has been equalled by a student who wished to mark half a dozen new shirts. He marked the first John Jones, and the rest "Do."

When Hubby's Turn Comes—Young Mother—James, dear, you musn't go near the baby. Young Father—Mayn't I just look at him? Young Mother—No, dear; he's asleep. I'll let you take him when he wakes in the night.

She—Oh, horrors! He—What is it, darling? I forgot all about poor pussy, left in the house alone, and we off for a week. She'll starve. Oh, I remembered her. I left a can of condensed milk on the kitchen table with a sardine opener beside it.

Brown—Did you take any holidays this year, Jones? Jones—Yes, of course. How did you manage your business while you were away? Oh, I just took my advertisement out of the papers until I returned, so there was no business to manage. Capital idea, wasn't it?

Will you trust me, Fanny? he cried passionately clasping her hand. With all my heart, Augustus, with all my soul, with all myself, she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom. Would that you were my tailor, he murmured to himself and tenderly he took her in his arms.

Wooden—I notice in New York that they have a lot of lunch places where everybody helps himself, and then reckons up his own check. I should think such a place would pay here in Boston. Bullfinch—How long have you been in Boston? Wooden—Two weeks. Bullfinch—It doesn't seem possible.

Henly—Smith and Jones each called the other a liar. Have they given each other satisfaction yet? Digby—Yes. Henly—With fists or pistols? Digby—No; they left it to a committee of two of Jones's friends and two of Smith's to say who was the liar, and the committee was evenly divided.

Not long ago, in a public school examination, an eccentric examiner demanded: What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the conscription, and printed books, if he were living now? A pupil wrote in answer: If King Alfred were still alive, he would be too old to take any interest in anything.

What's the news in your town? Well, nothing much except that the Widow Snickers ran away with a barber. With a barber? Yes, a nigger at that, as black as the ace of spades. You don't say so. How do you suppose she came to do that? I can't say, unless perhaps it is because she is wearing black yet for her husband. I guess she wanted to preserve the unities by running away with a negro instead of a white man.

A clergyman had arranged with another to take his place for a Sunday. The day arrived, and with it the Rev. S. C., when for his text he took: "Who are these arrayed in white, and from whence came they?" Just then two young ladies came in very late arrayed in white. He was again repeating his text, when a man who thought indeed someone might tell the clergyman and not have him ask twice, stood up and said: Oh, sir, they are the Miss Whites, from the top of the road.

A Considerate Master.

Who er yez workin' fur now, Dinnis? Ye know Mulcahy that has the livery stable? Is it him? Shure I wouldn't work for a man as mane as him. It's a hard name he has.

Ah! yer mistaken in the man. Old Mulcahy is one ev the kindest an' most considerate bosses in town. He allows aitch wan av his hands sixteen hours to do a day's work in.

Too Much Culture.

Squire Stakenrider (after a prolonged and gloomy reverie)—I've spent nigh on to \$900 on that boy's education, already, 'Lizabeth, and he hain't got half's much sense as he had 'fore he went to college.

Mrs. Stakenrider—You're too hard on him, Joshaway.

No, 'Lizabeth, I ain't. I said to him a little while ago I thought it was going to rain to-morrow, and what do you s'pose he said?

I'm sure I don't know, Joshaway. He begged my pardon.

A Model Wife.

Cipollini, a gem of a husband, never allows an opportunity to slip without extolling to the skies the excellent qualities of his better half.

My wife, he was heard to remark the other day, is so kind, so indulgent toward everybody, that even when speaking ill of other people she does not believe a word of it herself.

A Horrible Warning Heeded.

A friend of my father's had a servant called Jerry Doherty, a handy man, who was of invaluable service to him—until poor Jerry took to drink. His master, as much in his own interests as in Jerry's, was continually trying to reform him; and to this end he would read out to Jerry from the newspapers every story of crime or trouble traceable to drink which he could find in them. At last he came upon a story which might have reformed Bardolph. It was a thrilling tale of a drunkard who was so saturated with whiskey that his breath caught fire as he was blowing out a candle, set his inside ablaze as it would have done any other whiskey cask, and burned him to ashes in five minutes. Now Jerry, now Jerry, urged his master, with the solemnity of an adjuration, let this be a warning to you. Oh, begor, it will so, sir! I groaned the horrified Jerry. I'll never blow a candle out the longest day I live.

Experiences of a Ballet-Dancer.

My first engagement as a professional dancer was at Cremorne Gardens, where the old-fashioned ballet d'action of the "Gisella" type occupied a prominent position in the programme. When the season was over at Cremorne I obtained a lengthened engagement at the Alhambra, the great variety theatre now so famous for magnificent spectacles.

At this time the ballet-master at the Alhambra was Imre Kiralfy, an artiste whose genius for the production of stage spectacles has placed him in the front rank of American stage managers.

The Messrs. Kiralfy were succeeded in the Alhambra stage management by Milano, the first of English ballet-masters. It was while Jack Milano produced the Alhambra ballets that the house gained the prestige it has since so well maintained, and it was also at the same time that the most objectionable feature in the then Alhambra management was introduced by Mr. Frederick Strange. This one experience of the ballet stage will probably be interesting now that the rigorous rule of the London County Council renders such excesses impossible at any of the metropolitan places of amusement.

There were upwards of one hundred young women in the Alhambra corps de ballet, and we were all informed by the assistant stage-manager that our presence in the canteen after the spectacle was considered indispensable. There were in our corps, as there are in those of every other theatre, ballet-girls who had sufficient self-respect to rebel against this order and resolutely refused to be present at the canteen bar to lure foolish young men to purchase champagne at a pound a bottle. Several of us waited on Mr. Strange and remonstrated, and I remember I told the manager that we would sooner forfeit our engagements than fulfil so disagreeable a duty. The manager was both too good-natured and too astute not to perceive the reasonableness of our remonstrance, and the result eventually was the closing of the canteen to the general public.

We had obtained a brilliant success in the gay capital of France when the political horizon was obscured by the menacing action of the French Imperial Government in opposition to the election of a Prussian prince to the throne of Spain. I distinctly remember the excitement and ferment of this stirring time in Paris; and I also remember that our theatre, as well as all the other places of public amusement in Paris, were nightly thronged with patriotic Parisians, who, at times, acted more like a mob of lunatics than civilized and cultured men of the world.

On the night of the day the Emperor's ministers declared war against Germany, the audience was more than usually noisy and excited, and an improvised dance in one of the ballet acts produced a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. On this occasion our premiere, Madame Piteri, who was herself a Parisienne, after dancing a pas seul in the ordinary course of the ballet, executed a carmagnole with two tricolour flags in her hands, and as she passed rapidly through the movements of the exciting national dance the whole of the audience en masse rose and capered about the theatre in a state of mad excitement.

The time soon came, however, when the cries of a Berlin, a Berlin were no longer heard in the saloons and cafes, and desolation and gloom prevailed the streets of the city once the gayest of the gay. Mr. Strange at this time was in London, and we vainly waited for orders and the necessary funds to leave the city before the gates were closed and all means of exit impossible. We kept up our weary and hopeless task of amusing the dejected citizens until General Trochu ordered all theatres and places of amusement to close their doors. A week elapsed after this, and still Mr. Strange had not forwarded the money of which we stood in such sore need. We should most certainly have been shut up in the besieged city had not Fred Vokes, who now took the head of the troupe, encountered George Washington Moore, of the St. James' Hall, just as that gentleman was himself about to leave Paris. Mr. Moore, fortunately for us, was able to advance sufficient funds to enable us to leave Paris by the last train that left the city prior to its being invested by the Prussian army.

On my return to London I obtained an engagement to dance in the pantomime at Drury Lane; and when the pantomime was withdrawn, I signed an engagement to appear in a grand spectacle to be produced at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. Some considerable time after I arrived in America I was induced by a ballet-master to join his troupe of dancers in a tour through the Southern States. We left the Empire City in a steamer called the Fallen Star, bound for New Orleans, on April 20, 1872. The passengers on board this vessel were—so a religious journal afterwards averred—an out-and-out devil's crew. There were forty of us girls in the ballet troupe; there was also an opera company, and a large number

of gaily-dressed young women, who were shipped by an infamous and enterprising speculator for the winter season in the gay city by the banks of the Mississippi.

All went well until we made the Gulf of Mexico, where a violent storm arose, and the vessel, springing a leak, became a wreck. When the pump tackle was fixed on deck we girls worked at the pumps while the greater part of the men (so called) retired to the cabins and made themselves drunk and incapable. All the "unfortunates" on board, I am bound to say, displayed a courage and a willingness to work at the pumps that ought to have shamed the men, who acted quite otherwise.

We kept the ship afloat until the greater part of us were taken off by a large steamer also bound for New Orleans. Some of the "unfortunates" could not be rescued before the Fallen Star foundered, and these poor souls found a grave in the depths of the Gulf of Mexico.—London Tit-Bits.

Another Natural Telephone.

A companion story to that which was recently told in the electrical papers of a natural telephone on the sides of two mountains several miles apart comes from San Bernardino county. Close by the town of Colton is a peculiar hill of solid marble, known as Slover Mountain. Eight or ten miles distant is the range called the Box Spring Mountains. The story goes that one day a hunter was climbing these mountains and stopping to rest for a few minutes, he heard the sound of human voices, apparently coming from the clear atmosphere. He looked all around, but there was no sign of anyone. The conversation continued, and without knowing why, he began to take part in it. The unknown voice immediately responded in a tone of astonishment, and after a few words of inquiry and explanation the Box Springs hunter learned that he was actually conversing in an ordinary tone of voice with persons on Slover Mountain, at least eight miles distant. The conversationalists then began to experiment by trying their voices at different levels up and down the mountain, but they found that the phenomenon was apparently only at one particular point. This remarkable fact was tested subsequently a number of times with success, but finally, after a severe earthquake, it was found that the natural telephone no longer existed.

The "Average Woman."

How many who use the term "average woman" know what it implies? Physically it means that she weighs about 117 pounds, and that, if an American, she is somewhat taller than 5 feet 1 inch. Observations taken by the French Academy relative to the average height of 1,107 Frenchwomen without shoes, show it to be that much. Dr. Sargeant, from 1,335 observations, concludes that the American woman is nearly two inches taller than the average daughter of France; and Dr. Galton, in 770 measurements, found that the women of Great Britain are the tallest of the three, they exceeding Miss Columbia by fully half an inch. In the matter of weight, though, American femininity is slightly ahead, though the figures are not given.—Chicago Times.

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THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE.

By W. J. ASHLEY, M. A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto.

(FROM THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHMAN.)

I have been asked to speak to you about the condition of the people, of the body of the nation, those who work with their hands; and of the way in which that condition may be improved. There are many, I know, who think that we have no need to trouble ourselves about such a question at all. In this new country, they say, whatever may be the case in the old world, the working classes are all in comfortable circumstances; or, if they are not, it is their own fault. Every man who is sober, and steady, and thrifty, and industrious, can get on. I propose, in what I have to say, to deal only with the population of our cities; and of their condition the account I have just quoted is, I am sure everybody who knows anything of real life must own, much too bright and cheerful. We have not yet in Toronto, thank God! such a dense mass of hopeless and thriftless poverty as is to be found in the old cities of Europe; with the great body of our people there is a helpfulness and buoyancy and self-reliance that prevents their sinking into pauperism; and almost every man who is willing to work, though he may sometimes have a hard time and a sad time to go through, can manage to earn enough to keep body and soul together. But when we think of the uncertainty of employment, not only of unskilled laborers, but also of skilled mechanics who know their trade; of the narrow margin which wages allow above the cost of mere living, even when fairly regular work is secured, if a man has a wife and family to support; of the wearisome and uninteresting character of much of the work that has to be done, so different from the employment of a professional man; of the mean and unhealthy homes in which so many of the working classes have to live; when we think of all these things, we must surely hope that a better time is coming.

Well now, gentlemen, you might fairly ask what weight can be attached to my opinions on questions like these. I am but a man of books, and cannot feel the stress of competition, or the pinch of need, like those who have themselves to enter into the industrial struggle as employers or employees. That is to a large extent true; and yet there are two circumstances which may justify my speaking to you. The first is that, owing to the circumstances of my life, working men, toiling with their hands, are among those who are nearest and dearest to me. From my intimate knowledge of their lives, I know what "hard times" really mean, what uncertain wages mean, what the substitution of machinery for human skill means. In a recent prolonged strike in London, I have had friends among the employers on one side, and among the leaders of the strike upon the other. These things are not all theory to me. And the second is, that for some years I have been studying the condition of the people in many ages and countries.

A great change is coming over the science of Political Economy. A few years ago the economist used to say, "Give me a few simple principles to start from, such as that every man will take care of himself, and I can construct the rest of the science for myself, and explain everything very well, without the aid of particular facts." But now political economists are not so bold; they begin to ask, What are the real facts of industry? What has been the condition of the laborers in past ages? Has it improved or gone back? How have the conditions of labor

which we find to-day come into existence? This, then, has been my special work; and if this is of any use at all, it ought to some extent to put me into a position to deal fairly with the question we are considering. And if I should say anything that is distasteful to you, I am sure you will be generous enough to believe that I try, at any rate, to be honest and impartial.

Let me begin with making this remark: There is very good reason for believing that, hard as is the condition of the working classes, and slow as is the rate of its improvement, that condition has been gradually improving in Europe and America, from the earliest times of which we have any knowledge. Some writers last century were fond of drawing fancy pictures of the noble savage, and arguing that civilization was all a mistake. You know too much about the noble savage to fall into such an error as that. There are very few of you who would, if you could, exchange your lot with that of a North American Indian. But writers nearer our own day, though they do not go so far as that, are nevertheless fond of pointing to some remote period, when everybody was comfortable and happy, when there were no wicked capitalists, or grinding landlords; and of telling us that since that time the working classes have been degraded and robbed of their inheritance. Sometimes they refer to a period when the land was owned in common. The only common ownership of which we are quite certain, is among savage tribes; and there, if there is no individual ownership of land, there are also no individual rights at all, and scarcely anything that we can call individual freedom of thought or action. It is true that historical scholars once believed that the early English held their land in common; and from these historical scholars the idea was taken up by the socialists, and by Mr. Henry George. I have great respect for Mr. Henry George, but of course he is not a special authority on early history; and he very naturally borrowed the idea from the books that came in his way. But since that theory was started—and it was never anything more than a theory—it has been examined by later historical scholars, who have had no sort of bias against socialism, and it is now being altogether given up. It is now coming to be generally accepted that at the earliest period to which we can go back in English history, instead of the land being tilled by brotherly groups of common owners, it was cultivated by men but little above the position of slaves—many of them, indeed, absolutely slaves; and these serfs were almost entirely at the mercy of their masters, who owned the land. They usually had a little plot of land to themselves; they could give but little time to it; most of their time they were bound to spend working without pay on the farm of their master. It was only gradually that the Church was able to touch men's consciences, and secure for these poor drudges some little time they could call their own, some little store of goods they could regard as their own property.

There are others who place what they call "the golden age of the English laborer," many centuries nearer our time; but still, more than four hundred years ago. In the fifteenth century, we are told, the laborer was able to procure more food with his wages than at any other time before or since. It was Professor Thorold Rogers who first made this statement; and it was at once taken hold of by the socialist, Karl Marx. Since then it has come to be accepted as almost a certain fact that the history of the last three centuries has been one of oppression and degradation of the laboring classes. I believed something like this myself a few years ago; but more careful study has convinced me that the account Mr. Rogers gives of our ancestors four hundred years ago is not sup-

ported by evidence; and this is the opinion of all those who have given any careful study to the subject. The life of the great mass of the people was mean and sordid; they were subject to periodical famines; more frequently they were swept away in hundreds of thousands by pestilence, the result of their unhealthy mode of life; their morality was slow; brutal quarrels and bloodshed were almost as common among them as among the Italians at New Orleans; they toiled and squabbled from year's end to year's end with no one to help them or care for them.

No, I am convinced that the condition of the working classes in English-speaking countries is better now than in any preceding century. For the last fifty years, it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt, that the condition of the average English and French working man has distinctly been raised. And the same thing is true, I imagine, of America and Canada.

Are we to rest content with this? God forbid. The history of the past is certainly, in one view of it, encouraging; for it teaches us that the world is, after all, slowly becoming better; and it rebukes those unwise agitators who go about saying that things are going from bad to worse, and that there is no hope except in revolution. But after all, the story of the sorry lives men have led in this world in the past, of the cruel wrong, the long-abiding oppression they have endured, is a very sad one, and should stimulate us to make the world a better place to live in for those who come after us.

But now comes the question, What are we to aim at? Have any of you who have thought over these matters ever formed for yourselves a sort of ideal or object towards which to work? Perhaps the idea that has occurred to some of you is this: We hear of the enormous wealth of a certain comparatively small number of individuals; why should not that wealth be divided among those who labor with their hands? Then we should be able to enjoy the comforts which are now the exclusive property of the few! But even if it were just to do this, it would not help us much. The incomes of the wealthy look very large by themselves, and I certainly think that they are much larger than the services they render to the community deserve. But they would not go very far, if they were divided. If all the incomes which go to individuals in England were divided equally to every family, how much do you think it would come to? About \$8 per week per family. The first fact then, we notice, is that there is not enough wealth—not enough good things for man's use actually got ready for him out of the earth—to make us just yet very comfortable all round. Others may say: "Why should we laboring men always have to work under directions? why can't we enjoy the independence of a boss? Simply because as things are now, and as they are likely to be for a long time, industry and manufactures are so organized that the number of "bosses" must be comparatively few. The old handloom has disappeared; most things nowadays get to be made in large mills and factories, or by comparatively large capitalists employing a good many men. There are some trades still in which small shops are the rule; and in these cases most men of any force of character can fairly hope to become employers themselves; but in most important trades, it is manufacture-on-a-large-scale that is winning the day. Even if, as the socialists demand, all the processes of manufacture were taken over by the State, it would still be necessary for the mass of men to continue to work with their hands, under the direction of others. Even with socialist workshops, we could not all of us sit in the counting house.

What conclusions can we draw from all this? They are these: We cannot hope, by any reforms or revolutions,

that the working classes can, for some centuries at least, be placed in a position of affluence and luxury. And, secondly, the vast majority of them will have to continue working men. Well, then, what can be reasonably hoped for? This:

1. That though it is impossible in the nature of things that every working man, or working man's son or daughter should be able to rise to what is called a higher position, yet that there should be as few obstacles as possible in the way of those rising to positions of higher worldly dignity and influence who are fit for them.

2. That as the majority must remain working men, they should, while remaining working men, have a wage which will secure them a sufficiency of food, healthy houses, and warm clothing; which will enable them to put by against a season of ill-health, or the enforced idleness due to the seasons and unavoidable slackness of trade, as well as against old age; that they should have a reasonable regularity of employment so as not to be harassed and demoralized by uncertainty; and that when their work is monotonous and exhausting their hours of labor should be so limited that they should have time for wholesome recreation.

A few words about each of these. And first, as to opportunities of rising. People have often the most mistaken notions as to what getting on in the world means. To struggle along with a miserable little "corner store"; to try to live in a big house and keep a black coat on your back as a half-starved doctor or chemist, rather than to do the work of a skilled mechanic, is not to rise in the world. The anxiety to leave a trade and get into what is called a "profession" seems to me to be even stronger in Canada than it is in the old country; and it is very absurd when looked at from a truly democratic point of view. Still we must recognize that a man who is fairly successful in a profession can secure a life of greater comfort, with more opportunities for mental cultivation, than the average skilled artisan; and it is an honorable ambition on the part of a working man, or a working man's son, to try in this way to improve his position. Thomas Carlyle used to say that the great message of the French Revolution was that "careers should be open to talents." But the reason why I dwell upon this is more than the desire that every one should "have fair play," though that ought to be of great weight. My reason is that it is of the utmost importance for the community that it should be able to command the best services of the ablest of its members. We want the men of greatest ability the country can produce to sit upon the bench as our judges, to sit in the legislature as our lawgivers, to sit upon municipal councils, to heal our bodies as doctors, to elevate our thoughts as clergymen, to direct our manufactures and manage our finances as men of business. You know how much has, of late years, been done to make some profitable use of what are known as "waste products"—all that apparent waste and rubbish that used to be thrown away in manufactures. All sorts of uses are being found for them; and it is sometimes discovered that they can be made more valuable than the article itself which was originally produced. But a distinguished and wise English economist, one who measures his words, has said that "the great waste product" of modern society is the higher ability latent but undeveloped among the working classes. We want to remove every obstacle in the way of making the best use of all the ability that can anywhere be found. I cannot dwell on all the many ways in which this can be done, but there is one in particular about which I want to say something. We ought to have a system of compulsory elementary education. The country cannot afford to lose the ability that will never be called forth, or that will be turned to evil

uses, among the children of our streets. The Government of Ontario has recently passed a compulsory educational act. But to pass an act may be a useless sop to conscience, unless efforts are made to carry it out. Truant officers are to be appointed. Now, I want all of you to use your influence that there shall be enough truant officers—not one or two for this huge city, but half a dozen or more, and to give them all the aid in your power to do their work. It may seem hard at first that children should be forced to go to school when they are helping their parents, or are said to be helping their parents, by picking up odd jobs; and the truant officers may make a few mistakes at first. But the act cannot be enforced without a little hardship here and there; and we must weigh this hardship against the gain to the children themselves and to the community. And, again, the act cannot be enforced without some little additional expenditure in the way of school buildings. Encourage the trustees to enter upon a bold and vigorous policy; be suspicious of a trustee who asks you to vote merely on the ground that he will keep down the taxes; remember that penny wise may be pound foolish.

When the children have been got into the public schools, then there ought to be an open road, for such of them as have ability, to the high schools, and from the high schools to the university. I am very proud of the educational system of this country in many respects; and it has this great advantage over England, that it is easier here for a lad of moderate ability, whose parents have moderate means, to get to the university. But for boys whose parents are very poor, however great their ability may be, I am inclined to think that the way to the university is here more difficult than even in old England. The English universities have a great number of scholarships open to general competition; and, what is infinitely more important, during the last ten years or so a great number of scholarships have been established at the grammar schools (corresponding to our high schools) and annually offered for competition among the senior boys in the board or public schools. I know several men of great ability, now in positions of influence and dignity, who were the children of very poor working men, and who have had a way opened to them by this system of scholarships. I think much more ought to be done in this way at our own university. There are very many farmers' sons among our students, but very few sons of city artisans. This ought not to be so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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