

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

### CENTRAL

#### TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

LOUIS Z. BOUDREAU, - - - PRESIDENT  
J. B. DUBOIS, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT  
P. J. RYAN, - - - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY  
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JOS. RENAUD, - - - COR. SECRETARY  
JOS. CORBEIL, - - - TREASURER  
JOS. PAQUETTE, - - - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

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

#### RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 708.  
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Next meeting Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

#### DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

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

#### PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

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

#### BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

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

#### BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

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

## LEGAL CARDS.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Q.C., M.P. John S. Hall, Jr., Q.C., M.P.P. Albert J. Brown.

Affine D. Nicolls.  
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## BUSINESS CARDS.

B. E. MCGALE,  
Pharmaceutical and Dispensing Chemist.  
2123 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.  
Sunday Attendance—From 1 to 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON,  
DISPENSING CHEMISTS,  
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets, MONTREAL.

## PLAYED A FALSE PART.

### HOW A DETECTIVE RAN DOWN A GANG OF THIEVES.

Sam Rivers, who was recently sent to Michigan City to serve three years at the Prison North, has been one of the shrewdest and most successful manipulators of crooked money in the country, his history reading like a romance.

John T. Riley was born and raised in Hartford, Conn., of rich parents. He was a wild, reckless fellow, and shortly after becoming of age he forged his father's name for \$3,000 and fled to Philadelphia. There he assumed the name of Thomas W. Foster, and engaged in the horse business, connecting himself with a lot of sharpers, whose business it was to fleece countrymen. He made considerable money and flew rather high. One night at a theatre he formed the acquaintance of a woman named McBride, whose husband was an alderman and quite wealthy.

The flirtation was so marked between the two that the husband was informed, and he hired a detective to watch his wife. As he was about to trap the guilty pair they eloped, and took with them several thousand dollars belonging to the alderman. It seems that they stopped off at Osgood, Ind., where Foster, with the money stolen by the woman, went into business.

Foster had not been in Osgood a great while until he became acquainted with the notorious Missouri Rittenhouse and Isaac Levi and his family, all of whom were counterfeiter and crooks. The whole lot became intimate, and when Foster bought a livery stable and ostensibly did a legitimate business, his barn was only a "fence" for stolen horses. He and Levi bought horses and passed counterfeit money, and, attending all the fairs and races, soon became acquainted with all the thieves and crooks of the country. A great many horses were stolen, men robbed on the highway, stores plundered and men beaten nearly to death.

Crime was rampant. The people raised a fund and a detective was employed to ferret out the marauders. When he got to Osgood he recognized his old friend Foster and the alderman's wife. However, he held out and moved to Columbus, O. There Foster and McBride's wife moved in the best of society, gave grand parties and were the associates of the most prominent people of that city. Two years of rapid living drained Foster's resources, and, becoming heavily in debt, he returned to Osgood. The woman deserted him and went to Washington, where she lives under an assumed name.

Foster handled crooked money and dealt in stolen horses, and on July 9, 1884, the detective became a hostler in his stables. He did not get a good "pointer" until in the fall, when Sam Rivers hired a buggy at the stable and was driven to the country by young Sam Rittenhouse. That night a horse was stolen, and when young Sam was arrested the detective's evidence cleared him and he was looked upon as a "safe man." He became Foster's right-hand man. He introduced him to Henry Underwood, Sam Rivers, Walter Hammon, John Kelly, Hiram Kelley, William Wainwright, Frank Elder, Skinny Douglass, John Holloway and other thieves. The thieves would average a horse each week, and in warm weather the animals were kept in a thick woods until a shipment was made.

Henry Underwood stole a fine roan horse in Indianapolis, and two days after Foster got the animal. He sold it to a prominent whisky dealer of Aurora, Ind. The Indianapolis parties traced their horse to Aurora, and Foster paid the money back, claiming he bought the horse from a man named Howard, living in Ripley County. But the Marion County people were not satisfied. Foster was arrested, tried and sentenced to three years in State's prison.

The Supreme Court reversed the finding, and he came back for another trial. As soon as he returned he was arrested on two indictments from Boone County, two from Dearborn County and three from Ripley County. He was put under \$3,000 bonds, his father-in-law (he having after the alderman's wife deserted him married the daughter of a Versailles druggist) becoming his surety. He jumped his bond and fled to Canada. He is now living in Hamilton.

Foster being out of the way, Missouri Rittenhouse became the leader of the gang. Strange to say, the detective was still unsuspected and boarded with Mrs. Rittenhouse, sharing the fullest confidence of the thieves and crooks that made her house their headquarters. His

life there was one continuous adventure, and many times did he warn men who were to be robbed or their stores broken into. Night after night he would scout around and confer with the authorities, and as the gang one by one became entangled in the meshes of the law, he was able to divert suspicion from himself.

Henry Underwood and Walter Hammon robbed an old man named Downing in Boone County, and because Downing protested Underwood nearly brained him with his revolver. Underwood, Hammon and John Kelly robbed a store at Mechanicsburg of \$600 worth of goods but the owners got most of the goods back. Lyle Levi and Hiram H. Kelley plundered a store in Osgood, and took the plunder to a house where lived a young woman with whom they were both in love. They gave her most of the fancy goods stolen, and, getting into a quarrel with her, Levi shot Kelley, but unfortunately did not kill him.

Levi kidnapped the girl and took her to Arcadia, Hamilton County. The detective traced her there, then to Shelbyville, Columbus, and at last found her in a log hut in the midst of a thick woods, ten miles south of New Gibson. John Kelley was with her, and in a desperate fight he handcuffed them both, and on her testimony he convicted Kelly, Levi and Wainwright.

Of course, then, his real character was revealed, and the gang, what was left of them, swore to kill him. Henry Underwood tried to shoot him twice, but didn't make it. Underwood and Foster planned to kill W. G. Holland, the prosecuting attorney at Osgood, but he warned him in time.

Every one of the gang has been convicted. Except old Sam Rivers. In the three years 165 horses were stolen, 20 stores robbed, a great many cars plundered and highway robberies without number committed. The men were all desperadoes, and scrupled at nothing. Henry Underwood, before coming to Indiana, killed a man in Texas. He was sentenced to twenty-one years in prison, but broke jail, and, stealing a horse from the Judge who sentenced him, escaped North. It cost three years' work and \$10,000 to break up that gang.

## UNDER THE KNOT OF THE CZAR.

### Cruelties Practised in Russia.

The despotic rule of the Russian Czar is heaping outrages fast and cruel upon the unfortunate nation which, among those of Europe, is the only one, except Turkey, still doomed to suffer under the iron heel of absolutism. Here is one more of the terrible atrocities inflicted upon the poles by the brutal minions of the Romanoffs:

The London Times reports that on May 31 the little daughter of a general named Puserev was playing ball in the Saxon garden of Warsaw. Her ball hit a boy aged 10 years old, named Winter, who threw back the ball, hitting the little girl's nurse. The latter at once began to pound the boy with her fists. He defended himself and uttered some sentiments showing that the boy was imbued with the hatred of all patriotic Poles against their Russian oppressors. The nurse caused the arrest of the boy who was imprisoned at once, and a report was sent to the Governor-General Gurko who ordered that the boy be given 25 lashes with the knout. As the law prescribes that children in Russia must not be punished except by the consent of their parents and the boy being fatherless, his guardian, a restaurant keeper of the name of Obschewski was commanded to inflict the lashes under a threat that his business would be closed by the police unless he obeyed. Obschewski, for fear of losing his livelihood, undertook the awful task. In the presence of a surgeon the boy was stripped naked and when the seventh lash had been applied the surgeon declared that the life of the boy, a small child of nervous temperament, was in danger. When Obschewski heard that statement he threw away the knout, declaring that he would rather be ruined by the police than continue the torture.

Thereupon a despatch was sent to the Governor-General, asking for further instructions. The reply of General Gurko, the "Great Victor of Plevna," was: "Give him the full punishment." And they really carried out the order. A policeman grasped the knout and gave the boy 18 additional lashes. Unconscious, and his back literally hacked to pieces, streaming with blood, the boy was carried to the house of his mother who then heard for the first time what had happened to her little son.

The population of Warsaw was enraged on learning of the fiendish brutality, and several arrests have been made of men who denounced General Gurko.

## COURTSHIP IN TURKEY.

### There is No Coming Out Party in That Medieval Land.

In Turkey there is no such thing known as a coming out party or any kind of a debut made by a young girl. The seclusion of the lives of the young women and the sacredness in which they are held are opposed to it, besides which it is considered somewhat of a disgrace to appear to have a daughter who seeks instead of being sought.

When girls are nine years old they reach their majority, and they are often given in marriage at that age, though the more generally observed rule is to marry at fourteen or fifteen. The girl who is not married at twenty is looked upon as very unfortunate and classed among the old maids.

No man can ever behold the unveiled face of his bride until after the marriage, and he really does not know what she looks like, nor does he ever speak one word to her until she is irrevocably his own.

But the young man generally succeeds in getting as pretty a wife as he could have chosen for himself, and most likely fares better than half our own bridegrooms, for he sets his mother or his nearest female relative to find out for him all he wants to know.

It is not considered proper for any parents who have a daughter to appear to wish to find a husband for her, but there are certain old women who make a business of knowing all the marriageable girls and young men, and to them is due the possibility of arranging the affair. They will see the girls at the bath or in their homes, and then go to the mothers of the young men and go over a list of the girls she knows and give a summary of their beauty, wit and accomplishments. When the young man's mother hears of one whose family, position and dowry, as well as personal attractions, seem suitable to her son's merits, she signifies that she would like to see the maiden at the bath.

The old woman then visits the young lady's mother, and invites her and her family to the bath, which is equivalent to inviting any one to the matinee. The mother is carefully enjoined to take her own family. No word is said, but the mother knows that her daughter is to be inspected and judged upon, but all parties utterly ignore the fact. The young man's mother pays the expense of this treat, and is there with all her family—of course, only the female members—and several of her personal friends.

When the invited guests have all arrived there are introductions and compliments, and then disrobing for their steam cooking process, after which they all plunge into the basin and have a general good time. Then slaves bring lunch and they all sit around clad in soap-suds and eat luach, after which they plunge into the basin again, and when weary of sport they come out to have their toilet made for going home.

On such occasions all the young girls who are to be at the bath are dressed in the most exquisite manner as to bathing robe and such garments, which she takes good care to display before and after her bath, but during the interval she has no garment but that which Godiva wore.

If the young man's mother likes the girl she asks permission of the girl's mother to visit her the next day. If she does not, she simply bids her adieu politely and that ends it. It is very mortifying to fail to be approved of and greatly lessens a young girl's chances.

If, however, the visit is to be made, there will be a formal demand for the young lady's hand, which is referred by her mother to the girl's father, and he makes his investigations, though probably less exciting ones, and if the young man is eligible the mothers are at liberty to talk it over to their hearts' content, while the fathers make out the contract. The girl gets a dowry of clothes, jewels, household goods and money, according to the position of the parents. This always remains hers, and in case of her husband's death reverts to her, as also it does in case of divorce, though her husband has virtual control of it during their married life.

The preparations for the wedding are always showy and always reach the utmost limit of the bride's parents' means. An ulema comes the day of the ceremony and gravitates between the selamluk, where the men are, to the door of the harem to ask the usual questions, and when a certain number have been answered the groom is led to the family sitting room in the harem, where the

two join hands and exchange rings and are pronounced wedded. Not even then is the bridegroom permitted to see his bride, for all the married women now take possession of her and she has to eat the 'leg of mutton' dinner with them, which signifies that now her girl's life of pleasure is ended and she must come down to matter of fact life.

## AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

### A Sturdy Young Ironworker Fulfills a Boyhood Promise of Marriage.

Eight years ago Hattie A. Statts and Frank A. Lynch attended school in Pulaski county, Ills. The girl was twelve and the boy sixteen years of age. One afternoon he accompanied her part of the way home from school and told her his plans. His purpose was to go to Pittsburg, where he would enter some iron establishment and prepare himself for the battle of life as a mechanic. He had no taste for farming.

Some day he would return to the neighborhood and claim her as his bride if the girl's love was not changed. One year later the parents of Hattie died and she was placed in an orphan asylum, where she remained for several years. She finally secured employment as help in a private family in Springfield. A few weeks ago she came to Gainesville from Illinois to accept employment in a private family. Three days after her arrival she received a letter, forwarded from Springfield, postmarked Birmingham, Ala. It was from Frank.

Inquiries among former friends and acquaintances in old Pulaski secured him her address in Springfield. He was now a man able to provide, and, if she desired it, he would come to redeem the parting promise. He had gone from Pittsburg to Birmingham a few years ago.

Hattie's answer reminded Frank that eight years had intervened since they parted. It was a long time, and vast changes in personal appearance took place between boyhood and manhood and girlhood and womanhood. Before she could answer his question and accept his offer of 1883 he must see her as she is. Her removal from Springfield to Gainesville and the circumstances under which it was made was quickly told.

"Yours, as ever," preceded the signature, which was followed by the inevitable postscript. It was confined to the sentence, "Send me your picture in your working clothes, and by return mail I will send you mine in my best."

The following Tuesday Frank put in his appearance preferring, as he said, to see her in her working clothes and to judge of the state of her heart by taking her unawares. Friday the license was obtained and Saturday they were married. The "private family" were given one week's notice of leaving.

The following morning he took the 8 o'clock train for Birmingham to prepare a home for her, leaving her amply supplied with funds to make the journey to Alabama, when he wired her "Come." The message soon came. It is a three room cottage, with a flower garden in front.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## LABOR DAY!

### Route of the Procession and Other Arrangements.

The committee in charge of the Labor Day celebration have arranged the route of procession as follows:—

Form on the Champ de Mars, proceed by Craig to Bonsecours, to Notre Dame, to St. Lambert, to St. James, to McGill, to Wellington, to McCord, to Notre Dame, to Chaboillez Square, to Inspector, to St. James, to Craig, to St. Lawrence, to Exhibition Grounds.

The procession will start at 9.00 o'clock sharp and the various organizations should make arrangements for mustering previous to that hour.

The marshalls will meet shortly to arrange the order of places for the different organizations, which arrangement will be duly announced.

Should any organization have been unavoidably overlooked the secretaries of same are requested to communicate with Mr. P. J. Ryan, secretary to the celebration committee, 20 St. Phillip street, who will also be happy to furnish any information in his power to those who may desire it.

The programme of sports is an excellent one comprising a full round of athletic sports open to amateurs, a lacrosse match, etc., besides other attractions in the shape of Japanese fireworks and balloon ascensions. The committee are working assiduously to make the event a success and should the weather prove favorable they have every reason to hope that it will prove one of the finest demonstrations ever held in this city and one of the most attractive of picnics.

# A MODERN JUDAS.

OR, THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

## CHAPTER XI—Continued.

‘Oh! brain fever?’  
 ‘I’m afraid so!’  
 ‘In that case I can get nothing out of her,’ said Fanks, coolly; ‘it’s a pity. By the way, do you know who I think knows a good deal about this case?’  
 ‘Monsieur Judas.’  
 ‘You’ll make a good detective some day,’ replied Fanks, approvingly. ‘Yes; I mean Monsieur Judas. He’s a crafty wretch, that same Frenchman, and knows a good deal.’  
 ‘About Melstane and Miss Marson?’  
 ‘Probably.’  
 ‘And Melstane’s death?’  
 ‘Possibly.’  
 ‘You don’t suspect him?’ asked Roger, breathlessly.  
 ‘I don’t suspect any one—at present, as I said before,’ replied Fanks, with a sudden movement of irritation. ‘Confound it, the more I go into this case the more mixed up it seems to get. It seems to me it all depends on those pills. The box went from Wosk’s shop into the hands of Melstane, certainly—’  
 ‘Yes, and it went from Melstane’s hands into those of Spolger,’ said Axton, with sudden recollection.  
 ‘What do you mean?’ asked Fanks, eagerly.  
 ‘Whereupon, Roger, in a terrible state of excitement, told his friend all about Melstane’s interview with Spolger—of the pill-box left behind, and of the sending of it back to Melstane.’  
 ‘And don’t you see, Fanks,’ cried Axton, in great excitement, ‘Spolger is a bit of a chemist, so he could easily put in the two extra pills before he sent back the box. Melstane would never suspect, and so would come by his death. Oh, Spolger’s the man who killed Melstane, I’m certain of it.’  
 ‘Wait a bit,’ said Fanks, rapidly making a few notes in his pocket-book. ‘When a crime is committed the first thing is to look for a motive. Now, what motive had Spolger for killing Melstane?’  
 ‘Motive!’ repeated Roger, in amazement, ‘the strongest of all motives. He was in love with Florry and wanted to marry her. She, however, was in love with Melstane, and while he lived Spolger had no chance. So of course he removed his rival by death. It’s as clear as daylight.’  
 ‘Why ‘of course?’ said the detective, putting his note-book in his pocket. ‘Even love would hardly make a man like Spolger commit a crime.’  
 ‘He’s a scoundrel.’  
 ‘Eh! but a nervous one.’  
 ‘He’s fond of Florry.’  
 ‘And fond of his own skin.’  
 ‘I tell you I’m convinced he committed the crime.’  
 ‘Don’t jump to conclusions.’  
 ‘I’m not jumping to conclusions,’ retorted Axton, hotly. ‘Look at the case, you blind bat. Spolger loves—adores Florry. He wants to marry her, but finds out she won’t have him because she loves another man. Chance, by means of the forgotten pill box, throws in his way the means of injuring that other man. What is more natural? He takes advantage of the chance.’  
 ‘Injuring a man doesn’t mean killing him.’  
 ‘Who said it did? Put it in this way. Spolger intended to merely injure him, but in making up the morphia pills he put in too much of the drug, and kills Melstane without intending to do so.’  
 ‘Theory! Pure theory!’  
 ‘Well, as far as I can see, the case is all pure theory at present.’  
 ‘By no means. We have ascertained the cause of death; the way in which the drug was taken; also a number of suspicious circumstances connected with Melstane’s past life. That’s not all theory.’  
 ‘I think the most suspicious theory connected with Melstane’s past life is Monsieur Jules Guinaud, better known as Judas.’  
 ‘Because he has red hair and a crafty face,’ said Fanks, coolly.  
 ‘No; because he loves Florry.’  
 ‘How do you know?’  
 ‘I think so.’  
 ‘Ah, that’s theory,’ replied Fanks, nodding his head; ‘purely theoretical, if you like. Well, we must be off.’  
 ‘Where to?’  
 ‘To test your theory. I’m going to see Mr. Jackson Spolger.’  
 ‘He’ll tell you nothing,’ said Axton, putting on his coat.  
 ‘Perhaps not; but his face may. He’s a nervous man. Japix told me that, so if he knows anything about this murder, he may betray himself unconsciously. Come along.’  
 So they went down into the sloppy street, and hired a cab, but just as they were going to step in, Fanks suddenly darted to the window of a brougham standing a short

distance away. It was a large brougham, and contained a large man, who put out his head when he saw Fanks, and roared out a welcome in a sententious voice:  
 ‘Hey, Monsieur Fouche!’  
 ‘Don’t advertise me so publicly, Japix.’  
 ‘Pooh? no one here knows Fouche. They think he’s a Chinese.’  
 ‘It’s best to be on the safe side, anyhow.’  
 ‘Very well, Mr. Rixton.’  
 ‘That’s better. I say, doctor, do you believe in patent medicines?’  
 ‘No,’ roared Japix, indignantly, ‘I don’t.’  
 ‘But I’ve been advised to take Spolger’s Soother.’  
 ‘Then don’t take it. Who advised you?’  
 ‘A lady.’  
 ‘Humph! Only a woman would give such a silly advice. If you’re ill, come to me like Spolger, and I’ll cure you, but don’t touch his medicine.’  
 ‘Is it dangerous?’  
 ‘Not very. The pills are only bread, gum, and morphia.’  
 ‘Morphia?’  
 ‘Yes; small quantity, of course. Not like that pill you gave me to analyze the other day. Good heavens!’ exclaimed Japix, as a sudden idea struck him, ‘what do you mean?’  
 ‘I’ll tell you to-night.’  
 ‘When you come to dinner?’  
 ‘Yes; can I bring Axton with me?’  
 ‘By all means. Good-day!’  
 ‘Good-day!’ replied Fanks, and darted back to his cab, where he found Roger awaiting him.  
 ‘Roger,’ he said, when the vehicle started toward the Spolger residence, ‘there may be something in that idea of yours after all.’  
 ‘I think so. But why do you say that?’  
 ‘Because I’ve just discovered that Spolger puts morphia in his pills.’

## CHAPTER XII. THE SPOOGER SOOTHER.

The residence of Mr. Spolger, situated about a mile beyond the town, was a large and particularly ugly building constructed on strictly hygienic principles. The inventor of the ‘Soother’ had lived in an ancient mansion, badly drained and badly ventilated, which had been erected many years before; but when his son entered in possession of his inheritance, he had pulled down the old house and built a barrack-like structure in which beauty gave way entirely to utility. Square, aggressively square, with walls of glaring white stone, it stood in the midst of a large piece of ground perfectly denuded of trees, as Mr. Spolger deemed trees damp and unhealthy, so the bare space was graveled and asphalted like a barrack-yard. Plenty of staring plate-glass windows admitted light into the interior, which was composed of lofty square rooms, lofty oblong corridors, all smoothly whitewashed.  
 The floors of polished wood, innocent of carpets, were dangerous to the unwary, and the furniture, all of solid oak, was made for strength rather than loveliness. There were few pictures on the walls, as Mr. Spolger thought that looking at works of art strained the optic nerve, and there were no draperies on the windows in case any disease might lurk in them. The bare inside looked out on to the bare barrack-ground, and the treeless barrack-ground looked into the glaring inside, so it was all very nice and healthy and abominably ugly.  
 In the midst of this fairy-like creation sat the proprietor thereof, by a hot-air stove, wrapped in a wolen dressing-gown, and engaged in measuring out his daily drops. A respectful man-servant, wrinkled like a snake, and black-clothed like a rook, stood beside Mr. Spolger with a small printed form of directions, which he was reading for his master’s information, with regard to the effects of the drops. The servant, Gimp by name, was moist about the eyes, a fact which suggested drink, and he read the dull little pamphlet in a subdued whisper which was pleasant to the ears of the valetudinarian.  
 ‘The effects of these drops,’ droned Gimp, with a weary sigh, for the pamphlet was by no means exciting, ‘is to raise the spirits. Mrs. Mopps, of Whitechapel, who suffered from rheumatics, engendered by her daily occupation of charring, was advised to try them by an humble friend who had been cured by them of liver complaint. Mrs. Mopps did so, and took four drops daily in a wine-glass full of gin. She is now cured—’  
 ‘Ah!’ said Spolger, with great satisfaction, ‘she is now cured.’  
 ‘And doesn’t suffer more than three days a week,’ finished Gimp, in a depressed tone.  
 ‘Oh, she’s not quite cured, then,’ observed his master, regretfully; ‘it must have been the gin. Gin is so very bad.’

‘Very bad,’ sir,’ replied Gimp, like a parrot.  
 ‘It makes the eyes moist.’  
 Mr. Gimp closed his own eyes tightly, aware that they betrayed him; but his master was too busy with his own ailments to trouble about the looks of any one else, and went on carefully with his measuring.  
 ‘Eight,’ he said handing the bottle back to Gimp, ‘I think that will do for a beginning. How many diseases does it cure, did you say?’  
 ‘Seven,’ said Gimp, drearily; ‘liver, rheumatism, headache, bed sores, nerves, consumption, and delirious trimmings.’  
 ‘Quite an all-round medicine. I’ve got a liver, and I often have a headache. I had rheumatism the winter before last; my nerves, of course, I always have. Bed sores? No, I’ve not had bed sores—yet.’  
 ‘Not been in bed long enough, sir, I think,’ hinted Gimp, respectfully.  
 ‘No, quite right; but I may come to it. Consumption? Well, you know, Gimp, I’m not quite sure of my lungs. What’s the last?’  
 ‘Delirious trimmings, sir.’  
 ‘I’ve not had that—I don’t think I ever will have it; drink is death to me. I hope these drops will do me good. Give me the water, please. Ah, there, that’s right. Now!’  
 He drank off the mixture slowly, with the air of a connoisseur, and gave the empty glass to the servant.  
 ‘Not much taste, Gimp. No; I’ve tasted nastier. Put the glass away, please. Have you heard how Miss Marson is to-day?’  
 ‘Just the same, sir. Delirious.’  
 ‘Ah! how terrible! I wonder if those drops would do her good?’  
 ‘I think not, sir,’ said Gimp, drifting toward the door; ‘it’s ‘er ‘ead, ain’t it, sir, not drink?’  
 ‘Yes, yes! You’re quite right, Gimp. I must go over and see her again; and the day’s so damp. Oh, dear, dear! Close the door, please, there’s such a draught.’  
 Gimp did as he was told, and retreated noiselessly from the room, after which Mr. Spolger went over all his ailments in his own mind so make sure that he had forgotten none of them, examined his tongue in the mirror, felt his pulse carefully, and having thus ministered to his own selfishness, gave a thought to the lady he was engaged to.  
 ‘Poor Florry!’ he moaned, thoughtfully, ‘how she must have loved that man, and he wasn’t healthy. I’m sure there was consumption in his family. I wonder if she loves me as much. Ah, that faint was such a shock to my nerves; so unexpected. I’d had pins and needles in the left leg. That is the first sign of paralysis. Oh, I do hope I’m not going to get paralysis.’  
 This idea so alarmed him that he arose hastily to see if his limbs would support him, and fell back in his chair with a subdued shriek as the shrill tones of an electric bell rang through the room.  
 ‘The front door bell,’ he said, peevishly. ‘Oh, my nerves! I must really have the sound softened. I wonder who wants to see me. I won’t be seen. Who is it?’  
 This question was addressed to Mr. Gimp, who had entered the room in his usual stealthy manner, and now handed his master two cards.  
 ‘Mr. Roger Axton and Mr. Octavius Fanks,’ read Spolger, slowly. ‘I can’t see them, Gimp, I really can’t. The action of the drops demand perfect quiet.’  
 ‘The gentlemen have driv from town, sir.’  
 ‘Well, they must just drive back again,’ said his master, crossly. ‘My compliments, Gimp, and I’m too ill to see them.’  
 Gimp obediently retreated, but shortly afterward returned with a curt message.  
 ‘Mr. Axton sees he must see you, sir.’  
 ‘Oh, dear, dear!’ moaned Spolger, irritably, ‘those healthy people have no consideration for an invalid. Well if I must, Gimp, I must. But let them understand distinctly—under protest.’  
 Gimp once more disappeared, and on his reappearance ushered in Axton and Fanks, whom Mr. Spolger received with peevish politeness.  
 ‘I’m sorry I kept you waiting, gentlemen,’ he said, waiving his hand, ‘but my health, you know. I’m a mere wreck. I don’t want to be jarred on. Pray be seated! Mr. Axton, you don’t look well. Mr.—’  
 ‘Fanks,’ said that gentleman, introducing himself, ‘Octavius Fanks, detective.’  
 ‘Oh, indeed,’ replied Spolger, starting, ‘a detective, eh! I think I’ve seen your name in the papers lately.’  
 ‘Yes,’ said Axton, bluntly, ‘in connection with the Jarchester affair.’  
 ‘Oh, indeed,’ repeated their host once more; ‘suicide, I believe, although Mr. Melstane did look consumptive. I incline to the latter. Now which idea do you favor, Mr. Fanks—suicide or consumption?’  
 ‘Neither! It was a case of murder.’  
 ‘Murder!’  
 Mr. Spolger jumped up in his chair as if he had been shot, and his face turned a chalky white.  
 ‘Pooh! pooh!’ he said at length, with an

attempt at jocularity, ‘absurd, monstrous! The jury said suicide.’  
 ‘I’m aware of that,’ responded Fanks, coolly, ‘but I don’t agree with the jury. Sebastian Melstane was murdered.’  
 ‘By whom?’  
 ‘That’s the mystery.’  
 Spolger said nothing, but wriggled uneasily in his chair under the somewhat embarrassing gaze of his visitors, and at length burst out into feeble protests against their candor.  
 ‘Why do you speak to me like this? I don’t know anything about murders. They upset my nerves. I’m quite anstrung with all I’ve come through. What with Miss Marson’s illness, and Melstane’s death, and all kind of things, I’m quite uneasy in my mind.’  
 ‘What about?’ asked Fanks, sharply.  
 ‘I’ve mentioned what about,’ retorted Spolger, tartly. ‘I wish you would go away.’  
 ‘So we will when you’ve answered our questions.’  
 ‘I won’t answer any questions.’  
 ‘Oh, yes, you will. It will be wiser for you to do so.’  
 ‘I—don’t understand,’ stammered Spolger, feebly.  
 ‘Then I’ll explain,’ said Fanks, composedly. ‘Melstane died from taking a morphia pill, which was placed in a box of tonic pills by some unknown person.’  
 ‘And what’s that got to do with me?’  
 ‘Everything,’ said Axton, suddenly speaking. ‘Remember the story you told at Mr. Marson’s the other day. You had the box of tonic pills in your possession for a time, and—’  
 ‘Oh,’ interrupted Spolger, very indignantly. ‘And I suppose you’ll say that I put the morphia pill into the box in order to kill Melstane!’  
 ‘That’s the idea,’ said Fanks, coolly.  
 ‘A very ridiculous one.’  
 ‘I don’t see it. You did not like Melstane, because he was loved by Miss Marson. You use morphia for your ‘Soother,’ so what was to prevent your acting as you suggest?’  
 ‘Don’t—don’t!’ cried Spolger, putting out his shaking hands with a sudden movement of terror. ‘You’ll argue the rope round my neck before I can defend myself. I did not like Melstane, certainly, but I had not the slightest idea of killing him. I’ll swear it.’  
 Fanks suddenly arose to his feet, and walked across the room to a shelf whereon was displayed a number of drugs in glass bottles. The invalid had risen to his feet, and was looking steadily at him, while Axton, similarly fascinated by Fank’s actions, leaned forward to see what he was doing.  
 The detective’s hand hovered lightly over the array of bottles, then suddenly swooped down with the swiftness of a hawk upon one which he bore to the table. It was a large glass bottle half filled with a white powder, and labeled ‘Morphia.’  
 ‘There!’ he said, as he placed it before Spolger, triumphantly.  
 ‘I know that bottle. But what has that to do with this murder?’  
 ‘Melstane died from morphia.’  
 ‘It’s no good going over the old ground,’ said Spolger, with a scowl. ‘I can easily prove my innocence. Please touch that bell, Mr. Axton.’  
 Roger did so, whereupon a shrill sound rang through the house, and Mr. Spolger dropped back into his chair with an expression of acute suffering on his face. Then Gimp made his appearance with such marvelous rapidity that it was quite plain that he must have been listening outside the door, but he walked into the room with the utmost composure, and waited to be addressed.  
 ‘Gimp,’ said his master, sharply, ‘do you remember the day Mr. Melstane called?’  
 ‘I do, sir.’  
 ‘Do you remember what took place?’  
 ‘Certainly, sir.’  
 ‘Then tell these gentlemen all about it.’  
 Gimp at once addressed himself to Fanks, who stood by the table with one hand on the jar of morphia and the other in his pocket, looking at the servant to see if he was speaking the truth.  
 ‘Mr. Melstane called, sir,’ said the respectable Gimp, deliberately, ‘a few weeks ago to see my master. He saw him, and I believe, sir, they had words.’  
 Spolger nodded his head to affirm that such was the case.  
 ‘I was called in, sir, to show Mr. Melstane out. I did so, and he swore awful.’  
 ‘And after you showed Mr. Melstane out?’  
 ‘I came back, sir, to this room, and found my master much agitated—nerves, I think, sir.’  
 ‘Yes; a bad attack.’  
 ‘My master pointed to a pill-box on the floor, and told me to run after Mr. Melstane with it. I did so, but could not see him, so I took the pill-box down to Mr. Melstane’s lodgings that evening.’  
 ‘The pill-box was in your possession the whole time?’  
 ‘Yes, sir! It was wrapped in white paper,

and sealed with red wax, sir. I didn’t know it was a pill-box till master told me.’  
 ‘And I knew it was, because Melstane held it out to me and asked me if I made pills like that,’ said Spolger, savagely.  
 ‘Well, Mr. Axton, I hope you are satisfied.’  
 ‘Perfectly,’ said Fanks, with great politeness; ‘but please tell me, when did you use this morphia last?’  
 ‘Not for months,’ replied Spolger; ‘the pills are made at the factory, and I never trouble about them. I don’t know if you’ve noticed it, sir, in your desire to make out a case against me, but that bottle is tied with a string across the stopper and sealed.’  
 ‘Ah! that’s the very thing I’m coming to. The seal is broken.’  
 ‘Impossible!’ cried Spolger, coming to the table to examine the bottle; ‘I haven’t used it for a long time, and sealed it when I last used it! Gimp, how is this?’  
 ‘I’m surd I don’t know, sir; the bottle ain’t been touched to my knowledge.’  
 ‘Does any one else come into this room?’  
 ‘None of the servants,’ said Spolger, after a pause; ‘Gimp looks after everything here.’  
 ‘Oh! what about your visitors?’  
 ‘Well, now and then I see some one here—just like yourselves.’  
 ‘There was a faint hesitation in his tone, which Fanks was quick to detect, and which prompted his next question:  
 ‘Has Mr. Marson been in here?’  
 ‘Often.’  
 ‘And Miss Varlins?’  
 ‘Oh, yes! both the ladies have been here; but they would not touch any of my drugs. The know how particular I am.’  
 Fanks said nothing, but remained for a time in meditative silence, which Spolger broke by asking him if he would take some refreshment.  
 ‘No, thank you,’ he replied, quickly. ‘I’m much obliged to you, sir, for your courtesy. Are you ready, Roger?’  
 ‘Oh, yes, I’m coming,’ said Axton, rising to his feet. ‘Have you heard how Miss Marson is to-day, Spolger?’  
 ‘Just the same, I believe.’  
 ‘Poor girl!’  
 ‘Yes, it’s dreadful!’ responded Spolger, with a groan; ‘of course the marriage will have to be put off. I’m not sorry, because I’m so upset. Fancy being taken for a murderer!’  
 ‘Oh! not as bad as that,’ said Fanks, good-naturedly; ‘I only thought you might throw some light on the mysterious affair.’  
 ‘Well, I can’t,’ said Spolger, curtly.  
 ‘No; I see that. Good-day, sir.’  
 ‘Good-day,’ replied their host, with a bow. ‘I hope you’ll be successful in your search for the real criminal.’  
 Fanks made no reply, as he had his own idea regarding Mr. Spolger’s good wishes, but departed, followed by Axton; the last thing they heard being the voice of the invalid complaining about the door being left open.  
 When they were seated in their cab and once more on their way to Ironfields, Fanks broke the silence first.  
 ‘Roger, it was a mare’s nest after all. Yes; he knows nothing.’  
 ‘I’m not so sure about that.’  
 ‘Do you mean to say he is concealing something?’  
 ‘I don’t know what to say, said Fanks, testily, but I think some one else is concealing something.’  
 ‘Whom do you mean?’  
 ‘You’ll be angry if I tell you.’  
 ‘No, I won’t. Who is it?’  
 ‘Judith Varlins!’

EXTRACTS FROM A DETECTIVE’S NOTE-BOOK.

... It is as I thought ... The packet was delivered to Judas ... We (Roger and myself) met Miss Varlins by chance and had a very strange interview with her ... She did not want me to look at the letters ... I got my own way at last, when the packet was delivered by Judas ... She looked at the letters, and I saw an expression of relief on her face ...

... Query. Could she have written to Jarlochester to Melstane? ... Were there any letters there likely to implicate her in the crime? ...

... If so, those letters, I think, have been stolen, and by Judas ... However, I can’t tell for certain ... I looked over those letters and found nothing ... Strange! Query. What does Miss Varlins mean by this strange conduct? ...

... Roger told me a queer story about Spolger concerning the pill-box ... We went up to see Spolger, but the whole affair turned out to be a mare’s nest ... All my suspicions now point to Judith Varlins ...

... Spolger and Axton have both proved their innocence of the crime.

... Query. What about Miss Varlins?

(To be Continued.)

The French delegates on Tuesday in the International Labor Congress at Brussels fervently supported the resolution to pledge workmen of all countries not to support candidates for office unless they were prepared to advocate legislation demanded by workmen.

**LABOR AND WAGES.**

**AMERICAN.**

Out of a total of over one hundred votes cast by the union printers in Grand Rapids, Mich., twenty were cast against the nine hour rule.

The Typographical Union at Grand Rapids, Mich., has made a temporary scale for the type setting machines, to hold good one month. The scale fixed was \$16.50 per week for eight hours.

Cigar Packers Union No. 251 has almost unanimously sustained the appeal against President Strasser's decision, by which it is intended to keep tenement house cigarmakers from becoming members of the Cigarmakers International Union.

For the beneficiary fund of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen \$49,402 were received last month, and the disbursements for benefits amounted to \$94,989.75, while the balance on hand was \$54,499.75.

The Illinois miners, after a strike of three months, have gone back to work at the company's terms. They gained nothing by the attempt.

The Ehrmann Manufacturing Company of Terre Haute, Ind., which has been paying women as high as 40 and 45 cents per dozen for making men's pants, overalls, jackets, etc., has discharged them because they formed a union. Their goods are being boycotted.

The members of Progressive Painters Union No. 1 working on St. Bernard's Church, Fourteenth street, won their strike against the employment of non-union men and suspended members.

During the past eighteen months, if not two years, the railway shops in Dallas, Tex., have been run on the nine hour labor system. Under orders from headquarters the old ten hour standard was resumed last week; the men found it useless to resist, and they submitted meekly to the outrage. Wages remain as they were.

About 100 quarrymen of Darling Bros., Milford, Mass., are on strike against the employment of expelled members.

The Chicago coopers are agitating against prison contract labor by which their wages were reduced to 60 cents per day, as for convict work, bosses only pay 45 cents. The shoemakers, cane workers, stone cutters and granite workers joined in the agitation.

The employees of the West End Street Railway, Boston, are dissatisfied with the result of their conference with the officers of the road, and have referred their grievances to the Executive Board of the Federation of Labor.

The long and bitter fight of the Cincinnati trades unions against Heuck's Opera House has resulted in a victory for the men. The employees have been compelled to join the State Employees Union, and the boycott was lifted by the Central Labor Council.

All men who now work for the Brooklyn Eagle as Compositors have been declared to be scabs by Typographical Union No. 98, who are on strike for nine hours. The strikers receive \$12 per week from the funds of their union. The International Typographical Union has indorsed the strike.

**EUROPEAN.**

A meeting of iron and metal workers at Steiermark, Germany, was broken up by the police upon the ground that they had no constitutional authority. The chairman protested, but the police captain threatened to run him through with his sword.

The annual report of the Swiss Typographical Union expresses the sentiment that the complete emancipation of labor can only be accomplished through socialism, and it urges its members to affiliate themselves closely with the political organization.

The statistics of child labor in the German Empire show 14,000 children between 12 and 14 years to have been employed at the factories in 1882; 18,359 in 1883; 18,895 in 1884; 21,096 in 1885; 21,035 in 1886; and 22,913 in 1888.

The druggist clerks of Paris have begun to organize in order to shorten their hours and obtain better pay. They now work from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Of the 10,000 workmen employed in building the Heho palace for the mother of the Chinese Emperor, 3,000 carpenters struck, and after a conflict with police and militia succeeded in obtaining somewhat better wages.

A committee of miners employed in the State mines in Austria waited upon the Minister of the Interior with the request that their wages be slightly raised and that certain provision be made for the better protection of life and limb. The Minister answered that so long as he was in authority such requests would not be granted, because they were against the interests of the State.

The four children of Jean Culine, who was sent to prison for six years for alleged instigation to riot at Fourmies, France, on May 1, have been adopted by the National Executive Committee of the French Labor party. They will be cared for and educated at the expense of the organization. At Roubaix, where Culine was convicted, the Labor party has demanded the resignation of Gen. Moreau who, as a member of the

Municipal Council, favored the suppression of the demonstration on May 1, and Culine will be nominated to succeed the General.

Some of the shopkeepers of Paris have appealed to the Pope for protection from the big concerns that are driving them out of trade. They ask his Holiness to formulate some plan for applying the law of justice and charity to the freedom of trade and competition, so that the little dealers can live in the presence of the great.

A society of women at Halle, Germany, has been prohibited by the police because the purpose of the association is the advocating of the political rights of female.

**INSULTING YOUNG WOMEN.**

**Dastardly Propositions Made by Some of the Payers of Low Wages.**

Women are the greatest sufferers from low wages. The cruellest feature of the wage situation is, that women standing side by side with men in the same shops and stores are paid far less wages for the same work. This is an aristocracy of sex that shames and belies all our claims to democracy. The injustice in the wages of women is already beginning to bear fearful fruitage.

During the past week a thoroughly respectable young married woman, whose evidence is indisputable, and who, prior to her marriage, had worked several years as saleswoman in the Boston stores, told me that at one time her employer told her that, on account of the dull season, he would have to discharge her, but that he would give her a good recommendation, and if she would take it to another prominent dry goods house, which he named, he thought she would at once secure employment. She took the letter of recommendation, and went as directed.

The employing agent of the firm to which she was sent asked how much salary she had been receiving, and she answered, "five dollars a week."

He replied: "I cannot pay you that much; I can only give you three dollars a week," to which she answered, "I can hardly live on what I have now, and I could not possibly live on three dollars a week." He replied, with an insulting and meaning smile, "You would have to depend on the outside friend for that."

She looked him in the eye and said, "I want to earn an honest living, and I don't want any outside friend," and at that she walked away.

She told her employer of her reception, and he said he did not intend to discharge her, but had heard that this firm were in the habit of doing this sort of thing and was determined to find out if it was true.

I received a letter from a gentleman in Conway, N. H., a few days ago, who, without knowing that I was intending to discuss this question, wrote: "After you have given the sweating system one round, can you not take up the question of the girls working in the big stores? I have just heard a well authenticated account of a man high in authority in one of the largest stores, suggesting the way to ruin a young girl from the country, who said, when she learned what her wages were to be, that they would not be sufficient to give her a bare support. This not only shows the attitude of these wealthy merchants to the souls of their working girls, but it shows that they are conscious of their attitude, and have deliberately chosen to take it."

I am informed upon undoubtedly credible testimony of another young woman who came to Boston from the country, and sought work in several stores, and was so outraged at the vile suggestions that were made to her about means of adding to her salary that she went back to the house of her friend—a lady of as high standing as any in the city—and cried and sobbed all night long. She said she would beg or starve before she would submit herself to such outrage again.

It is impossible to turn these incidents aside as exaggerations. They are horrible, I know, but the most horrible thing about them is that they are true. But you will say, perhaps, as some have said during the past few weeks, at my exposure of the sweatshops, "What good will it all do, this harrowing of people's minds with these cruel stories?"

I do not know how much good will be done. I only know that I could not retain my self respect and keep silent. Shall we look to the sweatshop, or to the chattel mortgage shark, or to the lecherous merchant to reform themselves?—Rev. Louis A. Banks, of Boston.

On Tuesday night between eight and nine o'clock an inmate of the Hamilton asylum, Mrs. Wilson, went to the bedside of another unfortunate named Mrs. Strachan, seized the latter by the throat and choked her into unconsciousness. The attendants discovered the woman in the act before she could kill her victim. For two hours the physicians and attendants endeavored to restore respiration, but their efforts were useless, and Mrs. Strachan died about eleven o'clock.

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MONTREAL, August 22, 1891.

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

### LE TRAIT D'UNION AND THE NATIONALITY QUESTION.

Under the heading, "A Word to THE ECHO," Mr. Lepine's paper, *Le Trait d'Union*, has something to say on the nationality question. The article is prompted by a few remarks in our issue of August 8th on the motion of the member for Montreal East calling for a return of the number of employees in the Custom House, their origin, salary, etc., and in the first place is a deliberate misrepresentation of what we really said on the subject. All that we pleaded for was that merit alone should be the standard by which a man's fitness for a public position should be judged, and when *Le Trait d'Union* says that we (French-Canadians) are much inferior to other nationalities both as regards education and intelligence, it knowingly and wilfully says what is untrue. There is not, in our article alluded to, the remotest allusion to what is contained in the sentence above quoted, and therefore its appearance in the French journal can only be set down to a mean and dastardly attempt to injure us in the eyes of French-Canadian workingmen, among whom we count many friends and subscribers. If our confere has any respect for truth and justice he will at once recall his vile assertion that we branded the French-Canadian race with inferiority.

In our article we desired to point out that the race cry was adopted solely by politicians. The two peoples of themselves would readily mingle, and indeed do mingle, together in business pursuits and as citizens, if they are let alone, but when their baser passions are appealed to by scheming politicians they become antagonistic and there is consequent danger to the State. It is only petty statesmen, such as Mr. Lepine, who descend to such contemptible devices to make themselves known and popular with a certain class. They have no conception of the broader principles and duties of the brotherhood of man, and their sole ambition is to rise at the expense of that "peace and goodwill" which should prevail in a country like Canada with the prospect before it of one day taking its place among the nations of the world. Such men, we say, may manage to ride for a little while in triumph upon this wave of passion, but the good sense of the people must ultimately prevail and the politician who depends upon race and religious animosities for his success will be thrown back into the obscurity from which he emerged.

But while *Le Trait d'Union* claims

equal talent and ability for the French-Canadian race, a proposition which is not disputed, it is itself alone afraid to rely upon these qualifications for success, for it says that while its countrymen number three-fourths of the population—of the Province of Quebec, we presume, it means—"the English-speaking citizens would fill all public positions and honorary places, control all the business and the others could stay in the shade and keep quiet." Surely if their talent is equal in proportion a very large number must come to the front over the English-speaking race who, according to our contemporary, only rank one-fourth in number. Amongst every race of people ability, combined with energy, is certain to command recognition. Then why should our contemporary be doubtful of the same result amongst the French-Canadian race? We ourselves care not from what nationality a man is derived provided that in his capacity as a servant of the public he has attained that position by his own qualifications alone, and these will never be known until he has entered into competition with his fellows. The man who is lacking in whatever is necessary to efficiently fill a public office should be relegated to a back seat whether or not he belongs to what our contemporary alleges is a favored race.

### LABOR DAY.

Labor Day, under the auspices of the Central Trades and Labor Council, has now come to be looked upon as an established institution, and the forthcoming celebration of the famous first Monday in September will see united in one bond of harmony and equality the workingmen of Montreal. From what has already been communicated by the energetic committee in charge of the details of the demonstration there is every reason to believe that the largest procession ever held in Montreal will be witnessed that day, while the picnic to follow on the Exhibition grounds, with its numerous attractions for sightseers, will command the attendance of thousands of others who do not participate in the parade. There we will see the bona fide workman sharing with his wife and children a short release from the toil and trouble of his existence in a round of pleasurable and rational enjoyment. The procession will give a practical idea to the public of the number of men organized to protect themselves against the encroachments of capital and to obtain a just recognition of their rights as citizens. All thinking workingmen who have studied the question of organization will readily concede the benefits that have been derived from it. They know that through past united and energetic action the hours of labor have been reduced, wages have been increased, unjust laws have been abolished, child labor has been, to some extent, driven out of our factories and the enactment of other laws to improve the condition of wage-earners generally has been secured. Knowing what has been accomplished in the past, why halt at the present? Close up your ranks and march on to future successes. It is only by a diligent and self-sacrificing pursuit of an object that we can hope to obtain it, and who will deny that there are many wrongs yet to set right, many barriers to be torn down before the workingman can say with truth that he is in full enjoyment of all that the Creator has placed upon this earth to be shared equally by all men? In Great Britain and the United States the work achieved by the unions in ameliorating the condition of the working classes has been the marvel of the whole world, and has occasioned the favorable comment of the pulpit, the platform and the unprejudiced press. Through their agency reforms beyond the reach of individual effort and despaired of by philanthropists and political economists, have been accomplished. Though these reforms have come slowly, having to be

dragged from the unwilling autocrats in power, they are none the less real, and with the rapidly advancing education of the people greater results, by the exercise of patience and fortitude, will yet be attained. From past experience there is a lesson to be learned by all workmen and that is—unite! organize! vote!

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The strike of plumbers in London, Ont., has terminated in favor of the men, who will in future receive twenty-five cents per hour.

\* \* \*

Public morality in Canada must be at a very low ebb judging from the scandals now in course of investigation and others continually cropping up. Yet another case of corrupt practices has been brought to the attention of the House of Commons, the accused party being Edward Cochrane, M. P. for the East Riding of Northumberland. Mr. Cameron (of Huron) from his place in the House impeached the member referred to with trafficking in Government situations, of which he had the disposal, for personal gain, and tabled two instances. Parliament will have to take the accusation up, and in this connection other sensational evidence will likely be forthcoming. Our neighbors across the line have often been held up as lacking in political morality; but we believe their worst specimens will look as angels when when placed alongside the Langevins, McGreevys and others of that kidney raised on this side of the line.

\* \* \*

The Government continues to decapitate the smaller fry of the departments under investigation who have been proved, or acknowledged to have accepted, bribes from contractors or firms with whom business brought them into contact. The latest of these to suffer is the Superintendent of the Stationery Department, Mr. Bronskill, who acknowledged to receiving several favors. His connection with the Civil Service has been completely severed, but his brother superintendent, Mr. Senecal, of the Printing Bureau, who was proven equally guilty, has received a respite, being in the meantime only suspended from active duty. There is little doubt, however, that he will meet with the same fate after his examination has been concluded. This is all very well in a way, but not entirely satisfactory, nor will it be until it is known how much connection the Minister in charge of the Department had with these scandals. Hitherto, enquiry leading to this has been burked and any question, the answer to which would throw light upon the subject, was carefully suppressed. There is just a possibility that the truth will now be got at, now that a motion by Sir Richard Cartwright has been agreed to, that no evidence should be refused on the ground that it may disclose improper conduct on the part of Ministers of the Crown. However humiliating the truth may be, it can be borne, but the present uncertainty is harrowing to the public conscience, and the people are uncertain on whom to look for guidance, seeing that so many of their leaders lie under suspicion.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TREAT ALL THIEVES ALIKE.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIX.—Six months in the common jail was the sentence passed upon a widow woman the other day who had sunk so utterly low and depraved that she actually stole some preserves for her baby. The monster! After her employer probably allowed her to work 14 or 15 hours a day for less than would support herself and child properly, she turned thief! Such an outrage upon this pure and unspiced community of ours, and at a time, too, when the eyes of the world seem to be upon us!

Wondering which will be the next public department that will hold a lye to see who has been clever enough to transfer a few thousands or a few hundreds of thousands of dollars of public money from the taxpayers' pockets to their own.

Of course we would not like to say it was

stealing because they are careful enough to take sufficient to be out of that category. To take a railway, a few million acres of land, two or three hundred thousands of dollars, a few thousand miles of timber limits, a million or two dollars' worth of mining lands, or get a canal built for the convenience of your mills—that is not considered stealing by our governing powers that be. It is only transferring, and the transfers are men whom we elect to represent us in parliament because of their smartness. Of course, you've got to be a clever man to be a successful transferee of what belongs to the people to your own pockets. And nobody will deny the fact that in Canada we have got at least two of the smartest sets of transferees (the Federal and Quebec Governments) there is to be found in the civilized world. But on the face of it, at present they are simply a reflection of the people who put them there, and will be considered as such until the people of this Dominion arouse from their lethargy and demand at once that every department of the House of Commons of Canada and every department of the Legislature of Quebec be thoroughly inquired into, so as to get to the bottom of these two nests of corruption, and wipe out forever, if possible, the contemptible scoundrels who, aided by their education, have used their public trust to rob and plunder the people, not caring how they blacken the character of the whole country, so long as they enrich themselves.

Six months in jail the poor widow got for taking a few cents' worth of preserves for her baby. Ye gods! what stern justice.

May all these thieves and receivers of the public property receive six months in jail for every dollar they have received or stolen dishonestly.

And when we consider that at the present time the reputation and credit of Canada is at stake, awaiting the verdict of the people on these matters, it behoves us, if we are to retain any vestige of our respectability and pave the way for anything like honest government in the future, that we must not let these public pilferers rest with their ill-gotten gains. Each and every one of them should be compelled to give an account as to how he became possessed with whatever he has got of any value, and like any other thief or receiver of stolen goods, if a proper account of its being got honestly be not given then it should be confiscated and go back to whom it belongs—the people.

Now, Montreal being the heaviest taxpayer in the Dominion should take the initiative in this matter in calling a public meeting, so that the people could voice their sentiments. And if their representatives, or misrepresentatives apparently, should side with the hoodlums then they should be requested to resign and make room for honest men. Hoping to hear from others on this question, and thanking you for your space, I will conclude.

W. D.

## JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

### A HALF EQUALS THE WHOLE

So far as our prices are at present concerned, ladies! A contradiction in terms, certainly, but not in fact! Here are articles for which, a short time ago, you would have paid double the money. And even at that they would have been of exceptional market value. But the sacrificial knife has been applied, and lo! the result is half price! If you bought from us during the summer in any of the under-noted lines of goods, you will at once verify the statement. If not, call and examine these bargains before purchasing elsewhere.

### Half Price! Half Price!

#### CHILDREN'S JACKETS

\$1.50 for 75c and so on.

#### CHILDREN'S DOLMAN WRAPS

\$1.50 for 75c, etc.

#### CHILDREN'S ULSTERS

In Cloth and Tweed \$2.75 for \$1.38, etc.

#### LADIES' ULSTERS AND DOLMAN WRAPS.

\$7 for \$3.50, etc.

#### ANOTHER LINE

\$9 for \$3.45

#### BEADED CAPES

Still a number left to clear at half price. Reduced price from 42½c

#### 20 PER CENT DISCOUNT

will be allowed on all our Cloth Caps, Lace Capes, Silk Dolmans and Cloth Jackets.

#### A LARGE VARIETY.

of Ulsters in Cloth and Fancy Tweed to clear at 20 per cent off.

#### LADIES' COSTUMES

Tailor Made to clear at 33½ off.

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1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.

Terms Cash and Only One Price.

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DO YOU WANT

A GOOD ROLLER?

OF COURSE YOU DO!

Get HENRY OWEN to make your Rollers and you will have what you want. All sizes at low prices. Rollers cast with despatch.

COMPOSITION IN BULK.  
GET PRICES.

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Publishers and Patent Medicine Dealers.

You don't require to put your money out on a big press, send it to HENRY OWEN, who will do it for you BETTER and CHEAPER than if you had a big press of your own.

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Facilities for Printing Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., to the extent of 120 reams per day.

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## McRae & Poulin;

### MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes,

Ladies' Mantles

A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut  
in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.

## Extra Wide

## BOOTS AND SHOES

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17 Chaboillez Square

# TEA! T TEA!

Housekeepers, look to your interests and

## BUY STROUD'S TEAS AND COFFEES.

Have you tried STROUD'S 30c Black, Green or Japan Teas? If not, do so and save 10c to 20c per lb. This is no catch, and any person finding these Teas not as represented will have their money refunded.

### Stroud's Tea and Coffee Warehouse,

2188 NOTRE DAME ST. NEAR MOUNTAIN.

CRANKS, PERHAPS

BUT STILL THEY SEEK MAN'S WELFARE.

All sorts of people, wise and otherwise, are engaged just now in all sorts of reforms, practical and impracticable.

Lovers of the curious in these lines in New York were somewhat entertained by a marriage in Salvation Army ranks which was of unusual interest, because it was the first performed by Commander Mrs. Ballington Booth, daughter-in-law of the famous Gen. Booth.

It was, in fact, a very solemn affair. The hall of the "Garrison" at Forty-fifth street and Broadway, was well filled, and the walls were almost covered with national flags and the Salvationist devices when the nine bridesmaids, clad in the regulation army costume of blue jerseys, blue dresses and "hallelujah bonnets," with only the addition of white scarfs, marched to the platform and knelt in prayer.

Then it was observed that the groom was already on the platform by the side of the commander—a manly-looking young fellow of twenty-five. There were more prayers and singing and many fervent ejaculations of blessings on the young couple.

Adjutant Wallace W. Winchell is a native of New York, but located in Charlotte, Mich., when a boy, has been a worker in this Army for six years, and has a voice of such wonderful compass that he is known as the iron-lunged man.

We do solemnly declare that we have not sought this marriage for the sake of our own happiness and interests only, although we hope these will be furthered thereby, but because we believe that the union will enable us better to please and serve God and more earnestly to fight and work in the Salvation Army.

We each individually promise that we will never do anything likely to prevent the other's doing or giving or suffering anything that is in his or her power to assist the Army, believing that in so doing we shall best promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

We also promise always to regard our home in every way as a Salvation officers' quarters and to arrange it accordingly, and

to bring all in it who may be under our influence and authority for faithful and efficient service in the Army.

Then the commander proceeded with nearly the same words as in the Episcopal service, but it was noted by every lady present, apparently, that the word "obey" was not used.

Like all reformers, the Salvationists are troubled by queer imitators, and two of the queerest are operating at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. They are twin brothers, Frank and John Barrill, and the keenest detective cannot tell one from the other.

A strange fact about these twins is that almost every peculiar experience is duplicated with them. They have the same tastes, the same aches and pains, and if one makes an unusual motion the other generally repeats it.

It is not to be supposed that the steady going revivalists are in any wise hindered by their somewhat eccentric allies. If there is any change they are more active than ever, and Moody and Sankey are doing a wonderful work at their summer conference at Northfield, Mass.

Ira D. Sankey is still vigorous, but Mr. Moody's right hand man has been for some years his nephew Ambert G. Moody, son of his brother George, who resembles his Uncle Dwight in many ways.

From Moody and Sankey to the high priestess of theosophy may seem a big step, but since the death of Mme. Blavatsky her disciples have been more active than ever. There has been from the start a division between those theosophists who began as spiritualists and those who came into the movement from the other side, but recently the union has been made complete by the elevation of Marie, Countess of Caithness and Duchess de Pomar, a noted spiritualist, to all the honors and titles of Mme. Blavatsky.

A Cuban of pure Spanish blood, she married young and was early left a wealthy widow. As such she captivated

a British diplomat and naval officer, Earl of Caithness and Baron Berriedale. When he was laid away with his noble and royal ancestors at Holyrood, his widow was still remarkably beautiful as well as very rich, but declined all society advances and devoted her life to a study of the occult.

If this is true it must be added that Mary Stuart has both talked and acted much more wisely in her second incarnation than in the first, for Lady Caithness is a woman of vast and varied learning and extraordinary practical ability.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PAINTERS.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

SIR,—While casually glancing down the columns of your issue of the 15th inst. my attention was drawn to a letter signed "Paint Brush."

Now as to who the unknown correspondent of yours is who shields himself under such a high sounding name is to me personally a matter of indifference, but as one of the parties alluded to in his correspondence I cannot refrain from answering his allegations and try this the only means at my disposal to dispel if possible the erroneous impression which his letter, if left unanswered, would convey to the general mass of your readers.

In the first instance he alludes to the rivalry which exists between the two unions in the city. Well for his better information I can state that between "74 and 222" there is no such rivalry, the point at issue between the two unions being one of small moment, but one on which some officials to bring themselves prominently before the members have laid great stress, thinking by these means to regain lost influence.

Your correspondent also makes a pointed allusion to the fact that the delegates from 222 were not present at the last meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, well as a member of said union and also delegate to the above Council the reason is that being unaware of the date of said meeting we were unable to attend in the interests of our society.

The question of giving work to a rat office is one more easily answered still, for by the reading of the letter in your columns I presume that your correspondent is a member of the union in opposition to 222, and moreover I should say an active member who is fully cognizant of the business of both these societies.

The reference of your correspondent to the fact why a second union was inaugurated in this city are on a par with all his other statements totally false, and more so his last allegation that the Charter of 222 has been withdrawn for such is not the case.

I will refrain from answering the question why the International Vice President should not see that the constitution of the brotherhood is not lived up to for by so answering I should be forced to disclose private business.

Trusting Mr. Editor you will grant me a little space in your next issue for the insertion of this lengthy explanation and hoping that your correspondent if he deems it prudent to answer this in his next will divest himself of his aristocratic "nom de plume" and appear in his true colors.

I remain yours, etc., THOS. KENT, 525 Albert street, Montreal, Aug. 1891.

[In this connection we have been requested to state, by the gentleman alluded to in the communication now under discussion as having readily given his consent to sending the printing of an association, of which he is a member, to a rat office, that he was not at the committee meeting when the work was given out, else he would have opposed it going where it did. He also assures us that none of the association's printing has gone there since].—Ed. Echo.

Another fatal accident occurred in the Grand Trunk yards on Monday afternoon, when a shunter named Napoleon Jervais,

living at 451 Grand Trunk street, was crushed by the cars and so seriously injured that he died at seven in the evening. An inquest was held at the General Hospital the following morning, three witnesses, Buckley, a foreman, and two yardmen employed by the Grand Trunk being examined. Their testimony was to the effect that there is a deplorable lack of system in the code of signals used in shunting cars, so that a man engaged in this dangerous employment has every chance of being suddenly run down, without opportunity to get out of the way.

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CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

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Boot and Shoe Sport. With all Boots and Shoes sold at \$2 per pair or over, a neat and useful Book will be given free of charge in the shape of the new and popular illustrated Dictionary published by Donohue and Hennebry of Chicago, containing 32,000 words and phrases, also

670 ENGRAVINGS.

Please note that our Boots and Shoes are of the very best makes and all sold at the very bottom prices. Grand sport selling and buying Boots and Shoes all August at

S. CARSLEY'S.

DRINKING SPORT!

Not at all had sport giving free cooling drinks all the hot month of August. Our drinking fountain will be free to all customers and their children during the month of August.

- Sarsaparilla and Soda Free
Pineapple and Soda Free
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Tea and Coffee all August at

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Webster's Dictionary Sport!

Real good sport all August giving away Webster's original unabridged dictionary to all customers purchasing \$25 worth or more in one day.

DESCRIPTION.

This dictionary measures 10 3/4 inches long, 9 inches broad, and 4 1/2 inches thick, and contains 1281 pages.

SEE THEM IN OUR WINDOW.

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Great Clearing Sale

SUMMER GOODS.

In order to make the next ten days the busiest we have ever had, we shall offer inducements never before heard of in Montreal.

GLOVE DEPARTMENT!

- Fawn Milanese Silk Gloves, 65c
Gray Milanese Silk Gloves, 65c
Fawn Milanese Silk Gloves, 70c
Gray Milanese Silk Gloves, 70c
Tan Milanese Silk Gloves, 61c
Ladies' Fabric Gloves, 5c
Ladies' Fabric Gloves, 10c
Taffeta and Thread Gloves, 15c
All shades in Taffeta Gloves, 20c
Ladies' Tan Thread Gloves, 18c
Ladies' Black Thread Gloves, 20c
Ladies' Black Taffeta Gloves, 45c
Pure Tan Silk Gloves, 28c
Pure Black Silk Gloves, 28c

S. CARSLEY'S.

Attend the Great Clearing Sale.

TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING DEPT.

- Boys' Galatea Washing Suits, 90c
Blue Serge Sailor Suits, 70c
Boys' Linen Crash Suits, \$1.20
Tweed Suits for Boys, \$1.50
Galatea Washing Suits for Boys, \$1
Striped Linen Blazers for Boys, \$1.10
Navy Blue Serge Sailor Suits, \$2.05
Youths' Crash Linen Suits, \$1.70
Boys' 2-Garment Tweed Suits, \$1.90
Boys' Blue Blazer Jackets, \$2.10
Fast Blue Serge Sailor Suits, \$2.05
2-Garment Tweed Suits for Boys, \$2.45
Boys' White Flannel Blazers, \$1.85
Boys' Striped Flannel Blazers, \$2.35
Boys' Good Tweed Suits, \$2.65

S. CARSLEY.

Attend the Great Clearing Sale.

MEN'S FURNISHING DEPT.

- Men's White Dress Shirts, 75c
White Dress Shirts, all sizes, \$1
White Dress Shirts, fasten back or front, \$1.25
White Dress Shirts, collar attached, \$1.25
Men's Striped Regatta Shirts, \$1
Four-fold All Linen Collars, per doz., \$1.25
Four-fold All Linen Cuffs, per doz., \$2.35
Four-fold English Collars, per doz., \$2.50
Boys' Flannelette Neglige Shirts, 45c
Men's Flannelette Neglige Shirts, 60c
Striped Flannelette Neglige Shirts, \$1.40
Silk and Wool Neglige Shirts, \$2
Striped Cotton Washing Ties, 6c
Silk Washing Ties, 15c
Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, 17c

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Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market. Clapperton's Spool Cotton never breaks, never knots, never unravels, and every spool is warranted 300 yards. Always ask for

Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

**European.**  
The first of the large estates in Ireland to come under the operation of the Irish Land Purchase Act, passed by the Government at the last session of parliament, are those of Lord Luggan, situated in county Armagh and county Down. An agreement has been entered into between his lordship and 86 tenants by which the latter agree to purchase the property for £235,000.

Considerable excitement was created in Ireland on Sunday by the sudden death of Canon Carleton, while preaching in Kilkenny Cathedral. The reverend gentleman had progressed to some extent with his sermon when he was suddenly observed to reel and fall. A number rushed to his assistance, but he passed away almost instantly. The cause of his death was heart disease.

German scientific circles are keenly interested in the experiment about to be tried at the Frankfurt Electrical Exhibition of providing all motive power for the exhibition from Laufen, 70 miles distant. The electricity will be generated there by water power from the falls on the Neckar river, and will be conveyed to Frankfurt through cables.

A serious railway accident occurred in Wales on Saturday night. A passenger train crushed into a volunteer special which was stationary on the track at a point between Pont-y-Pridd and Cardiff. Fifteen persons were injured, some of whom will probably die. The rear of the special was completely wrecked.

King Alexander, the boy sovereign of Serbia, accompanied by his father, ex-King Milan, arrived in Paris on Saturday after his visit to the Russian and Austrian courts. A crowd of 3,000 persons at the railway station cheered him lustily, and an aide-de-camp sent by President Carnot welcomed him to Paris.

The Czarevitch has arrived at Moscow, having returned from his extended tour in the East. He returned thanks in the principal churches of Moscow on Sunday for his escape from the assassin who attempted to kill him in Japan.

There was an unusually large attendance at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Sunday, to hear the negro preacher Massiah, of Springfield, Ill., who occupied the pulpit.

Mrs. Harkins, Philadelphia, has received a cablegram purporting to be from the Governor of Portland prison, England, stating that her husband, who was sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude in London in 1887 for complicity in a dynamite conspiracy, has been released and left on a steamer for New York on Wednesday last.

The International Labor Congress assembled at Brussels on Monday. Owing to protracted discussions little was done beyond reading fraternal telegrams from all parts of the world.

A terrible collision occurred on Tuesday at a point between Ostrowo and Loswitz in Prussian Poland. Two passenger trains collided at full speed. The trains were terribly wrecked and ten persons killed and many injured. Coals from the engine set fire to the wreck and some of the injured burned to death while men were trying to rescue them.

A cloud burst in the mountains near Bosen, Austria, on Tuesday, flooding the lowlands and causing great destruction. The mountain streams were converted into a torrent which swept through the village of Kollman, carrying away people and cattle, and destroying half the houses. Many persons were drowned.

**American.**  
A Port au Prince despatch received at New York says a noisy and turbulent session of the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday was closed with a vote of censure against the members of Hypolite's cabinet and was followed by the ministers handing in their resignation to the president. Members of the Chamber openly charged the cabinet ministers with corruption. The ministers were vigorously defended and their opponents as vigorously denounced, but the formal vote of censure was carried amidst storms of cheers. Hypolite is now busy with the formation of a new cabinet.

Capt. Hooper, commanding the U. S. S. Corwin, reports under date of Unalaska, July 30, the capture near the seal islands, on July 28, of the schooner Ethel from San Diego, Cal. Prior to seizing the Ethel Capt. Hooper had warned the vessel to leave the sea and left a couple of copies of the president's proclamation to that effect. Within three hours afterwards firing was heard from the Ethel and when the Corwin bore down on her the Ethel was in a school of seals and with lowered boats slaughtering them right and left.

A path of smouldering ruins two blocks wide and six blocks long, from Bay street to Beaver street, Jacksonville, Fla., and one block on each side, is the result of a fire which started at midnight on Tuesday.

At one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a boat containing a party of four artists, sketching on the Ohio river opposite Cincinnati, capsized near the Kentucky shore, and three were drowned. Those who perished

were Clara Feckheimer, aged 18, daughter of a leading shoe manufacturer of Cincinnati; Miss Hamburger, of Chicago, and Joseph Bloch, cousin of the president of the Bloch Printing Co., of Cincinnati.

A mob of Hungarians surrounded the house of John Martvony, pastor of St. Ladislaus' Catholic Church, Cleveland, on Saturday night, broke the windows and howled for the priest's blood. The police arrived just in time to prevent the breaking down of the doors. The trouble arose between Hungarians and the members because it is claimed Father Martvony, who is a Pole, favors the Polish members.

A death from leprosy occurred in the smallpox hospital, New Orleans, on Friday. The patient was a white woman named Mrs. Mary Bolt. Dr. Beard says there are half a dozen cases in the city.

The grave of Nathaniel Hawthorne has recently been so mutilated that it has been found necessary to encircle it with a high fence.

**Canadian.**  
It has just been discovered at Ottawa that the latest edition of the genuine Encyclopaedia Britannica, published in the United States, contains four articles that have been copyrighted in Canada, and orders have been issued to collectors of customs to seize the volumes containing these articles wherever found. The articles referred to deal with the subjects of Fisheries, French Literature, Germany, and Heat.

The Ottawa Free Press says it is reported that Mr. Arnoldi has been dismissed, and John A. Willis appointed chief mechanical engineer of the Public Works Department in his place.

The Government is holding an investigation into the alleged stealing from the Printing Bureau of papers for the Civil Service examinations.

A cablegram to Wm Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B., announces that their barque Marquis de Lorne had been totally dismantled in a hurricane eighty miles from Higo and that she was anchored in a dangerous position. She is one of St. John's best vessels.

**SOCIALISTS' CONGRESS.**

**Radical Workmen in Conference at Brussels.**

BRUSSELS, Aug. 17.—The International Labor congress or, as it is now called, the International Socialist Workmen's congress, met here to-day. Mrs. Aveling and numerous English delegates are in attendance despite the fact that but few English delegates were expected. The Belgian delegates delivered addresses in which they heartily welcomed all the delegates to Brussels and urged the union of all the Socialist sects. Their remarks elicited hearty applause.

To-day's doings were purely formal. All the countries of Europe are represented except Russia and Portugal. The French followers of Marx Blanki are well represented. Herren Bebel, Liebknecht and Singer, the well-known German Socialists, are present. In accordance with their declared intention to exclude Anarchists, the Belgian delegates objected to three Anarchist delegates, and the Congress most unanimously ratified their objection. It was proposed that the voting be done by nationality, but the decision of the Congress is awaited on this point. Two Americans claiming to represent the same society, presented themselves, and were both admitted after a long discussion, in which it was elicited that a split existed in the society. Another American delegate represented forty groups of Socialists. The British delegates represent 199,300 workmen.

The subjects for discussion are legislative protection of labor, the laws concerning combination, strike and boycotting, the position and duty of workmen regarding militarism, the attitude of workmen's organizations towards the Jewish question, universal suffrage, the emancipation of labor, a working day of eight hours and other social problems. Many women delegates are in attendance.

A hurricane occurred at Martinique on Wednesday night. The houses were all damaged and many lives were lost.

The International Labor Congress in Brussels has rejected the delegates from clubs and societies devoted to anarchy.

The wrought iron rail men of Worcestershire and Staffordshire have struck against a proposed reduction of 10 per cent in wages. The strike affects eight thousand men.

Six Americans were in attendance at the Socialist Congress at Brussels. Among them were Mr. Hoehn, representing the Chicago Socialists, and Mr. Kahn, representing 30,000 Jew workmen in New York.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 18.—The result of the vote of all the typographical unions in the United States and Canada to which was submitted the nine-hour proposition has been made public. Twelve thousand members in three hundred unions voted. A two-thirds majority was needed to carry the nine-hour day into effect. This majority was lacking by 32 votes.

THE SPORTING WORLD

**LACROSSE.**

In the senior league match, played at Cornwall on Saturday, between Ottawa and Cornwall the Senators were defeated by four to one. The Cornwallians are now solid for the championship.

The game on Saturday between Toronto and Montreal was a sore disappointment to the thousands of spectators on the M. A. A. grounds, who had gone there expecting to witness a first-class match. From first to last it was easy to be seen that the Torontonians were not in it along with the fleet-footed experts put forward by Montreal. They were out-run and out-played at every point of the game and it was so absolutely one-sided that the spectators grew weary of the repetition of goal taking by Montreal and shouted for the juniors after the fourth game had been taken. The teams refused to accept the hints thrown out by the spectators and played to the bitter end of two hours, the Montrealers taking six games, and it really looked as if they might be playing yet and except perhaps through a fluke Toronto would never have taken a game. Never has a more capable lot of men appeared on the lacrosse field than the team on which rested the honor of the M. A. A., and it is safe to say there is not another combination in Canada that can beat them. The Montreal defence had very little to do and only once or twice was the services of their goal-keeper required and then he acted promptly and with effect. Where every one of the team showed such good form it is almost unnecessary to particularize, but as usual McNaughton, the two Hodgsons (who played most unselfishly), Carlind, Cameron, Geraghty, Spriggins and Barry shone out conspicuously. The Torontonians will have to hustle else the silver trophy will remain in Montreal.

The match between the Juniors and St. Gabriels which followed immediately was of a more exciting character and that part of the grand stand which did not leave digusted prior to the opening of the game received full value for the price of their admission. There was genuine lacrosse shown on both sides, and although varied by something of the character of shinny was uniformly good. The Juniors on the whole displayed better stick-handling qualities than their opponents and generally were faster, but the Saints are altogether a much heavier combination. The Juniors took the two first games and it looked as if it was to be Montreal's day all through from the way they rushed matters, but the Saints woke up in the third and though the play was equal and hardly safe to bet on either side they succeeded in taking the three following games and the match. In the fifth game the Saints had some very close calls upon their goals and in one instance a misapprehension arose through the umpire holding up his hand. The result of this match gives St. Gabriel a good grip on the district championship.

Two district championship matches take place to-day—Montreal Juniors vs. Orions, on the Shamrock grounds, and Shamrock Juniors vs. Cote St. Pauls, on the grounds of the latter club.

The Crescents won three straights from Cote St. Paul on Saturday.

The Capitals of Ottawa will wrestle with the Shamrocks for the N. A. L. A. Championship, which has been held by the latter club since 1888, this afternoon. There will thus be a double event on the Shamrock grounds.

**QUOITS.**

The return friendly match between the Montreal and Caledonian clubs was played on Saturday last, eight men aside, the former winning by 24 points. The Caledonians showed a great improvement in form over their first match.

The Dominions play the Caledonians this afternoon on the grounds of the former on St. Antoine street, near Atwater Avenue.

**BASEBALL.**

The Hawthornes and Clippers met for the third time this season when the former won easily by 29 to 6. The Clippers did not show up in anything like their old form.

**SWIMMING.**

The annual races of the Montreal Swimming Club took place on Saturday at St. Helen's Island and were in every way successful. The first race, 100 yards dash, for the amateur championship of Canada was won by W. C. Johnson, M. A. C., New York; Benton, of Montreal, second. On the half mile Benedict won, Dubreuil second.

Magee, Leavitt and McCusker, who are matched to swim for the championship of America, posted their second deposit of \$100 each with The Boston Globe on Tuesday. There is now \$450 of the \$750 stake in the stakeholder's hands. The three men are training hard for the event and are making remarkable fast time in trials. They are all willing to wager that the American records for a half and mile will be broken in the race. Joey Nuttall, the champion of England cables to The Globe that he will swim the winner of the race for not less than \$2,500 a side.

**CRICKET.**

McGill and Bonaventure met on Saturday last when the former had an easy victory for the loss of only four wickets, having applied closure when the score reached 108. Bonaventure only scored 46, of which Southee contributed 20. For McGill Most ran up a score of 26 and Mackie and Oughtred were not out for 36 and 17 respectively.

In the inter-provincial match at Ottawa the Eastern Association beat the team representing the Ontario Association by seven wickets.

The following table shows the standing of clubs for the English County Championship:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Surrey.....	9	8	0	1	8
Kent.....	7	3	1	3	2
Notts.....	9	5	3	1	2
Lancashire.....	10	5	4	1	1
Middlesex.....	10	4	5	1	-1
Somersetshire.....	7	2	4	1	-2
Sussex.....	9	2	4	3	-3
Yorkshire.....	11	4	7	0	-3
Gloucestershire.....	10	2	7	1	-5

The following are the leaders in batting averages for first-class English county matches:—

Player	Most in			
	Inns.	Runs.	Avg.	Stamps.
Abel.....	20	197	809	42 11
Shrewsbury.....	20	165	705	41 8
Gunn.....	25	161	856	38 20
Bean.....	25	145	754	35 19
Newham, W.....	21	134	646	34 0
Barnes.....	19	104	524	32 12
Stoddart, A E.....	17	215	488	30 8
Bran, G.....	16	161	428	29 3
Read (M).....	19	185	538	28 8
O'Brien, T C.....	22	111	554	36 8
Humphreys.....	17	63	317	26 5
Radcliffe, O G.....	21	116	534	25 9
Uylett.....	29	118	707	25 7
Smith, E.....	23	117	571	24 19
Douglass, R N.....	18	131	447	25 15
Lohmann.....	21	61	502	23 19
Hall.....	25	67	545	23 16
Palaret, L C H.....	24	79	522	23 16
Read, W W.....	18	64	410	22 14
Marlow.....	22	144	462	22 0
Peel.....	29	150	564	21 13
Flowers.....	21	116	422	21 2
Yates.....	18	49	332	20 12
Dixon, J A.....	17	62	347	20 7
Sugg, F H.....	20	75	403	20 3
Painter.....	18	101	339	19 19
Woods, S M J.....	22	62	338	18 14
Hill, A J L.....	14	75	261	18 9

\*Signifies not out.

**THE RING.**

Jack Wilkes and Harry Gilmore met at South Omaha Saturday, for a purse of \$500. The fight only lasted two rounds. In the first not a blow was struck, each man leading once and falling short. In the second Gilmore landed over Wilkes' left eye, bringing a stream of blood, and Wilkes planted his right in Gilmore's forehead, and blood gushed from a deep cut and inch long, and Wilkes' left found Gilmore's wind and right his neck. It was several moments before Gilmore could be revived.

Jackson has expressed his readiness to fight Corbett at any time and at any place, except New Orleans. He is also willing to bet him \$500 that he is not game enough to fight him again.

The lightweight champion of Canada, Jack Fitzpatrick, and Slocum, of Bristol, England, now in Montreal, are both in hard training for their meeting which takes place very shortly. No little interest is taken in the event and a considerable amount of money is already up on the result.

The second deposit of \$500 a side in the contest between Austin Gibbons of Paterson, N. J., and Jack McAniff, the lightweight champion of America, for \$1,500 a side, a purse of \$4,000 and the lightweight championship of America, has been made, and on August 26 the final deposit of \$500 is to be deposited with the final stakeholder.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Matasada R. Sorakichi, the famous Japanese wrestler, died in New York on Saturday night. He had been a sufferer from consumption for some time. Of late he dissipated a good deal and undoubtedly hastened his death. Sorakichi was 33 years old and wrestled in all the big cities of the union. In his native country he was looked upon as a phenomenon and the strongest man in the world.

A return football (Association) match was played between the Hibernian and Thistle teams on Saturday which ended in favor of the latter by three goals to nil.

**A Successful Union.**

The Amalgamated Society of Railroad Servants of England has a total membership of 27,000 railroad employees, being an increase of 7,000 during the past year. Its total income for the year amounted to \$180,000, and it had a balance in the bank on May 30 of no less than half a million and no liabilities, its receipts over all expenditures in 1890 being \$80,000.

All switchmen, both union and non-union, employed in the Peoria and Pekin Union railroad yards struck on Tuesday night. This means the tying up of all freight business on seven roads which enter from the South and West. W. G. Bell, the yard master, is distasteful to the men and they demand his removal.

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At Last.

He had wooed, but never had asked consent Of this maid to be his wife, And she had begun to think he meant To court her all his life.

They went to a restaurant one night, And when opening soda there, Through his awkwardness the cork took flight, Nearly hitting the maiden fair.

But she did not shrink as the missile near To her ivory forehead passed; With a rippling laugh, she cried, 'Oh, dear, Has something popped at last?' —New York Press.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Whiskey lowers the man and raises the devil.

If you are slandered, never mind it; it will all come off when it is dry.

What is that out there in the water? It's the bell buoy. Why, it's ringing wet.

Contrary to the proverb, the lawyer who proves himself a necessity usually knows some law.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the one she will soonest wish to see.

Watts—How is old Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet? Dr. Bowless—I don't know. He died this morning.

There goes a spanking team, remarked Willie Brown to Tommy Jones as the two boys' mothers walked down the street together.

Soker—I wonder who first invented whiskey. I suppose he is forgotten in the dim and distant past. De Tanque—Yes, but his spirit still lives.

Riggs—And they married and he is now living very happily. Oliver—But the woman? Riggs—Oh, she's got a divorce and married me.

Pat—Phwat place is that beyant? Attendant—New Jersey. Pat—Begobs! I came on the wrong ship. I wanted to come to Ameriky.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. It is just as well perhaps. It saves thousands of divorces and cyclones of family troubles generally.

Mrs. Homebody—See here, do you call this good measure? This can isn't half full. Milkman—That's all right, mum, it's condensed milk, you know, mum.

Poverty stricken Sutor—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel. Amanda—I should think so. Nothing to eat and still less to wear. Not much!

She—Do you drink? He—No. She—Do you smoke? He—Never. She—Have you any vices? He—Certainly not. She—Well, run away to your mamma. There's a dear.

The first thing a man does on reaching the rural regions is to loudly rhapsodize over the beauty and purity of untrammelled nature. The next is to start back to town, where there is some fun going on.

Scene: A cheap restaurant in Paris. Waiter—Have you any cats in this establishment? Yes, sir; two fine ones. Bring them here. The waiter does so. Now, leave them here, and order me a nice rabbit stew.

Frenchman—Your society is so different from zat of France. You haf no political saloons. That's where you're entirely mistaken. Why, everyone of the aldermen keeps one.

Ethel—Jack and I hit on a far better scheme than counting the stars last night. Clara—What was it? Ethel—We watched the clouds and whenever one hid the moon he gave me a kiss and I kept it till another cloud came up.

At Saratoga—Paresis—Do you know what I've been thinking? Sillinate—What? Paresis—I've been thinking if the horses were one half as fast as some of the society girls the world's record would be smashed inside of a week.

Planter—So that melon I gave you last night made you sick, eh, uncle? No, sah. Dat fruit nebber ruffle de ole man's feelins ter dat egstent. Ter be sho' dar was a sorter double twist kink in de gesterum, but dat warn't nuffin but de man's consinshe pinning for anudder watermillion.

Just the Other Way.

Adonis—There's one thing that I couldn't stand, and that's a wife who would be eternally putting her hair up in our papers.

Matronly Friend—Have no fear, Mr. Adonis. Girls don't go to any such trouble after they are married.

A Great Deal of Waiting.

Any person waiting on you, sir? asked a floor walker of a man in a crowded store. No, replied the customer; I'm doing the waiting on somebody to come and get me what I want.

What Allied His Finger.

For those who have eyes to see the present always bears the impress of the past.

Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating? asked a lady of a tramp. Was it ever broken?

No, Madam; but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break.

A Knowing Parrot.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say uncle, but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird and, half twisting his neck, said: Say uncle, you beggar, and threw him into the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterwards, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth, twisting his neck and screaming, Say uncle, you beggar, say uncle.

Laid it on the Mouse.

A young society man who moves in the younger circles of Louisville, told something out of the usual run the other day to a Commercial reporter. He is a handsome fellow, tall and erect, and a prime favorite among the girls. He said he attempted to kiss a pretty girl and just as he got his arm around her slender waist and was about to kiss her she said if he dared he would scream.

Not wishing to have a scene, which such an action would cause, he withdrew his arm and resumed his seat at the other end of the sofa. In an instant the pretty girl said: O, I thought you were braver than that. She, however, obstinately refused to let him kiss her, and she likewise threatened to scream if he attempted it. He thought he would profit by his former experience, and paid no attention to the warning.

He kissed her; she screamed; her mother came in and demanded an explanation. The girl came to his rescue, however, and said a mouse was in the room and that she had screamed as it ran across the floor. Furthermore, by saying that the young man had gallantly tried to catch the mouse, she explained his blushes to the mother's satisfaction.

She Decided to Do Without One.

John, I think we had better advertise for a girl, said a newly married lady to her husband the other evening.

I think so, too, my darling, was the reply. Then the sweet young thing brought pencil and paper to write out the ad.

Wanted—A young girl to do general housework, she wrote.

That is not enough, interposed John. Put in something about being neat. I do not want a girl that is not neat.

All right, darling. Wanted—A neat, good girl for general housework.

Better say at the end: No red headed girls need apply.

Why, dearest Oh, I do not want any red headed girl about the house.

Very well. Wanted—A neat, good girl for general housework. No red headed girls need apply.

Might add: Black-eyed, plump girl preferred. The husband looked reflectively at the ceiling.

John. The pencil and paper dropped to the floor. What is it, my love?

I don't believe I want a girl. They are more bother than they are worth. No. I have decided not to advertise for a girl, John.

A Contest in Cooks.

A source of constant and generous rivalry here, quite as ardent in its way, and in one sense, at least, quite as interesting and enjoyable as the competition for the possession of the finest art treasures, is the emulation among the millionaires for the honor of having the best cook. It is difficult to decide who has the best cook in town, for the reason that each culinary master has some special quality of excellence not possessed by the others. This is a blessing, for it insures a delightful degree of variety, and makes the task of reciprocal hospitality a diversion fraught with pleasure and surprise.

One cook is a specialist on snakes, another without a peer at an omelet, or a pate, or a pudding, and so on. Of the half dozen leaders, the one that is most highly esteemed by his employer is Mr. Theodore Havemeyer's chef. Mr. Havemeyer thinks this chef is the best cook in the metropolis, and he certainly is an artist, but other connoisseurs of good eating yield the palm of excellence to the chef of Mrs. William Astor.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney has a chef of acknowledged fame and capacity. The cooks employed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Elbridge T. Gerry and George Peabody Wetmore rank among the best six of Gotham's private chefs. What they don't know about cookery it would be a waste of time to try to learn. Mr. Havemeyer's cook is Emil Perriere, and he has pastry cooks to aid him in preparing feasts, and two pastry cooks help William K. Vanderbilt's chief, Louis Collas, to get up the daily menu. Mrs. Astor's cook is Edward Dalleine, and Joseph Klein is lord of ex-Secretary Whitney's kitchen.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's kitchen is regarded as the most costly in equipment of any of the famous New York mansions. Mr. Vanderbilt has a retinue of about thirty servants, with his chef, Frederick Hammerle.—New York Sun.

WHAT THE MARKS INDICATED.

I never saw such funny writing as George's is said the beautiful young girl, as she held an envelope up for the inspection of her married friend.

It is rather illegible was the reply.

O, I don't mean that was the quick response. He puts such funny marks in it, you know he's only written me three or four letters since we've been engaged because he's been in the city all the time, but when he does write one it looks so funny. It's all filled with marks like this— $\text{---}$ —and then he makes character and like this— $\text{---}$ —and puts a ring around them. And at the end of all his sentences he puts a cross like this— $\text{---}$ . Then when he makes a figure he puts a ring around it, and always draws two lines under his signature. And sometimes he draws a line down through capital letters, and once he crossed a word out and then drew a ring around it and marked it stet. It's awfully funny. I can't make anything out of it.

My dear, said the married woman, as quietly as her excitement would allow, have you no suspicions?

Suspicious! exclaimed the beautiful young girl, in alarm. No, no! Of what? Has he never confessed? persisted the married woman, with Spartan firmness.

George confess! cried the fair maiden. Martha, you alarm me. Are they counterfeiter's marks?

Worse, was the solemn answer. Ethel, your husband will be out nights. He will come in at all hours. Most of his work will be done under cover of darkness. He will miss his dinners and be constantly changing his hours. He cannot be depended on to be at home at any certain time or to leave at any certain time. Ethel, the man you are engaged to is a newspaper man.

No, no; it cannot be! cried the dark-eyed beauty. I will not believe it.

Ethel! She was very impressive. Did he ever draw a straight line through all the pages of a letter?

Yes, and it was one of the best he ever wrote.

Alas, Ethel, it is too true. He is a newspaper man, said he has absent-mindedly put in the marks for the printer. Poor girl! try as he might, he couldn't conceal his identity.

Then the young girl cried, Horrible! and burst into tears and refused to be comforted.—Chicago Tribune.

He Reminds Us.

The man who steps his paper because something has appeared in its columns of which he does not approve, and does it with an air of regret that it is necessary to drive the publishers into bankruptcy, reminds us of the train dispatcher who requested an increase of salary and threatened to quit if he didn't get it. The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story: 'When I was a young man,' said he, 'I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the road what you have told me. He refused my demand and I quit; and, would you believe it? That darn road is running yet!'—Lima News.

Class Distinctions in America.

No one will ever pretend to deny that certain individuals are superior to certain other individuals in acquirement, in intellect, in goodness; but when it comes to planting whole classes on platforms and stages of eminence, the idea is constantly to be reprobated, and no American motion can allow her children to make such distinctions uncorrected. Such classification of our citizens into upper and middle and lower tiers, once well established in the popular mind, would help to make it easy for the next step—a monarchy upheld among these classes by the oppression and taxation and restriction and resulting ignorance of the people.

The children of the ordinary mother in America may in such an order of things by possibility be found near the throne; they may, by more probability, be found with the peasantry, or with the armies that will keep the peasantry crushed so close to earth as to be no more than clods—anywhere but where they can share or help the progress of humanity upward; as today, it is to be hoped, having a chance to do so, they do.

And in a country founded upon the doctrine of equality in rights, a country whose institutions have raised to personal sovereignty those who would be serfs and peasants had their grandfathers of one or two removes remained in the old lands, a country whose institutions have lifted woman to an altitude that is allowing her to display and use the best there is in her, it ill becomes any woman or the daughter of any woman to speak of any of her countrymen or countrywomen as of the middle class.—Harper's Bazar.

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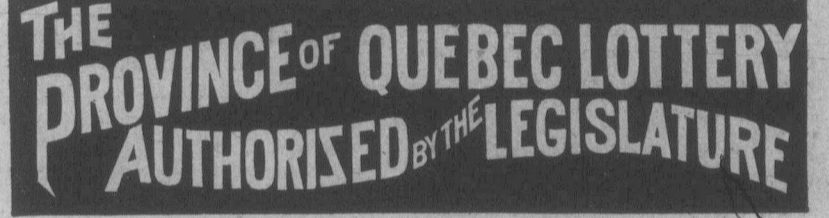
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## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"It may please Chapleau and his friends to see Langevin kicked out," said Brown, "but when an investigation of the workings of his own department is demanded this jumping-jack statesman stands upon his dignity. His record as a public man has not been such as to warrant anybody in believing that his department has been run any better than that of Railways and Canals. True, his opportunity of boodling was not as good as his rival's, but I'll bet dollars to matches that if an investigation could be had you would find that in point of corruption the department of the Secretary of State can discount the Department of Public Works, unless, indeed, that Chapleau has changed greatly for the better since he left Quebec for Ottawa; it is a notorious fact that he was the very worst premier this province ever had, not even excepting the present one, and that is saying a great deal. For such a man to oppose investigation of the working of his department simply means that it won't bear investigating, and is but one more reason why a most searching inquiry should be held. I wouldn't trust one of them from J. J. C. Abbott down any further than I could see them that far; they're no good."

"They're just as good as they possibly can be," said Phil, "or rather, they're as good as you make them and no better. Everybody knows J. J. C. Abbott's record in connection with the Canadian Pacific Scandal; that man acts on the principle that every man has his price—yet he is your prime minister—the head of your Government. He looks upon politics as a business; he and his party will never object to pay you all your support is worth, why should you object to him or his party selling their vote or influence in the House? He paid for it; it is his, and he is under no obligations to you. The same with Chapleau; you knew what he was; he made no secret about his record. He stated publicly that he had received a large amount of money while Premier of this Province for his kind offices in advancing a Bill which would promote the interest of a few capitalists, yet in spite of that you elected him to power. By what right do you find fault with him now; he is no worse now than ever he was. You knew he was a corruptionist, why did you elect him? Why did you send men like Lepine and Curran and Smith and Desjardins to represent you at Ottawa? You knew that these men were bound to support the Government of which he was a member. You knew what that Government was, you knew the record of its members; well, then, what are you growling about? They robbed the country before, they're robbing it yet, and they'll continue to rob it to the end of the chapter, and they're doing so with your full endorsement—and you can't get over it."

"Whatever else may be charged against me hereafter," said Brown, "I have never committed the sin of supporting any of the gang you mention; my vote has invariably gone to the other side, except when some of these gentry were endorsed by the Trades and Labor Council. It was under such circumstances that I worked and voted for Lepine, but I trust a merciful God will pardon my sin; it will never be committed by me again—no, not even if all the Trades and Labor Councils between Quebec and Vancouver were to endorse him. For that man to pose as a labor candidate is like the devil parading himself as a saint."

"Do you suppose," said Gaskill, "that in voting for the Liberals you voted in favor of honest government? Do you really imagine that if the Liberal party were in power there would be less bribery and corruption, less boodling and thieving going on than at present? Surely you know, or ought

to know, that they are just as bad as the crowd that's in power now. To gain power at present the Liberals would have to dicker with those corporations and contractors who are out in 'the cold' now, and if they secured the control of the public treasury this crowd would squeeze them just as the Nick's and Mick's are squeezing the Conservatives at present. No, the only way to secure honest government is to wean the people from partyism, to elevate its moral character and to inculcate sound principles of political economy. To turn one set of rascals out for the mere purpose of installing another set is labor and time wasted and can do no good. What you must do is to organize an independent party which would not only educate the people in the higher duties of citizenship, but which at the same time would wean the people from party rule by giving them a chance to vote on principle. I am glad that the investigation at Ottawa is making men disgusted with party politics. I am glad that the corruption and bribery of our public men is being exposed in a manner that will make Canada a by-word among the nations, because it will drive all really honest men out of the old political parties and strengthen the hands of those who have long lost confidence in them and are resolved to regenerate politics by forming a new party."

BILL BLADES.

## DON'T MISS IT!

What? The Printers' Picnic at Otterburn Park.

The printers' picnic at Otterburn Park today has every prospect of being the most successful of the number yet held under the auspices of the genial typos. They have furnished an excellent programme of events for which a large number of valuable and beautiful prizes will be awarded. Besides those published the committee have added a boat race (single scull) for which two very handsome prizes has been set apart. Both brass and string bands will be on the grounds, the former to delight the lovers of music by its rendition of popular selections and the latter to assist the flying feet of merry dancers. The parade will start from the hall, McGill street at noon, proceed by way of St. James street to Place d'Armes Hill, to Craig, to Victoria Square, to Notre Dame to the depot, in time for the train which leaves at 12.30. For those who prefer a whole day's outing at this delightful resort there is a train in the morning at 8.30, and for those who cannot go by either of those trains there is yet another at 1.40 p.m.

## MONTREAL NEWS.

We are requested to state that there will be a meeting of Montreal delegates elect to Dominion Trades and Labor Congress in Ville Marie Hall, on Sunday afternoon first, at 2 o'clock sharp.

The tug of war team composed of members of the city force which went up to Toronto to compete in the police games there have returned home victorious. They beat the Toronto team by two pulls, though the latter were nearly 300 lbs heavier on the aggregate.

Mr. W. Sandilands has been delegated by the committee of workmen in charge of the Widow Flynn case to collect subscriptions to assist in defraying the expense of an appeal to the Privy Council. He will visit the G. T. R. workshops shortly, and the committee hope that he will meet with a favorable reception.

The following have been elected to the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, to be held in Quebec, August 31:—U. Lafontaine, D. A. 19, K. of L.; O. Fontaine, Ville Marie Assembly; Sister Duffy, Dominion Assembly; A. T. Lepine, M. P., Montcalm Assembly; J. Dallaire, Jacques Cartier Typographical Union; L. Z. Boudreau and J. B. Dubois, the Central Trades and Labor Council; M. H. Brennan, River Front Assembly.

The regular meeting of the Central Trades and Labor Council was held on Thursday evening, Vice-President J. B. Dubois in the chair. There was little business of public interest transacted. Messrs. J. H. Royal, L. G. Brosseau and Thos. Hamel took seats as delegates from the Carriagemakers' Union. The Organization Committee submitted their report, which contained a clause to the effect that the plasterers had agreed to recognize the Builders' Laborers' Union and to assist them by all means in their power, which was considered satisfactory, and the report was adopted. The committee in charge of the Ayotte matter were instructed to lay the whole circumstances of

the case before the Attorney-General that criminal proceedings might be taken against him. The report of the committee on Labor Day was accepted, and the suggestion to get badges printed for the sons of organized labor was approved of. Delegate T. Fisher was elected on the Organization Committee, replacing Mr. Jos. Goodfellow. The report of committee on the Widow Flynn case was adopted and instructions given to have subscription lists and appeals to workmen printed and circulated. The meeting then adjourned.

Chas. Leo, a former brakeman on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has, through Messrs Greenshields & Co., taken an action for \$5,000 damages against the Company for injuries received by a collision between two of the Company's cars some three months ago. The plaintiff alleges negligence on the part of the Company, and as he is still unable to leave the hospital, and will be incapacitated for work for some time to come, places the damages at the above amount.

4<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL Picnic

## AND Games

OTTERBURN PARK,

(ST. HILAIRE.)

SATURDAY,  
Aug. 22,MONTREAL TYPO. UNION  
No. 176.BOATING, FISHING,  
GOOD GAMES,Grand Lacrosse Match,  
BEAVERS vs. VICTORIAS,

Blasi's Orchestra for Dancing,

## THE PARADE

will leave Union Hall, 223 McGill street, at 12.00 sharp.

Trains leave Bonaventure Depot at 8.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., stopping at St. Cune gonde, St. Henri and the Point.

Tickets, Adults, 60c.

CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

## ATTENTION!

Every Workingman

SHOULD READ

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