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MEETINGS.

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TORONTO NOTES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

TORONTO, August 11, 1892.

We had it hot all week, but I suppose we in Toronto were no exception in that particular.

The Trades and Labor Council met last Friday evening and the proceedings must have been interesting for some of our city papers devoted over a column each to a report of the proceedings.

After the credentials of quite a number of new delegates were received the report of the Municipal Committee was read by Delegate R. Glockling. It dealt with many matters that have been well threshed out in the press of late. Architect Lennox's fight with the court house contractor in the city's interest was strongly endorsed. The clause referred back from last meeting in reference to the squabbles over the city engineership was sent on again slightly amended, but still declaring that the recent wrangles were to say the least by no means calculated to enhance the reputation of the city. Mr. Keating was advised to guard himself from wily contractors, and get those under him to treat citizens with courtesy. The day labor system was commended to him as a true solution of the botch contract system. The proposal of Ald. Jolliffe to insure the city against claims of workmen under the employers' liability was taken up and handled without gloves as one that would result in the men being beaten out of their just demands by the high-priced lawyers of the insurance corporations. In a lengthy discussion, taken part in by Messrs. Francis, Bradley, Armstrong and O'Donoghue, this view was pressed home and the committee instructed to fight the scheme, and if possible get instead a system by which all workmen may be insured by the corporation against accident while in the public employ. The report was adopted without amendment.

Delegate O'Donoghue presented the first report of the Legislative Committee since its election, and it covered a wide variety of subjects.

Attention was drawn to the cable statement of the Canadian High Commissioner that the right kind of emigrants could not be induced to come to this country, and this was contrasted with the assertions of the agents in various parts of the Dominion that the immigrants of each succeeding year are of a superior class. The abolition of the whole immigration system is called for, as the ordinary inflow is held to be sufficient to supply Canada's labor market.

The act respecting insurance corporations, passed at last session of the Ontario Legislature, was discussed in relation to industrial friendly societies. The act provides for the registration of all lawfully incorporated trades union insurance or benefit funds upon application. This requirement does not seem to have been generally understood and few trades unions have registered under the act. The time for making application to register expired on June 30th, but at the request of Messrs. G. T. Beales and George W. Dower, representing the Dominion Trades Congress, the inspector of insurance allowed—as he had power to do so under the statute—an extension of time till November 1st, so that the whole subject may be talked over at the coming congress and the position of the trades unions in relation to the act set before the various bodies. The hope was expressed that the act of last session to provide separate conveniences for girls and women in stores, workshops and factories would be enforced by the municipal authorities. A circular dated July 1 from the Emigrants' Information Office, London, England, stating that there was on that date "a great demand" for farm labor in Toronto and throughout Canada for men in the building trade, was flatly contradicted as utterly at variance with the well known facts. After brief debate the report was adopted. Before this, however, Delegate Francis suggested that the members go gunning a la Homestead for the Grand High Commissioner and his satellites who aided in disseminating such false information. He asked that the committee look into the proposed manufacture of binding twine in the Central Prison. Mr. H. T. Benson said there were thousands of men idle in Toronto. Men who wanted the work and could not get it were forced at the present time in midsummer to accept charity. Mechanics of all sorts were working on the

street railway change of system. He suggested that to prove the falsity of the High Commissioner's information a meeting of the unemployed be called. It would not be accommodated by the largest public hall in the city. The report was adopted as read.

The Education Committee's report was read by Delegate Dower. The report regretted that children were not allowed to play in the parks. The committee waited upon the Mayor, and he agreed to see the Chief of Police and have him request the members of the police force not to enforce the by-law against children playing handball and other harmless games in the parks. The committee referred to the appointment of Mr. Beedome as secretary of the High School Board, and said that the election of a member of the board to an office in its gift was wrong in principle. The committee endorsed Mr. Banton's remarks at the last meeting of the council on the appointment of representatives of labor on the Public Library Board.

This report was also carried.

A motion was passed, denouncing the action of the City Council in allowing Messrs. Gurney to lower their tender for a scale for the cattle market, thereby cutting out the tender of Wilson, the scale-maker, who is an employer of organized labor.

The ball opened on the binder twine question by Delegate Francis asking if the Legislative Committee had considered the binding twine question as regards the Central Prison?

Delegate O'Donoghue replied that the Legislative Committee never neglected to consider and report on any matter coming under its notice in the interest of organized labor.

This did not satisfy Delegate Francis and he moved that the old committee on Prison labor be reappointed. This was done.

Delegate Armstrong then moved that the Prison Labor Committee report on the manufacture of binder twine at the Central Prison, and if it was an injury to organized labor.

This brought Delegate O'Donoghue to his feet, and he said he would like to know why Mr. Armstrong desired to force the hand of the Legislative Committee. Who told Mr. Armstrong about organized labor being injured by the binder twine industry started at the Central Prison?

Mr. Armstrong—Did not some committee meet the Legislative Committee on this question?

Mr. O'Donoghue—Who told you? Who told the reporters about this? We are interested to know, for we think there is something behind all this; an interest that is not favorable to the interests of organized labor. Who told the papers that there was going to be a row here to-night on this binder twine matter? Who came here primed for a row?

Delegate Francis then said that there should be some action taken on the matter, but this stirred up a hornet's nest.

Delegate March walked into Delegate Francis, and said there was a nigger in the fence, and that the opposition to the making of binder twine was inspired by the combine of binder twine makers; that it looked very strange to have Delegate Francis so much interested in the binder twine question. Delegate Francis belonged to the Prison Labor Committee for a long time, but he never interested himself in binder twine or anything else till now. The Legislative Committee were quite competent to deal with the matter, and it was injudicious to bring the matter up.

Delegate Emmett began to make a long speech, in which he said the whole matter was political.

Delegate Glockling jumped up to a point of order.

Delegate Emmett—What is your point of order?

Delegate Glockling—None of your business! Sit down and then you'll know.

Several members wanted Delegate Glockling to use milder language to Delegate Emmett, and in the heated discussion that followed the latter hinted modestly that if Delegate Glockling was outside he could not make him sit down.

Somebody moved the previous question, and Delegate Armstrong's motion was thrown out. A motion was then carried referring the matter to the Legislative Committee for consideration and report.

That Delegate March hit a nail on the head when he said at the last meeting of the T. and L. Council "that there was a nigger in the fence" in the agitation as to making binding twine in the

Central Prison is evidenced by the following remarks by the Mail of last Monday. It says:

"Every effort is being made to conceal the facts concerning the attempts being made by the binder twine combine to prevent the Ontario Government undertaking the manufacture of twine in the Central Prison. The information first given in the Mail, that a meeting of so-called delegates of twine workers was held in this city, led to an enquiry as to who supplied the information, and the second statement in the Mail, that the expenses of the delegates, as well as the cost of an effort to arouse the workmen against the proposal of the Provincial Government was being paid by the combine, has fallen like a thunderbolt among the wire-pullers. At the meeting of the Trades and Labor Council on Friday night considerable warmth was caused by the short discussion on the subject, but the correctness of the statements in this paper were admitted, and the existence of "a nigger in the fence" acknowledged. The combine managed to get a scratch deputation together to interview the Local Government on the proposal, but the result of the interview was to strengthen the determination of the Government to make the experiment. In the meantime a representative of the combine is visiting the local trade societies to try and work up opposition to the scheme, but the workmen seem very unwilling to do anything to assist the combine."

The resolution passed by the T. and L. Council condemning the action of the City Council in allowing Mrs. Gurney (notorious as a non-union shop—the moulders still fighting them) to lower their tender for a scale for the Western cattle market, thereby cutting out the tender of Wilson, the scale maker, who is an employer of organized labor, may not have been read by anyone—I don't say it had, but—

The City Council, at its meeting on Tuesday afternoon last, reconsidered the question of granting the making of a scale for the cattle market, and on resolution the award to Messrs. Gurney was cancelled, and the contract was awarded to Mr. Wilson. Score again.

Our Trades and Labor demonstration on Saturday, 16th prox., promises well. The City Council has appointed a special committee of its members to act in conjunction with the Demonstration Committee of the T. and L. Council, and the city fire brigade is to be turned out in the procession also. It is expected the Public, Separate and Technical School Boards will also take a part therein.

Nearly every night is adding new delegates to those already elected to the T. and L. Congress. Besides the names of the delegates representing our T. and L. Council, D. A. 125, K. of L., and the Builders' Laborers' Union already published in THE ECHO, I learn that Messrs. John Armstrong, R. Stewart and M. Meehan will be the delegates from Typo Union 91; Mr. A. F. Jury from L. A. 2305 K. of L.; Mr. R. Southwell from Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners; Messrs. L. Colman and Chas. Ingram from the Stone Masons' Union; Messrs. Jas. Sim and Thos. Kirby from the Tailors' Union; Mr. Robert Emmett, from the Iron Moulders' Union; Mr. W. J. Spencer, from the Plumbers' and Steamfitters' Union; Mr. F. B. Downey from L. A. 5743 (bookbinders); Mr. J. Jones from L. A. 6250 (custom shoemakers); Mr. Hugh McCaffrey from L. A. 2622 (mixed); Mr. J. H. Sanderson from L. A. 6564 (longshoremen); and Mr. W. Brown from L. A. 3499 (bakers).

URIM.

EXCURSION.

The Letter Carriers of Montreal will hold their annual moonlight excursion on Thursday evening next. The steamer Berthier has been engaged, there will be a concert and other attractions on board, as well as an excellent orchestra for dancing, so that there will be lots of fun for all. We have no doubt the friends of those useful public servants will muster in large numbers on the occasion. The following are the officers of the Letter Carriers' Association, who compose the committee:—President, P. Callery; 1st vice-president, J. B. Dusseault, west; 2nd vice-president, A. Gauthier, east; treasurer, E. Chagnon; cor. secretary, A. Gauthier, centre. Representatives—M. Baulne, north; Thos. Latimore, Point St. Charles; J. J. Collins, St. Gabriel; J. St. Onge, east; A. Pepin, Hochelaga; A. Valiquette, St. Joseph. The committee in charge of dancing are as follows:—J. J. Collins, J. A. Boudreau, T. Moore, J. Miraglia.

OUR AUSTRALIAN LETTER.

CHIRREP SWAMP, July 7th, 1892.

Since last writing you things in Victoria have become terrible. The labor market has become glutted, and men and women are selling their labor, in some cases, for less than they can live upon. Over 6,000 out of work in Melbourne alone. Processions of unemployed, both men and women, some of the latter with babes in their arms, every day parade the streets, hold torch-light processions at night, and in every possible way they can conjure up, try to force the government to find employment for them; and this is the "paradise of the workingman." In West Melbourne, Dr. Maloney, M.L.A., has erected a large tent to shelter those who are homeless, and I can tell you there are hundreds of families who have taken advantage of his kindness. Besides these there are lots less fortunate who sleep on the banks of the River Yarra with nothing but an old bag to cover them, while some who are still worse off, have to be contented with a few old newspapers. These are facts and are not in the least overdrawn. People are evicted wholesale and their effects taken to the auctioneers to sell to pay for rent to fill the greedy landlord's pockets "who toils not, neither does he spin," and why should he when he finds lots of people only too eager to pay him big fat rents? Sometimes the bailiff has not got it all his own way, though. Several times the unemployed in a body have gone to the auctioneers and forcibly taken back the goods of one of their number and restored it to the original possessor.

Then there is the laughable side as well. One lady, a prominent member in the unemployed ranks, was visited by the bailiff one day and was told if she did not pay her rent in the course of an hour or so, out she would have to go, she told the bailiff to wait a few minutes till she should go and see if she could get a few friends to assist her. The bailiff suspecting nothing wrong waited till, as he thought, she would collect among her friends enough to pay a portion of the rent, when, after waiting a short time, his soliloquy was disturbed by the murmur from a multitude of throats, and on glancing out of the window, he never was more astonished in his life than to see some few hundreds of the unemployed waiting to get a glimpse of him, and I can tell you they made short work of him. Out he went neck and crop, and was told if he was seen haunting that district again that his friends would gather up all that was left of him with a tooth brush. It is needless to add that he vanished.

The Labor members of Parliament have not yet had an opportunity of getting down to hard work, but I hope when they do we'll see some good results.

G. R. Dibbs, Premier of N. S. W., has gone to London. Nobody out here seems to know what good his visit to England is going to do for Australia; does he know himself?

Now that the Ranaka (black labor) bill has passed the Queensland house we will expect soon to see hundreds of these very undesirable people over here competing with the already underpaid white labor.

There is every prospect of there being a first rate wheat season, the best, in fact, there has been for years.

In clearing land out here the farmers are very short-sighted. They burn all the timber on the ground after it is pulled down. Just think, hundreds of people in the large centres of population cold for the want of a little firewood, and millions of cords of it burnt every year to get it out of the way.

Melbourne Cable Tramway shares that were selling this time two years ago at £9 8s 0d are to day on the market at 16 shillings and can't find a buyer. Men who were, in 1888, worth thousands of pounds are to-day, lots of them, almost penniless. Business failures are recorded by the hundred every week. When and where will it end?

In conclusion let me say that the people are fast awakening. They are being starved into it, and when all hands and the cook see the cat, look out!

WM. W. LIGHT.

A stonecutter named Prevost, formerly employed here, tells a strange story. He said that he and his brother left Montreal for Whitehall, N. Y., for the purpose of securing work at higher wages. On arrival there they found a strike in progress. A week ago last Monday, when on their way to work, they were attacked by a large band of armed men. The brother was shot through the head, and his body dragged to a lonely swamp where it was buried.

"O 41."

Captain Sprowl threw his hat on the bed and sat down in his easy chair in the cabin to light his pipe. Up curled the smoke, and through it the captain looked ruefully at a neat package that lay on the table.

'What a fool I was to buy that,' he thought. 'Old sextant was good enough, though I have had it nine years. Bought it in Liverpool, when I was second mate of the Julia A. Smith. And now I've put out a month's earnings for a new one. What possessed me I don't know.'

And so the captain went on. Now Captain Sprowl was not, as you may think from the name, a baldheaded old man, with bush whiskers.

No, names are very misleading. Instead, he was tall and slender, with a sandy mustache, and had not a gray hair in his head. He came from Maine, and, although but thirty years old, he had been for six years captain of the Edna Dunn, now lying at Constitution wharf, in Boston, discharging her cargo of sugar.

'Well,' puffed the captain, 'nothing to do now but to get rid of the old sextant. I should go ashore next trip if I had two sextants to navigate by. Must work the old one off on some landlubber or somebody.'

The package was lying on an old news paper which he had read through and through on his last trip out.

'The very thing!' said he. 'I'll put a notice in the paper—Sextant for sale, cheap, and if somebody doesn't bite at it, I miss my guess.'

The next morning the only thing the captain could see in the paper was this:

Sextant for sale, by a ship captain, nearly new and in perfect order; will by sold cheap. Address O 41, Globe Office.

And now my story's begun.

Etta Bourne had been at work in a millinery store in Boston for nearly two years. She and her older sister Annie had learned the trade with the village milliner down in Kennebunk.

But Annie, who had long since been the belle of the village, got married, and Etta concluded to try her fortune in Boston.

She was full of ambition. So it fell that in her two years in the millinery store she studied shorthand and typewriting, with the intention of fitting herself to be a confidential clerk.

One Sunday she saw this advertisement:

FOR SALE—Jones' Premier typewriter, half price; been used less than a month; in perfect order. Address O 47, Globe Office.

Etta Bourne, being a Maine Yankee, knew a bargain when she saw it. She wanted to own a typewriter and so she wrote a brief note addressed to 'O 47, Globe Office,' asking where the machine could be seen, and dropped it into the letter-box as she went to work Monday morning.

Now I said at the beginning that the advertising clerk was to blame. Perhaps the mistake was that of Etta Bourne. At any rate, it will never be known.

The clerk was sorting the replies and putting them in their appropriate boxes. When he came to Etta Bourne's letter to 'O 47' he read it 'O 41' and put it in the pigeonhole as such.

That was a very, very little mistake, of course, but you who have noticed how things go in this world of ours have discovered that the most serious changes in the course of our lives come about from just such little happenings.

For it was that very day that Captain Sprowl advertised his sextant for sale. And Captain Sprowl was 'O 41.'

Now the tall captain was a very busy man, and it was late that afternoon before he went to the office to gather in the replies from people who were anxious to buy a sextant.

But the sextant market was apparently rather dull, for all the clerk could give him was one solitary letter. The captain tore the letter open and tossed it aside.

'I saw your advertisement in the Globe,' read the captain. 'I wish to buy a good second-hand machine of standard make, and if the one you offer is in perfect repair and the price is satisfactory perhaps we can trade. I cannot give more than \$50, and if you ask more you need not reply to this. Send your address, stating where machines can be seen, to H. E. Bourne, No. 450 Winter street.'

'Well,' soliloquized the captain, 'I've got one answer, anyhow. But what does a woman want of a sextant, for this is certainly a woman's writing! She seems to be in earnest, though. And \$50! Conscience! I never expected to get more than \$25. Well, she'll have to come on board, I suppose, so I'll send her my address.' And standing at the public desk he wrote:

H. E. BOURNE: DEAR MISS—Yours in reply to my advertisement is at hand. Please call on me on board the bark Edna Dunn, Constitution wharf, between 2 and 6.

EDWIN K. SPROWL, Captain.

The next afternoon about four a trim

little figure walked rapidly over the rough planks of Constitution wharf.

'It's a queer place to find a second-hand typewriter,' thought Etta Bourne, 'but I suppose the captain got tired of it, or couldn't use it because the vessel pitched so, or something like that.'

She saw the gilt letters, 'Edna Dunn.' A fat, bald-headed man with a little gingham apron on looked out at the door of a box-like house in the middle of the vessel.

A board plank extended from the wharf across the bulwarks. The man in the apron came forward.

'I wish to see Captain Sprowl,' said she. 'Yes, mim. Come right aboard, mim, on that there plank, mim. The captain's down in his cabin, mim.'

Etta Bourne stepped hastily along the plank and the stout cook, putting his broad palms under her elbows, lifted her lightly to the deck.

'This way, mim,' and he led her around to the after companionway.

They went down the brass-railed stairs, and as the cook knocked at the door Etta noticed how spick and span everything looked.

As a matter of fact, the captain, in view of a lady's visit, had kept the cook scouring the wood and brasswork all the forenoon.

'Captain, sir, a lady wishes to see ye.'

The captain, with half an hour's work in his four-in-hand, bowed respectfully.

'I am Miss Bourne,' began Etta. 'I came in response to your advertisement in the Globe about a—'

'Yes, ma'am,' said the captain; 'this is the place. Will you take a seat?'

As Etta sank into an easy chair she glanced about her in astonishment. She had no idea that those little low houses on ship's deck were so comfortable as this.

Here was a dainty little sitting-room, with a rich, soft carpet, a hanging lamp of elaborate design, high plush easy chairs and sofa, a pretty rattan rocker and a table strewn with the latest magazines.

'I beg your pardon,' said the tall captain, who had been looking curiously at her, 'but are you not related to Miss Annie Bourne, of Kennebunk?'

'Why, yes, indeed; she is my own sister,' answered Etta with animation.

'I used to go to school with her in the old Berwick academy years ago, but I didn't know she had a sister.'

'Oh, yes, I went to the academy myself, but it was after she was graduated.'

'And was old Brown principal when you were there?'

From this they went on for ten minutes, and each knew so many that the other did that they soon became old acquaintances.

The captain at once noticed that she was a remarkably neat and pleasant little woman and Etta Bourne thought the captain a fine-looking man, tall and strong.

'Well, Captain Sprowl,' said she, finally, 'I mustn't forget what I came for. I believe you have a machine that you wish to sell?'

'Why, yes,' said the captain, wondering what on earth this attractive little woman could want of a sextant.

'And how do you come to want to sell it?' pursued she, wondering what use this sea captain had for a typewriter.

'Well, the fact is,' said the captain reddening a little, 'I bought a new one the other day when I really didn't want it, and of course, I haven't use for two. And,' continued he, 'since turn about is fair play, I am going to ask you what you want of one?'

'To earn a living with,' said she.

The captain looked puzzled as he went into his stateroom to get the sextant. He had heard that women were becoming the rivals of men in almost every trade and profession, and he vaguely wondered if Miss Bourne was intending some time to become Captain Bourne.

'Well,' said he, coming back and holding the sextant out toward her, 'here it is. The ivory on the scale is a little yellow, and the vernier glass has a little crack across the outer edge, but—'

He stopped. Miss Bourne was holding up her hands with amazement.

'Why—why—what is this?' she stammered.

'Why, it's a sextant,' said the captain.

'I thought you knew what they looked like.'

'But there's some misunderstanding here. I don't have any use for a sextant. It was a typewriter that I understood you had to sell.'

'A typewriter!' said the captain, astonished in turn. 'Why, no. Here's the advertisement,' and he put the paper in her hands.

'Now, as I have said, Etta Bourne was a Maine Yankee, and in less than ten seconds she had guessed how the mistake was made.'

'Well, now,' said the captain, 'I thought it was awful funny that a woman should want to buy a sextant. Now you have disappointed me. I don't see how I am going to sell it, unless I leave it at the instrument maker's and let him get what he can for it.'

'Oddly enough, from this point this story runs along so naturally that you can tell it yourself.'

The tall captain escorted Miss Bourne uptown, called on her two or three times

while he was in port, corresponded with her when he was away and in less than a year this notice appeared:

SPROWL—BOURNE—In Kennebunk, Me., May 8, at the residence of the bride's parents, Captain Edwin R. Sprowl and Henrietta E. Bourne.

And now my story is done.—Boston Globe.

ODDITIES OF SUICIDE.

Causes Which Most Frequently Lead to It and the Laws Against It.

Is suicide evidence of insanity?

The question involves a discussion not easily handled. The most vital instinct in man is the preservation of life. It would seem, therefore, that an act which traverses the first law of nature must emanate from a disordered brain. Not long since a judge in one of our New York courts held that suicide per se was evidence of insanity. On the other hand we have the examples of eminent men who have taken their own lives, under circumstances which appear to leave no room to doubt as to their sanity.

A recent dispatch from Roumania informs us of a suicide club, the members of which are pledged to commit suicide as soon as their names should be drawn. The surviving members of the club have all been placed in rigid confinement, and will be tried on the charge of having deliberately aided and abetted unjustifiable suicide.

It is remarkable how a suicide by a certain method or in a certain place will lead to another of the same kind. A surgeon of the Middlesex hospital in London went into a barber's shop to be shaved. The barber spoke of a man who had been unsuccessful in an attempt to kill himself by cutting his throat. 'He could easily have managed it,' said the surgeon, 'had he been acquainted with the situation of the carotid artery.' 'Where should he have cut?' asked the barber. The surgeon told him. He at once left the room, and not returning as soon as was expected the surgeon went to look for him and discovered him in the yard with his head nearly severed from his body.

It is worthy of note that the greatest number of suicides are committed by the Germans. The form of death they usually choose is poisoning.

In every country three-quarters of all the suicides are of the male sex, says the Albany Argus.

It is almost impossible to realize the readiness with which the Chinese commit suicide. It requires the merest trifle to induce a Chinaman to hang himself. In other countries when a man wishes to avenge himself on his enemy he kills him. In China he kills himself. Suicides of widows are very common there. Many hang themselves publicly, having given notice of their intention so that those who wish may be present.

On the morning of the appointed day the willing victim, dressed in gaudy apparel and holding a bouquet of fresh flowers in her hand, is carried in a sedan chair to the temple erected in memory of 'virtuous and filial widows.' There she performs the accustomed religious rites, with burning of candles and incense. In the afternoon she returns home and hangs herself before the multitude. Suicides of this kind meet with general approval in China. They do honor to the families in which they occur.

The first instance of suicide recorded in the scriptures is that of Samson (B. C. 1117). The second is that of Saul (B. C. 1055). Rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, when hard pressed in battle, he drew his sword and fell upon it and so died. Judas Iscariot, through remorse, went and hanged himself.

Among the philosophers of antiquity Seneca stands pre-eminently forward as the defender of suicide. He says: 'Does life please you? Live on. Does it not? Go from whence you came. No vast wound is necessary; a mere puncture will secure your liberty.' Pliny says: 'God cannot end his own life, though he wish, but he has given to mortals this best boon amidst the burdens and trials of life.'

Two of the most distinguished men of antiquity who sacrificed their own lives were Brutus and Cassius, Mark Anthony, reduced to a desperate extremity, killed himself. Cleopatra was taken prisoner by Augustus, who had intended to exhibit her in a triumphal procession in Rome. To frustrate this design she killed herself by the poison of an asp. Cato, rather than live under the despotism of Caesar, stabbed himself, and when the wound had been stanching tore off the bandages and accomplished his purpose. Demosthenes, fearful of being subjected to slavery and disgrace, resorted to self-destruction. The persecution to which Hannibal was subjected by the Romans impelled him to have recourse to the poison which he always kept about him in a ring. Isocrates, the renowned Athenian orator, starved himself to death sooner than submit himself to the dominion of Philip of Macedon. Thomas Chatterton, the English poet, became indignant to the

verge of starvation and at the age of 17 poisoned himself.

From instances like the foregoing, one might well query whether the act of taking one's life is alone sufficient to indicate insanity.

The law regards suicide a crime, putting it in the same category with murder. Of course, where the crime is consummated no punishment is inflicted, but attempts are punishable, and principles in the second degree, present, aiding and abetting, and accessories before the fact, can be punished. For many centuries suicide has been regarded as a crime, not only by the state, but by the church. In the Greek church, the Roman church, and Protestant Episcopal church, it is severely condemned, and the burial services provides that the prescribed office of the burial of the dead is not to be used by any who have laid violent hands upon themselves. In England the crime was punished by forfeiture of estate and the body of the self-murderer was required to be buried in the open highway and a stake thrust through it as a mark of detestation.

This law was repealed during the reign of George IV, but even now the body of a suicide is required to be buried at night without the performance of religious rites. These laws of the state and church must be founded upon the idea of suicide without insanity, otherwise they would be monstrous.

Died by Drinking Water.

An easy way of poisoning criminals used to be, the Lancet says, to compel them to swallow large quantities of bull's blood. And it is interesting to note how this acted as a means of causing death. Bull's blood is not a poison at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but when it enters the stomach it forms a coagulum and instead of the organ being filled with liquid which might be ejected by vomiting, it is filled with a solid mass. This mass presses upwards upon the heart and displaces it. The pressure upwards upon the lungs interferes with respiration and the pressure backwards upon the aorta vena cava and the solar plexus would probably be sufficient to cause death. The same thing occurs in animals when they are at first turned out among the clover; they over-eat themselves, and are very like to die from over-distension. A case was recently reported in the newspapers of an Irishman who had eaten largely of potatoes and milk and who died suddenly. The post mortem examination revealed no disease. He was apparently healthy, except that his stomach was distended, and no doubt he died exactly the same way as the criminals who were compelled to drink bull's blood. Generally death cannot be brought about by the simple drinking of fluids, because the stomach is able to eject them. Apparently, however, this is not always the case. In one of the lay papers a few days ago there was a notice of three Frenchmen who had laid a wager as to who could drink most water, and all three of them died in a comparatively short time. The death in this case might have been partly due to the distension of the stomach and partly to the effect of the water on the blood after its absorption. It very rarely happens in a healthy person that enough water can be absorbed to cause any alteration in the blood, because it is excreted as rapidly as it is absorbed, and the composition of the blood is kept nearly constant. Death from the action of water on the blood may occur after profuse hemorrhage when thirst is extremely urgent. This has been noticed in the battlefield. In these cases it is always advisable not to give pure water to quench the thirst for it is also destructive to the blood. The risk of injury is considerably lessened by adding a little salt water, making it of the strength of the physiological normal saline solution.

Increasing Longevity.

The threescore and ten years allotted to man will yet be increased to twice that number," was the prediction made by Dr. Charles Hienkle, of the Laclède. "Instead of the world growing weaker and wiser, as the old axiom puts it, it is growing wiser and stronger. The average length of life is steadily increasing. In the days of good Queen Bess women were considered passe at 30, and few men distinguished themselves in statecraft, science or literature after passing five and sixty. Now a woman is in the heyday of her beauty at 30, and the ripest fruits of genius are frequently plucked at threescore and ten. Gladstone, Bismarck and Blaine are fair examples of that green and fruitful old age so frequent in these days. Yet science is but in its infancy. As it progresses the waste of life and energy will be gradually curtailed. While the fountain of youth sought by that interesting old crank, Ponce de Leon, will probably never be found; while man will probably never discover the secret of remaining an ever young Apollo, nor woman that of being as attractive at 60 as at 16, I firmly believe that the meridian of life will yet be raised from 35 to 70, that the day will come when man will not be considered a back number when he has reached his one-hundredth birthday."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Sanctimonious Sharpers.

A fellow who calls himself the "Rev." Florence Adams preached last Sunday to the scabs in the Homestead Mills. He took a text from St. Paul, and distorted it into an argument to prove that it took more courage to-day to be a scab—a "non-union man," he styled the thing—than it did in the days of St. Paul to be a Christian. Sermons in a similar strain on the Homestead strike were also held by K. C. Hayes and others, who likewise prefix the title of "Reverend" to their names.

These Pharisaic rascals may be the exception to the rule in the clerical profession. It is to be hoped that they are. Nevertheless, in the light of what is transpiring daily, the conclusion is forcing itself that the clergy of the United States, as a whole, is about to repeat, if not to improve upon, the sins it committed against conscience a generation ago, and, shaking hands with the press, turn itself into the twin prostitute of the red-handed oppressor.

"The American Church is the bulwark of slavery"; so ran the slogan from most of the pulpits forty odd years ago. If the sanctimonious sharpers, who last Sunday turned their backs upon the Master whom they insult with their impious lip-service, strove to sanctify the criminal doings of Frick, and endeavored to pull the wool over the eyes of the wretched victims whom capital has degraded to the stature of scabs—if these pietistic shufflers are types of their profession, if they even are but straws that point the direction of the stream, then history will repeat itself with a vengeance.

Where are the members of the cloth with manhood and decency enough to repudiate these clerical bunco-steerers!—The People.

New Definition of Man.

Starting with the proposition that man is an animal, there have been many attempts to define or explain what kind of an animal man is—that is to make an exhaustive definition, and one which shall completely differentiate man from every other animal. Plato defined man as "A two-legged animal without feathers," but Diogenes ruined his reputation forever by taking a chicken and stripping the feathers from it and exhibiting it as Plato's man. It evidently will not do to classify man as the animal that laughs, we are familiar with the laughing hyena and with a horse laugh, to say nothing of the grin of Cheshire cat. Nor, on the other hand, is man the animal that cries, else why should we read of crocodile fears?

The faculty of reasoning cannot be claimed for man alone. It has been sought to define man as the fire using animal, but this is not exact enough for a definition. Nor will the definition of man as the tool-using any more satisfactory. Many kinds of animals, birds especially, use tools with great skill.

But there is one definition of man to which no exception can be taken, and in which he stands solitary and alone. Man is the gambling animal. He alone of all the animal kingdom submits the decision of a question to the arbitrament of chance and tempts fate by an appeal to what he calls luck. Search as we may, we shall find no other animal that gambles.

Here, then, is the long-sought definition of man, and one in which no flaw can be found. It may not be particularly gratifying to mankind that it should be compelled to be confined to such a definition, but scientific accuracy cannot be sacrificed to mere prejudice or personal feeling. Man is the animal that gambles, and that is all there is to be said about it.

White Slaves.

It is innocently believed that slavery no longer exists in this country. This delusion will quickly vanish when one reflects upon the vast army of pale-faced, half-fed toilers that every evening emerge from their virtual prison dens in the shops and factories of our great cities. And in those countless thousands, sad-eyed women and delicate young girls prematurely old form a very large contingent.

Their youth is shrivelled and their bloom blighted in those inhuman shambles. The miserable pittance they receive for all their dreary toil means little more than starvation. A summer outing by the breezy sea or to the woods and green fields is a luxury they can hardly hope to enjoy. They live the lives of slaves.

How pathetically poor D'Arcy McGee pictures this sad state of white slavery when he sang:

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to overtaxed nature,
The darkness, the silence, the rest of the grave;
O dig it down deeply, kind fellow-creature,
I'm weary from living the life of a slave."

These lines were written when McGee was struggling with the octopus of poverty—well nigh to despair. They breathe the mournful *Re Profundis* of darkness and desolation. How many a white slave in every land might echo in his own inner consciousness the same sad verse.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S BALLAD.

A Song of the Tollers of England Which Also Fits This Country.

George R. Sims has written a satirical poem dealing with the English elections and the workmen. The verses form a parody on Kipling's "Tommy Atkins." These are the lines:

I walked in a procession with a banner and a band.

And they said I was a noosance in 'Igh 'Oborn and the Strand;

I spouted at a meeting which was in Trafalgar square,

But they sent the slops to charge me and to clear me out of there.

Oh, it's "Demmygog" and "Sochulist," and "Damn the lazy lout,"

But it's "Bless the British workman" with the ballot box about.

The ballot box about, my lads, the ballot box about;

Oh, it's "Bless the British workman," with the ballot box about.

I struck for better wages, and they said I was a fool,

And the crafty hagatur merely used me as a tool;

And when the kids was starvin and we hadn't sup nor bite,

They only shrugged their shoulders, and they said it served me right.

For it's "Ruin to the country," and it's wickedness and crime,

But it's "Sacred rights o' labor" just about election time.

Just about election time, my lads, just about election time;

Oh, it's "Sacred rights o' labor" just about election time.

I'm lazy and I'm 'ulking, and a noosance and a cuss,

And I sits on trade and commerce like a blessed inkbus.

I'm a-draggin down the hempire and a-swellin of the rates,

And a 'orny 'anded 'umbug what the hupper classes 'ates.

For it's "Workmen are duffers," and "They're never worth a groat,"

But it's "British bone and sinew" when they wants your blooming vote.

They wants your blooming vote, my lads, they wants your blooming vote;

Oh, it's "British bone and sinew" when they wants your blooming vote.

M. T. U. PICNIC.

FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION AT OTTERBURN PARK.

Unfavorable Weather no Hindrance to the Ardor of the Typo.

Sunshine From Rain Favors a Merry Day's Sport.

That Baseball Match and the Ship that Never Returned.

The Games and the Prize-Winners.

On Saturday morning last there were many anxious faces among the printers of Montreal, at least among that section of them which endeavor to live up to the golden rule of doing unto others, etc., and who believe in the unification of the mass as a source of strength and that an injury to one becomes the concern of the whole. The explanation is easy—it was the day chosen for their annual outing. As the heavy black clouds rolled up and the drizzling rain fell in the early morning, the prospect was anything but encouraging, and those who had the arrangements in hand held a long and serious confabulation over the situation. Indeed, at one time it was almost decided to cancel the train arrangements, but other counsels prevailed, and the decision turned out fortunately, for scarcely had the train started ere Old Sol shone out brilliantly, and by the time Otterburn was reached all the lowering clouds had disappeared and the crest-of-Beloeil mountain, clad in the greenest of verdure, nearly two thousand feet above, was a pleasant sight for jaded eyes to rest upon.

Although only a very small contingent ventured out in the morning train, the time was not allowed to pass heavily. What with dancing, baseball, rowing, etc., there was an abundance of fun; there was only one trouble, and that was in connection with the baseball game. There were too many umpires, and when any of the players got hold of the bat it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to quit it again as he generally insisted upon his own interpretation of strikes, fouls and catches. The greatest sinner in this respect was the gentleman who warbles so sweetly about "the ship that never returned"; he was not to be caught by sophistry of any kind, constituting himself a perfect authority of the game, and generally succeeded in overruling the decisions of the other umpires, that is, the rest of the players. However, these little hitches don't count where every-

body is looking only for fun and there was no blood spilt over these entanglements. Sides had been picked by Mr. John Donovan and a member of THE ECHO staff, but the latter piled up the runs to such an extraordinary extent that Captain Donovan withdrew his men, or, more strictly speaking, they withdrew themselves, dropping off one by one in a mysterious manner till none were left but the captain who finally dropped from exhaustion through his exertions in endeavoring to fill the positions of pitcher and first, second and third base all at once. Stringent rules were made at the beginning of the game, but it may be recorded as a curious fact they would never work the same way twice in succession. THE ECHO man had a level head and selected his men, not for their playing abilities, but for their proficiency in chin music, and it was on this account more than anything else, perhaps, that they registered about 150 runs to nil.

When the great body of the excursionists arrived in the afternoon the games were at once proceeded with. The results are herewith given:

Putting the 16-pound shot, open to amateurs—P. Whitley, 33 ft. 3 1/2 in.; J. Whitley, 32 ft. 5 in.; J. Storey, 31 ft. 8 in.

Putting the 16-pound shot, open to members in good standing—J. Donovan, 25 ft. 10 in.; L. Fraser, 24 ft. 7 in.; H. Arthur, 21 ft. 5 in.

Running hop, step and jump, open to amateurs—P. Whitley, 38 ft. 8 in.; J. Whitley, 37 ft. 7 in.; J. McGuigan 28 ft. 4 in.

Running hop, step and jump, members in good standing—J. Donovan, 35 ft.; L. Fraser, 33 ft. 9 in.; H. Arthur, 33 ft.; F. Watson, 33 ft.

100 yards, apprentices two years or less at the business—P. Morgan, 1; E. Smith, 2; J. Bradley, 3.

440 yards, open to amateurs—R. H. Chapman, 1; A. Lee, 2; E. Mignault, 3.

100 yards, members in good standing M. T. U. No. 176—L. Fraser, 1; R. Williams, 2; H. Arthur, 3.

100 yards, open to amateurs—P. Whitley, 1; T. Donnelly, 2; F. McDonald, 3.

440 yards, members in good standing M. T. U. No. 176—R. Williams, 1; L. Fraser, 2; H. Arthur, 3.

50 yards, wives of members in good standing—Mrs. Fraser, 1; Mrs. Jackson, 2; Mrs. Williams, 3.

100 yards, apprentices four years or less at the business—E. Smith, 1; W. Horner, 2; P. Morgan, 3.

220 yards, open to members in good standing of any labor organization—J. Storey, 1; P. Whitley, 1; J. McGuigan, 3.

50 yards, young ladies' race—Miss James, 1; Miss Julia Bradley, 2; Miss Hammond, 3.

100 yards, members' daughters under 15—Jennie Taylor, 1; L. Bradley, 2; J. Bradley, 3.

There was also a great game of lacrosse between the Clippers and Standards, ending in a tie. Mr. L. Fraser was referee, and Messrs. James Feeney and J. Rogers were the umpires. The teams were as follows:

Clippers—J. Gill, Jas. Nolan, — Robertson, — Duggan, John Nolan, E. Nolan, R. McEwan, — Sullivan, J. Murphy, — Parker, — Birchall, — Craven; J. Anderson, captain.

Standards—W. Hickey, M. O'Connor, J. Nolan, J. Grier, E. Jones, M. Sinnett, D. Ross, W. Quinn, W. Galley, R. Robinson, W. Dowd, W. Smith; T. Murphy, captain.

The fifth annual outing of the printers may be set down as a great success. Many familiar faces were missed which ought to have been there, and for their absence we will charitably blame the threatening state of the weather. There was a large number of the craft there, however, whom it is always a pleasure to meet and rehearse old stories of by-gone worthies and to speculate upon the effect of modern innovations in the trade. Long may they live to grace with their presence the annual picnic of the printers.

The committee worked well to secure success, and though the duty is sometimes rendered unpleasant by petty jealousies, they have the consolation that they succeeded under many difficulties in giving happiness to those who patronized their efforts. The names of the gentlemen composing the committee were: W. O. Kydd, chairman; J. S. McGovern, secretary; David Smith, treasurer; John Donovan, J. D. Morrison, H. Rush, Jas. Feeney, D. Dalton, H. Wilson, James Wilson and L. Z. Boudreau.

The homeward journey was a merry one, and all arrived at their destination without any mishap occurring to mar the day's enjoyment.

Mrs. D.—Just think, Mary, how terrible. The poor man was torn limb from limb. Mary—Lor' bless us, marm, and men so scarce.

Helmitta, a manufacturing village near New Brunswick, N. J., is alarmed over the fact that within a week over twenty deaths have occurred from a disease that resembles cholera, which seems to be epidemic.

IS IT RIGHT TO PROHIBIT

The Chinese Coming Into Canada?

(WRITTEN FOR THE ECHO.)

Through the kindness of a personal friend, although living in a country town, I am enabled to see THE ECHO every week. Although now nearing the "sere and yellow leaf" of life's usual limits, yet more than three-fourths of my life has been more or less actively engaged in the efforts of the masses—both in England and in Canada—to better their conditions, politically, morally and socially. Hence you will readily understand my offering a few stray thoughts on the subject of the Chinese and Canada's labor market.

Every nation has its individuality. As there are no two persons alike, so there are no two nations alike. Geography and climate create different circumstances, different feelings and different relations; and it may be said of the Chinese that they are a peculiar people. They claim to be one of the oldest, if not the oldest nation on the earth. They have a known history 800 or 900 years before the Christendom era; they themselves claim more than 2,000 years. They are admitted to be the largest nation, being in numbers as much as all Europe put together, having a population of about four hundred millions. Their language is unique and intricate, being one of the most difficult to learn; their alphabet consists of about 40,000 different signs. They have their splendid palaces and minarets; they have many arts and sciences, and are by no means to be considered merely tea gatherers and washerwomen. Other nations have risen and fallen, while the Chinese have remained, age after age, growing larger and larger in numbers. They have not been ignorant of the arts of war; their great wall, built to keep out the Tartar, is a monument of their engineering capacity, when other nations had but little to boast of. But as my province here is not to give a history of the Chinese, I will now leave this part of the subject upon which columns have been written, and ask: Why should we prohibit an intelligent, persevering, clever people coming to make their home in our midst? On the broad principle of a universal brotherhood, some will say, we ought not to keep them out, but extend to them a friendly hand and bid them welcome. Now, there must be some manifest reasons why such a strong prejudice has been raised against them. I think that there is more involved in this universal fraternity than at first sight appears. To put it in a very simple way, you cannot be a brother and friend to me unless I am a brother and friend to you. The principle and the practice have got to work both ways. We are willing to be brothers to John Chinaman, but he is not willing to be a brother to us. You know that only fifty years ago everybody was kept outside their great wall, and it was at the mouth of the cannon and musket that we have been permitted to enter some of their once forbidden provinces. Then, again, if they would meet us on equal terms our reasons for prohibiting them would not have much weight. But as they will not, the responsibility lies with them, and not with us. We have already hinted as to their coming to make a home with us; but they are too high-minded for that. They are so shrouded in their own superiority that they will not even bury their dead outside of their so-called celestial city. Their main motive seems to be no higher than that of a great circus coming into our cities to secure and carry away all the money they can. Then we ask: How is it possible for them to become good brothers and good citizens with us with no other inspiration than a selfish motive? Then, again, there are the reports which we get of the moral, or rather extremely immoral status of those who have forced themselves upon us. In San Francisco and in British Columbia, where they have succeeded in getting together in large numbers, their corrupting influences are painfully felt. It is from these and other places that the cry comes to keep them out. But the moral influence is not so strong as the effect they produce on the labor market. Having learned to live cheaply—in a way that our own people would not submit to for a moment—they offer themselves at miserably low wages, and find employment with money-grabbing contractors to the exclusion of hundreds who have a desire to raise themselves to a higher level in society. But, we would ask: How is this elevation possible if we allow, without stint or reserve, such people as the Chinese to come and prevent our own people from obtaining an honorable livelihood?

An article in the Globe of a recent date, in referring to this subject, says: "A few years ago protection was a deity revered by the workmen of the United States, as the source of high wages, continuous employment and national prosperity generally. But dark days came when the rolling mills of Ohio and the iron and steel mines of Pen-

sylvania were overrun by Poles and Huns and Italians who were imported free of duty and speedily reduced the wages of the American laborer to the level of their own. On the Pacific Slope the Chinamen lowered the standard of subsistence in a similar way, until his very name stank in the nostrils of the workers. The Chinaman has been forbidden the country, and already has been heard the creaking of the hinges that will bar out the cheap labor of Europe." Now, everybody knows that one of our leading principles is to get a fair share of the wealth we create. But if we allow the Chinaman or anybody else to come and live in hovels and eat food that we would not have in our houses, to come into our midst and run down wages to a mere existence point, I say these are strong reasons why the Chinese should be kept back, and while we believe in a universal brotherhood, we see that there is an immense amount of educational work to be done before we reach this desired haven. This brings us to another view of the subject, and that is: We need so much education right here at home that for the present we have no time to go out and educate the Chinese, and there seems to be no other method of protecting ourselves, our families and our country but by keeping them out. We have battle enough to fight with our own fellow-countrymen and women, for some are blind and some are stupid; we can neither wake them nor move them to a true sense of their real position, hence it behoves us to keep all foreign forces at bay. To some it may be said: Lend us a hand! We are weary of striving—striving each nerve to win popular sense. Why do you all play neutral and sit still on the fence when we need your assistance? Our country is large enough yet for millions more; but we want the right sort, and we want absolute justice say those who toil. It is the orator's theme and the poet's dream; the preacher's appeal, the reformer's highest end and aim. All natural and religious forces point this way, while the voice and work of eternal progress marches on to the goal it reaches out to see. When joining some labor organizations men are subjected to an obligation and a test and pledge of honor, and I assert that it is only common justice that the Chinaman, when he comes to this country, should be subjected to an obligation not to undermine our fellow-workmen in any way. The present prohibitory measures passed by the United States Government have been forced upon them unwillingly, and they are being forced upon us in the same way. We say it is better to keep them out than to allow them to come here and produce enmity and ill-will. The Philadelphia Press remarked the other day that a Southern mill owner, not long ago, who employed colored labor, said "we have the best and cheapest labor in the market," and the news from Arkansas concerning the killing of eleven colored men tell how wages are kept low in the South. If a colored man asks for more wages he is shot. Now, you see it does not matter whether colored or Italian, or Pole or Chinaman, as long as they come here to make our country worse instead of better, we have a right to prohibit them.

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CLINGING TO POWER.

The evident unwillingness with which Lord Salisbury's cabinet throws up the sponge, after the country had returned its verdict against them, leads to the reflection that power once acquired is seldom lightly given up. All history teaches that the tendency on the part of rulers, whether hereditary or elected, is to retain their governmental authority long after their subjects have given undeniable evidence of a reasonable and natural desire for a change. It is not necessary just now to find a scientific reason for this state of things, sufficient to say that men are not perfect and all rulers are but men. We all love power, and perhaps unconsciously, we are in this respect too conservative and disposed to use our "little brief authority" in a high-handed and very often insulting way when we get the chance. Nearly every man who is given authority fancies he is superlatively clever and smart, and much superior all round to the people who elected him to the position, so the chances are that the vanity which is in the whole of us will get the upper hand occasionally and cause us to put on an air of authority when we know, deep down in our hearts, that we don't possess merit to any extent worth blowing about. As it is with the individual so it is with governments, and Liberals as well as Conservatives are equally prone to this fault, owing to the selfishness or love of power of the individuals in whom that power is vested for the time being. They are all conservative when it comes to a question of retaining office; they are slow to act upon the verdict of a people, and from time immemorial have utterly failed to allow for the inevitable evolution of thought and changing conditions of their subjects. As a consequence, reforms have been secretly frustrated, bitterly opposed and exasperatingly delayed, oftentimes until the whole fabric of government was on the verge of being shattered by the force of revolt and the rulers were compelled through fear of consequences to yield that which reason had failed to wring from them. This seems to be true always, and at all times and to apply to all governments. The executive authority deliberately opposes or diverts the will of the people until every vestige of sympathy between the rulers and the ruled have been hopelessly strained, and the people come to regard the government as an enemy to be combated at every opportunity, and with any

weapon, instead of an instrument created by themselves to legislate for the people and to carry out the wishes of the majority. And though this may appear somewhat paradoxical in a community which selects its own rulers by popular vote, it is nevertheless true. Applied to national government it is evident beyond question by the expressed desire of otherwise estimable and law-respecting citizens to "get even" with the government—that is, to defraud the State. It never seems to trouble them that they are "getting even" with themselves at the same time. The inclination of all governments seems to be to irritate by repressive conservatism, by government by contradiction, and to play the part of nigger driver till the nigger commences to retaliate. This tendency is here with us in all forms of government under which we exist—federal, provincial and municipal—and has to be reckoned with. It ought to be sufficient for workingmen only to know this to endeavor to minimize its effects by thorough organization in order that the reforms on which they have set their hearts may be more effectively pushed. Acting as a solid political body the workingman's vote will have weight and his wishes respected, but without cohesion he becomes a tool and a laughing stock among wire-pullers and politicians. Above all things organized men should be progressive, leading with a shining light that others may see the way to follow, otherwise their efforts will prove ineffective.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An effort is now being made to organize the conductors and drivers on the Street Railway in this city, and before long we hope to count them in the ranks of organized labor. We question if there are another body of men in Montreal who have endured so much for such poor remuneration as those engaged upon the street railway and all too while the remedy lay in their own hands, but a brighter day appears to be dawning for them. The new company has publicly announced that on and after the 1st September the pay of conductors and drivers will be increased and that their hours of labor will not exceed ten. To many of them this news appears too good to be true, they having suffered so long from starvation wages and long hours under the old concern. It is certainly a hopeful sign that the new management should make itself so far amenable to public opinion as to grant this concession without being compelled by any action of their employees to do so, and we do not believe the profits of the Company will be seriously curtailed by their liberality, as with better wages "scuffing a five" will become a thing of the past.

The capitalistic press are crowing pretty loudly over what they please to call the total collapse of the strike at the Carnegie mills, but it is evident from the number of desertions that there is not such harmony among the imported scabs as there might be, and as the men have succeeded in gaining their point from other companies they are not altogether discouraged by the secession which has taken place from their ranks. The Carnegie people have not anything like their required number of hands in the mills, and with the prospect before them of being able to work upon the feelings of the imported hands the strikers who are holding out feel pretty confident they can yet put the company to a great deal of inconvenience. President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, was in Homestead last Saturday and met with the advisory committee of the Amalgamated Association, and it is understood that the entire strength of the Federation will be called upon to help win the fight. The 700,000 members of the organization will be asked to contribute money, and especially to be vigilant in the boycott of

the production of Carnegie's mills and in preventing workmen from going to Homestead. Hugh O'Donnell, the energetic leader of the strikers, is now visiting the East for the purpose of securing practical aid in the struggle for the right of organization, and is everywhere meeting with an enthusiastic reception.

The Homestead trouble has given further evidence, if any were wanted, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. When the case against the workmen accused of murder was called they were thrust without any ceremony into the felon's dock and kept there under a strong guard until their bail of \$10,000 was forthcoming. How different with the officials of the Carnegie Company, charged with the same offence, and for all that was known against whom just as strong a case existed. These men were accommodated with a seat beside their counsel in the body of the court room, and the same amount of bail fixed in their case as in that of the poor man. In the one case the amount of the bond could only be considered a trifle; in the other it was equivalent to a commitment to jail, and the law should not countenance any such discrimination as was shown in this instance. It is not surprising that the poor should doubt the impartiality of the law when instances of a kind to this crop up so very frequently.

The Duke of Fife, the elderly son-in-law of the Prince of Wales, has become convinced that the possession of too much land in a block is attended with inconvenience and that properties of various sizes are more desirable than the overgrown estates which were the pride of a former generation. It will be very difficult to convince the average British landholder that this is true, as the more land the more prestige, and the squire is never happy unless he can acquire more than he inherited from his father. The Duke is quite right, however, when he declares that the wider distribution of land would dispel class jealousy and promote national stability. One way of bringing this about is to place a tax upon land values; in that case a man would not care to keep more than he could conveniently use and profitably work.

On last Sunday there were between 600 and 700 printers at the meeting of Typographical Union No. 6, as it was understood there was to be a discussion of the relations of the union and the Tribune office and the recent settlement of the longstanding dispute. Executive Committee should pass upon the applications of a few men employed in the Tribune composing room who wished to join the union. Two votes were taken on this resolution. It was carried by an overwhelming majority the first time, but some dissatisfied persons called for a division. President Kenny, who presided, put the motion again, and this time there were only a few votes in the negative out of between 600 and 700 votes cast.

According to the statement of our Australian correspondent, which is supported by what appears in recent exchanges published in different cities of the Australasian colonies, great destitution prevails in that portion of the globe, caused by the over-crowded state of the labor market and the alarming extent to which cheap black and yellow labor is being introduced into competition against white. In the city of Melbourne, not long ago, a sad spectacle was witnessed, which is best described in the following extract from

The Hummer: "Three hundred starving women, with babies in arms, paraded through the streets of Melbourne last Wednesday. One lady, a heroine, speaking to her sisters, said: 'Come out! Show yourselves! Don't be ashamed! Your little ones are crying for bread which you cannot supply. Some of your children are without clothes or shoes, and you keep them in doors. Watch them slowly starve to death. Why? Because the fear of shame terrorizes and prevents you from openly demonstrating to the world that you and yours are very much in need. Sisters, I know,' she said, 'it is hard to be poor, and let the world know it, because the world frowns on poverty. But think! Your little ones are dying! They want nourishment and you shut them up. What do you do? Listen! You slowly murder those children whom you love dearly.' These women then proceeded to The Age office, and gave three groans for that capitalistic sheet. Then the police began to hustle the helpless women. The police ought to have been stopped, and they probably would have been if the men had the same courage as the women. On Friday about 400 of the unemployed knocked at the jail door and demanded admittance, but the Governor said that was impossible unless they broke the law. Besides, the jail was overcrowded."

A meeting has been called by the Organization Committee of the Central Trades and Labor Council for Monday night, 15th inst., in the Cigarmakers' Hall, St. Lawrence street, for to complete organization of Machine Woodworkers.

Old Chum
(CUT PLUG)
OLD CHUM
(PLUG)
No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

D. Ritchie & Co.
Oldest Cut Tobacco Manufacturers in Canada. Montreal.
Cut Plug, 10c. ½ lb. Plug, 10c.
½ lb. Plug, 20c.

Sudden Disappearance

of all dirt and stains from everything by using Strachan's "Gilt Edge" Soap.

REWARD

Purity, health, perfect satisfaction, thorough good temper, by its regular use.
This soap is, without doubt, worth its weight

IN GOLD!!

HAVE YOU TRIED HERO

CRUSADER CIGARS.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. RATTRAY & CO., MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.**EARLY CLOSING**

FOR RECREATION.

In order to give a little more time for recreation or recuperation, our stores will be closed at 5.30 p. m., every day during August, except Saturdays, when they will be closed at One o'clock.

S. CARSLEY.

NINE AND A HALF!

TO BE SOLD THIS WEEK

HUNDREDS OF PIECES

Of First Class

PRINTS AND SATEENS,

Worth from 14c to 20c per yard. Your choice of the lot all this week at

Only 9½c per Yard.

S. CARSLEY.

WINKS: "Minks has been agoing very rapidly during the past few months."

JINKS: "Yes, he must be building a house."

CALL AT ONCE!

And select from all these First Class Prints and Sateens. Regular value from 14c to 20c.

To be sold all this week at

Only 9½ Cents.

Beautiful Designs and Fast Colors.

S. CARSLEY.

This life would indeed be a blank, this world a dreary waste, if, after a misfortune has befallen us, we had no kind friend to call in and say, "I told you so!"

REMNANT WEEK.

REMNANT WEEK.

REMNANT WEEK.

REMNANT WEEK.

This is our Grand Remnant Week of the season, during which time all remnants are cleared at prices regardless of cost.

S. CARSLEY.

"His attentions to you have been marked, have they not?" said the young woman's experienced friend.

"Oh, yes. He has never taken the price-ticket off any of his presents."

AUGUST SALE

—OF—

SUMMER MANTLES.

Every Description

Of Ladies Summer Garments now Reduced to lowest possible prices, in order to clear for the largest stock of Fall and Winter garments ever brought into the city.

European Model Mantles

Reduced to Special Prices.

A Large Variety of

Ladies Lace and Silk Mantles

Reduced to Half Price.

Lace and Silk Peleries

At Special Prices.

Ladies' Waterproofs in Endless Variety.

S. CARSLEY.

A SHOEMAKER'S ADVERTISEMENT—"F. L.—begs to invite the attention of the public to the exquisite workmanship of his ladies boots. N. B.—Every purchaser will receive a box of corn ointment free of charge."—Neueste Nachrichten.

JACKETS.

LADIES' BLAZER JACKETS

In Blue Cloth, and very suitably trimmed.

Reduced to Sale Prices.

Ladies' Boating Coats Reduced.

Ladies' Yachting Coats Reduced.

Ladies' Seaside Coats Reduced.

A LARGE STOCK

Of Ladies' Cream and Fancy Serge.

Refers suitable for Seaside and Country wear at Special Prices.

Ladies' Stylish Black Cloth Coats, 36 inches long, Reduced to \$2.85

A SPECIAL LOT

Of Ladies Fancy Colored Cloth Jackets, Reduced to \$3.00.

S. CARSLEY.

MR. WILLIAMS (Fanny's admirer): "Is your sistah going to the seaside this summah, Tommy?"

TOMMY: "That all depends on you. I heard ma say that if you and Fanny were engaged before the season opened, there wouldn't be any sense in her going."

LACES!

THE LARGEST STOCK

Of Irish Crochet Point Laces, in the city at lowest prices.

ALL WIDTHS

In Cream Irish Crochet Point Laces.

ALL WIDTHS

In White Irish Crochet Point Laces.

ALL WIDTHS

In Beige Irish Crochet Point Laces.

ALL WIDTHS

In Black Irish Crochet Point Laces.

ALL WIDTHS

In Twotone Irish Crochet Point Laces.

REAL TORCHON LACES,

In Fine, Medium and Coarse Makes.

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"In an interview with a reporter of a local paper the Mayor stated the other day that the City Hall and every department in it was rotten," said Phil. "Commenting upon this fact, the Mayor placed his finger upon the sorest spot in our body politic. 'Talk about honor, talk about principle,' said he, 'why, if you don't use your political party, if you don't have influence you'll get left. That's the question! The man that gets left is done for. Then, with the aid of your party, and the aid of your influence, you will see to it that you will not get left. Now, I ask you, what is the use of talking about honor? James McShane is right; a public man has no business to have any honor, and generally he hasn't. We have long ago recognized that politics, as conducted by the old parties, their leaders, and heelers, is nothing more or less than a game of grab. And, mind you, this isn't at all confined to municipal politics but to provincial and federal as well; and what holds good of the City Hall can truthfully be said both of Quebec and Ottawa—they, too, are rotten. It is seldom, though, that you will find old politicians like 'Jimmy' ready to admit it."

"But," said Brown, "what is the use of denouncing corruption and boodling if you continue to elect the same men who have bought and sold you right along; why the mischief don't you turn the rascals out and replace them by others, and keep this game up until you secure honest representatives everywhere. Years ago ex-Alderman Gray stated that it was impossible for an honest man to do his duty in the City Council, and he resigned; and yet you fellows have continued to send these self-same men back again and again, so that when George Washington Stephens left the City Hall the other day he said much the same thing that Gray said seven years ago. And then you wonder at the City Hall being rotten; why, all I'm surprised at is, that the City Hall is still left to us."

"What we want," said Gaskill, "is an amendment to the city charter under which the whole Council would be elected once every year. Then, if any or all of the aldermen had acted suspiciously or voted against the interests of the city, you could deal with them or him in short order; now you can't. If you'll observe, the last year of their term they generally all walk pretty straight, so as to pull the wool over your eyes and make you forget their misdeeds of the first two years. Now, I would make every year their last, and I'd have them fellows on their best behavior all the time. This dread of getting left, as Jimmy calls it, would make them toe the line fast enough. Then, again, I would cancel the powers of the City Council to grant such valuable franchises as street railways, electric light or telephone monopolies without the sanction and approval of the public at large. Such matters should be left to a popular vote and every citizen given the opportunity to express himself at the ballot box. Had this been done with the street railway business the old company would have been wiped clean out of existence and one or two of the lesser concerns which hang onto it along with it. There certainly would have been no boodling or wire pulling such as has given rise to the strong denunciation of Mayor McShane and which has made Montreal a by word among the people."

"I don't believe in 'farming out' franchises of this kind to anybody," said Phil. "Montreal will never have an efficient street car service until the city owns and operates the roads itself. We have been humbugged by the old company since it started, and we will continue to be humbugged by the present crowd. The same applies to the

electric light and telephone companies, and to our ferry boats. They all do pretty much as they please and between them they own the city and rule the City Council. Either elect men to represent you who have honor and principle, or else save money and, instead of holding elections, allow the several monopolies who have the city in their grasp to appoint the members of the City Council, and be done with it. Do either the one thing or the other, but do something."

BILL BLADES.

LAW AND ORDER.

The editor of the New York Sun drew an interesting parallel the other day between Andrew Carnegie and a hypothetical farmer. This farmer was supposed to have ten farm laborers in his employ, who, objecting to a reduction in their wages, resisted such reduction by arming themselves and taking forcible possession of the farm and buildings. The duty of the farmer under these circumstances, the Sun explained, "would be to call upon the authorities of the state to put him in possession of his own; and the state ought to do it, if it required every constable, sheriff and regiment." There is not the smallest doubt that the Sun selected the case of a farmer for this parallel because the employing farmer is nearly always a hard-working manual laborer himself; the Sun's chief anxiety just now being to delude its readers with the idea that, in standing up for Carnegie, it is standing up for principle and the right of property, and that it would stand up as stiffly for principle and the right of property if the property in question were that of a manual laborer. Now, a day or two after the appearance of this article, General Snowden's troops marched through Pennsylvania. They spent one night at Yadebaugh, where lives a farmer named John Smith. During the night they trampled down John Smith's wheat and rye fields, robbed his potato patch, his onion bed, his hen coop, and his pig-pen, and tore down his fences to use for firewood in roasting the product of his farm. The next day I searched the columns of the Sun to find its demand on Governor Pattison to call out somebody (not the troops, for they were already out and were themselves the offenders) to protect John Smith's property from ravage by the State soldiery. I found no such demand. Instead I found a humorous account of the affair occupying nearly a column, written in a style which indicated that the editor of the Sun regarded this wanton assault on Farmer John Smith's property as one of the best jokes ever perpetrated. He seemed especially delighted with the fact that, when John Smith sought redress, one of the regimental surgeons had been introduced to him as the general, and had gravely assured him that the state would pay the bill. Evidently, in professing anxiety a day or two before about the property of the farmers, the editor of the Sun had been giving the laborers "guff." He is not interested in the property of laborers. He cares nothing for any form of honest labor. The only labor that he wants protected is that of the capitalist and editors who spend all their efforts in devising and defending means whereby to rob the people. —Benjamin R. Tucker in Liberty.

ACCIDENT TO W. T. COSTIGAN.

We regret, and that regret will be shared in by every organized workman in the city of Montreal, to learn that Mr. W. T. Costigan has met with rather a serious injury to his foot and is at present confined to a private ward in the General Hospital. Mr. Costigan was boarding a car the other morning when he slipped, and his foot getting under the wheel was severely crushed, the car having just then started. Mr. Costigan has hosts of friends among the working classes, by whom no man in this city is held in higher esteem. While regretting the accident that has befallen him all will feel pleased to hear that he is progressing favorably.

LABOR DAY NOTES.

The Cigarmakers' unions have secured the services of the City Band for Labor Day parade. By the way, they now meet in one of the prettiest halls in the city.

As several new organizations have sprung up during the past year, it is confidently expected that the parade will attain larger proportions than formerly. Applications for position in the ranks are pouring in satisfactorily, but as usual some of the organizations keep back until the very last moment, thus entailing additional trouble on the committee, who are naturally anxious to have the programme as full and complete as possible in good time. Those organizations which have not already signified their intention of taking part should immediately do so with the secretary Mr. V. DuBreuil, so that their places may be assigned.

Arrangements are almost completed for a lacrosse match between the intermediate champions (Crescents) and the Glengarrians who gave them such a hard tussle for the championship last week.

THE CIGARMAKERS' DIFFICULTY.

No change has taken place during the week at Messrs. Davis' factory and a number of the hands who came out have been engaged elsewhere, the others being on strike benefit. The local unions made application to the Executive Board of the International to have the stand taken by the men approved, and we learn that their application has been successful and financial aid granted.

Resolutions sympathizing with the men have been passed by various organizations, the last to move being Maple Leaf Assembly. The resolution passed by them denounces the employment of scab and child labor and calls upon all organized workmen, and those in sympathy with them, to patronize only those dealers who recognize the Blue Label.

The members of the two unions in this city have assessed themselves 25c per week in aid of the strikers.

During the week application has been made by another cigar manufacturer for the use of the Blue Label, and it only requires a little energy and perseverance on the part of cigarmakers to set the whole into line. We have no doubt members of other labor organizations will give their cordial assistance.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Anyone who can give information as to Michael O'Keefe, who left Liverpool for Melbourne in December, 1858, and when last heard of was at the Gulf Diggings, N. S. W., in 1863, will confer a favor by communicating the same to W. W. Lyght, Box 279, G. P. O., Melbourne. His son John is anxious to hear from him.

THE NAILMAKERS' STRIKE.

The strike of nailmakers in this city may now be said to be over, as the scale has been signed by at least one firm, that of Peck, Benny & Co., and it is not expected the others will hold back much longer. Both sides have made concessions, but it may be said that the scale adopted is that of the Amalgamated Association, with a few reductions. One of the conditions attached to the scale affects the Pillow, Hersey mill more than any other, which accounts for their delay in signing, as they are negotiating to be released from the action of this condition. It is expected that a settlement will be arrived at with them today. With regard to the Montreal Rolling Mills, it is generally believed they will not hold out much longer. It is whispered about that the nail combine in this city has burst up, or partially so, at least, and the fact that lately each of the firms have been negotiating separately with the Association gives color to the rumor. Whether or not the split will affect the agreement to control production and prices is not, however, known.

Nothing is known in New York, so a despatch this morning states, about the alleged Anarchist plot to kill the Carnegie Company's manager, Mr. Erick. Police Inspector Byrnes has not received any word of warning from the Austrian Consul here, as reported, and discredits the story altogether.

A PERFECT ARTICLE!



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

Thousands are using the Cook's Friend. Just the Thing for your Christmas Baking.

All the best Grocers sell it.

McLaren's Cook's Friend the only Genuine.

BEDDING.

Patented for Purity.

IT IS CHEAPER and better to get your Bedding at a first-class House selling nothing but Bedsteads and bedding, the latter exclusively their own make.

Old Bed Feathers and Mattresses purified and made over equal to new at shortest notice

J. E. Townshend,

No. 1 Little St. Antoine St. } ONLY!
Corner St. James Street.

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Every Workingman

SHOULD READ

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A BRIGHT, NEWSY,

ENTERTAINING WEEKLY

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

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FOR

SOCIETIES,

LODGES,

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AT

REASONABLE PRICES.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee



The quality of the Coffee we sell under our trade mark is our best advertisement.

This Seal is our trade mark, and guarantees perfection of quality, strength and flavor.

BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO

INSURE your Property and Household Effects, also your Places of Business and Factories, against Fire, with the old, Reliable and Wealthy

PHENIX INSURANCE COY, OF HARTFORD.

CASH CAPITAL.....\$ 2,000,000 00
PREMIUM INCREASE 1891..... 3,007,591 32
LOSSES PAID TO DATE..... 29,027,788 02

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

TRITE BUT TRUE:

A commonplace saying, ladies! Probably a commonplace fallacy as well! Can truth be trite? We think not! At least when it takes the shape of an announcement that means the saving of dollars and cents, the public have a dexterous facility in extracting the truth and leaving the triteness on one side. A bargain list is trite! It may unhappily want the alliterative virtue of being true! But the following has unquestioned veracity, and will commend itself accordingly.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

COOL BARGAINS.

BLOUSES! BLOUSES!

Large lines of LADIES' BLOUSES at half-price.

EXAMPLES:

LADIES' BLOUSES....\$2.25 for \$1.13
LADIES' BLOUSES.... 2.40 for 1.20
LADIES' BLOUSES.... 2.65 for 1.33
LADIES' BLOUSES.... 3.25 for 1.63

And so on.

WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, At Clearing Out Prices.

WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, 73c, reduced

to 45c

WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, 90c, reduced

to 60c

And so on.

And so on.

COLORED SILK BLOUSES.

All our COLORED SILK BLOUSES are marked down to cost and below cost. Now is the time for BLOUSES, and JOHN MURPHY & CO. is the place to buy them, as all BLOUSES are marked at Bargain Prices.

PRINT WRAPPERS, our own make, all SPECIAL VALUE. See them; the prices are \$1.95 and \$2.50.

A manufacturer's stock of Ladies' Cotton Underclothing to be sold at bargain prices, during our Clearing Sale.

Ladies, if you buy now you can effect a straight saving of 25 to 30 percent, therefore we ask you not to delay.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 1781, 1783

Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter
Terms Cash and Only One Price.

IMPERIAL INSURANCE COY (Limited.) FIRE.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)

Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000

Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.

Canadian Branch Office:

COMPANY'S BUILDING,

107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

E. D. LACY,

Resident Manager for Canada.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

Canadian.

The diocese of Kingston contributed \$1,985 to the Home Rule Fund. The necessary \$65 to make it \$2,000 will be subscribed, when it will be forwarded by Archbishop Cleary to Ireland.

John Black, an extensive dealer in cattle, whose home is in Fergus, Wellington County, Ont., but who has been spending some time at the house of a friend in Liverpool, Eng., committed suicide by cutting his throat in his friend's bath house.

Henry Tyson, storekeeper at the Royal Military College, Kingston, has not been heard of since he was reported missing. His wife is afraid he was drowned. He was at the battle of Candahar and on that occasion received a bullet wound in the head.

American.

During July the British imports increased £67,000 and the exports decreased £248,000 as compared with July, 1891.

Three smallpox cases, in widely separated localities, were reported at New York on Monday. One of the persons stricken died in two hours.

The "gold train" from San Francisco passed through Chicago on Monday. The cars bristled with muskets and no one was allowed within smiling distance of the precious freight.

A whole family, consisting of a man, wife and four children, names unknown, were killed at Guthrie, O. T., on Monday. The family had been in Guthrie buying provisions and while returning to their claim their team ran away over a precipice.

Five Chinese, three young men and two girls, were admitted on Saturday afternoon after some hesitation by the United States Customs officers into Detroit from Windsor. The passports held by them across the river stated that their mission was to study at the Michigan University.

A heavy thunderstorm at Tannersville, Greene county, N. Y., in the Catskills, awoke Burton Snyder Sunday night, and he arose to put down the window. He was struck by lightning and fell unconscious. It was with great difficulty that he was revived. The side of his face and body are black where the electric current passed through him.

Israel Wood, a farmer fifty years old, who lived at Read's Creek, N. Y., died a few days ago from the effects of a rattlesnake bite. He was in the field turning hay and tossed up a large rattlesnake. The reptile sprang at him and its fangs entered his left leg below the knee. There was delay in procuring a physician, and before one arrived the farmer died in great agony.

The Pittsburg Post publish a story to the effect that the police have discovered another anarchist plot to assassinate Mr. H. C. Frick. The intended assassin is the Anarchist, Aaronstamm, of New York, who is a close friend of Bergmann and Emma Goldman. Aaronstamm has been in the city for several days and it is claimed has been waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill his victim. He is said to resemble Bergmann very much and is armed with a revolver in one pocket and a dynamite bomb in the other. The plot was hatched in Vienna and was given to the New York police by Vice-Consul Eberhardt, of Austria. Secretary Lovejoy has been warned that he has only until the 15th to live. Other officials of the Carnegie company have also received threatening letters. The police are satisfied, however, that they can frustrate the plans of the Anarchists.

European.

The Russian Minister of the Interior has asked for a credit to assist in the return of Russians who emigrated to America and failed to find work there.

The Times and Standard both comment on the demands of Messrs. McCarthy and Redmond in behalf of evicted tenants and dynamites, as fore-shadowing trouble for Mr. Gladstone.

The results of the supplementary elections in France for members of Departmental Councils show a net Republican gain of 195. The Conservatives now only hold four departments.

A dispatch from Helsingford to London announces that a terrible maritime disaster has occurred near there. A pleasure steamer was run down in the harbor and forty-five persons on board were drowned.

On the arrival of the train from Florence at Foligno Sunday the Bishop of Foligno was found dead in one of the carriages with several wounds on his head. The police have arrested the suspected murderer.

A Pittsburg dispatch says: The window glass scale is settled and all the factories will start up either September 30 or October 6. The scale is last year's with a few slight changes.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Times says that official bulletins show that prior to August 1, the number of deaths

from cholera in Russia had reached a total of 23,919. As official lists are admitted to be incomplete, the total may safely be estimated at 25,000.

The Sultan's troops have brought to Tangier three prisoners captured in an engagement with the rebellious tribesmen. The heads of the rebels who were slain in the battle were cut off and sent to the Sultan. Reinforcements are expected, but the alarm among the foreigners resident at Tangier is increasing.

Society is disturbed by the announcement that the Duke of Devonshire is to sell the famous family residence, Devonshire house, comprising a mansion and nine acres of ground in the heart of Mayfair. The property is, of course, immensely valuable, but other than financial considerations must be supposed to influence the Duke in disposing of it. It is stated a syndicate of capitalists have offered £1,000,000 for a portion of the land, their intention being to build a large number of houses upon it.

The Salisbury Cabinet having been defeated in the first division by 350 to 310, Lord Salisbury has placed his resignation in the hands of the Queen. Mr. Gladstone will visit Her Majesty to-day. The representative of the Associated Press learns definitely that Sir William Vernon Harcourt has accepted the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone has cooled towards his former favorite, Mr. Fowler, owing to the latter's want of energy during the electoral period.

THE SPORTING WORLD

LACROSSE.

The Shamrocks won their first victory over Cornwall in many years on Saturday last, and its decisive nature was very gratifying to their friends as it now places them on the high road for the championship. Cornwall only took one game out of six, the Shamrocks outplaying them at every point.

By the bare majority of three to two, the Crescents succeeded in retaining the intermediate championship. Their opponents were the Glengarrigans, who played a remarkably strong game.

The St. Gabriel and Montreal Junior lacrosse clubs met on Saturday and an excellent match was witnessed. There was no roughness to speak of, though two men were ruled off. Mr. Ross McKenzie was referee, and, as usual, did his work well.

Immediately after the above match the second twelve of the Montreal Juniors and the White Stars met to try conclusions. The Stars had all the play on their side, and eventually won the match by a score of three to one.

A team of compositors from the Star and Witness composing rooms will play a match on the Driving Park next Saturday. The Witness team will be handled by Mr. W. A. Bell.

At a meeting of the Shamrock executive, it was decided that the invitation to visit Winnipeg be accepted. The secretary will write for further particulars relative to date of visit, etc. The Shamrock team are sure of getting a great reception at Winnipeg, and a pleasant week's outing is assured.

CRICKET.

The Montreal 2nd cricket eleven defeated the McGill University team on Saturday. McGill went in first and succeeded in making the small score of 29. Montreal batted till 6.30 o'clock, making a score of 160 for seven wickets.

The friendly match arranged between the Outremont C. C. and the Colonial House XI came off on Saturday last on Fletcher's field before a fair number of spectators, ending in a victory for the former.

A match between Longueuil and Point St. Charles clubs took place on Saturday afternoon on the grounds of the latter, and resulted in a draw owing to time being up before it was finished. Longueuil was anxious to play it out, but Point St. Charles did not see the point of doing so, so it remained as it was. Scores: Longueuil 67, Point St. Charles, for five wickets, 36.

QUOITS.

A very interesting game of quoits was played on Saturday last on the Dominion club grounds, Atwater avenue, between the Caledonian and Dominion clubs. There were a large number of spectators on the grounds. The playing at several of the rinks was so close that the referee, Mr. Angus McIntyre, was kept busy settling who had the shot.

The following is the result:

Caledonian Club.	Dominion Club.
B. Pitts..... 31	Wm. Taylor.... 13
Chas. Jones.... 31	F. Singer..... 26
J. Hitchinson... 31	C. Stewart.... 22
J. Monette..... 31	H. Oram..... 21
J. Frillard..... 31	F. Marsh..... 28
F. Heney..... 12	J. Chipchase... 31
Wm. Mann..... 28	A. Saunders.... 31
J. Watson..... 15	R. S. Wilson... 31
Total..... 210	203

Another match will be played between

these two clubs on the Caledonian club grounds on Saturday, the 20th inst.

A new device for the benefit of quoit players has just been brought out. It consists of a pin provided with a hollow chamber and a central hole at the top, out of which may be drawn, when needed, a flexible measuring device to determine the distance of the quoits from the centre of the peg. The tape automatically flies back into the chamber when released.

FOOTBALL.

THE YOUNG IDEA WANTS TO KICK.—A new football club has been formed in town to play the association game, and its members, if not large, are enthusiastic. The new club's name is the Clifton and it plays on Monroe's field. They want to play matches with clubs about their own age, and anybody wishing for further information can address Mr. W. Dougall, 25 Coursol street.

THE RING.

The scientific sparring contest between Buchanan and Black Frank, which was to have taken place last week, will come off next Tuesday evening at the St. Henri Town Hall. In addition to the sparring exhibition, a variety programme has been prepared. The Town Hall will accommodate 1,400, and the management would like to see it filled.

On Monday night votaries of the manly art will have the opportunity of witnessing a battle by the lightweights, in some secluded spot, to be arranged for before that date. The attendance will be limited to fifty persons. Twenty-five friends of each party, the contestants will be J. Larkin, of Jersey City, and "Young" Stevenson. The fight will be to a finish with 2 ounce gloves; Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern. The purse is fifty dollars a side and the door receipts.

Jim Burge, of Australia, and Billy Lavigne, of Saginaw, Mich., light-weights, engaged in a finish fight for a \$1,250 purse at the Pacific Club on Wednesday night. Lavigne's superior height and reach gave him an advantage over Burge who kept bearing it to little advantage. Lavigne caught him with both hands on the getaway in the third round and nearly dropped him. In the fourth Burge scored some hard right-handers on the jaw, staggering Lavigne. In the fifth Lavigne jabbed at long range, Burge egging him on, and witing with the right. From the sixth to the ninth rounds Burge shaped up better and kept Lavigne guessing. He would drop his head and take Lavigne's half arm jolts in the face at close quarters without a return, but would swing his right on the head or kidneys as Lavigne got away. The next five rounds were slow, Lavigne avoiding close quarters. The next three were a little warmer. Burge's left ribs were somewhat marked and he had lost a tooth. Lavigne was apparently in as good condition as ever.

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Austin Gibbons and Staunton Abbotts ere matched to fight in England.

Jem Smith refuses to fight Choynski in the country, but will do so in England.

Kennedy, the Australian swimmer, uses the English side stroke. The motion is like that of scissors.

The bicycle track at Springfield, Mass., is being sandpapered daily, and is now as smooth as a floor. It is expected that a few of the now standing world's records will be broken.

There are forty-four cycling clubs in Chicago. Twenty-seven are located in club houses, and half of that number either occupy club houses built for them or will do so in the near future.

W. W. Windie, the cyclist, will resume riding now that his record at the mile has been lowered by Taylor. It was his intention to remain off the track as long as his record remained unbroken.

Charlie Wilson, the most useful and practical trainer in Great Britain, says Zimmerman is as fine a racing man as ever fell under his observation. And Wilson has handled Osmond, Furnival and all the lights of cyclecism which Her Majesty's kingdom has afforded in six years.

A Wagon Run by Steam.

A remarkable specimen of mechanical ingenuity has recently been shown by a machinist of Baltimore. It is in the form of a unique wagon which is propelled by means of a Vandusen 10-horse power gasoline engine. The proposed wagon, which is completed and has made one trip, and is now undergoing some alterations in the axle bearings, is about 15 feet in length, weights about 6,000 pounds and in quite long enough to seat 20 persons comfortably. The engine, as designed and applied, is small and compact, resting beneath the floor and between the axles and concealed by steps mounting to the body of the vehicle. One side of the engine is furnished with a metallic flywheel of 48 inches in diameter, and right angles to which revolves a friction wheel, the circumference of which is leather. This small wheel is turned by the revolution of the flywheel. Upon the same axle is another small wheel which causes t

revolve a metal disk and to the latter is attached a link chain, which likewise surrounds the rear hub. The power is thus transmitted from the flywheel to the friction wheel and thence to the hub. The speed can be increased or diminished by widening or lessening the distance of the friction wheel from the centre of the flywheel, the former being 10 inches in circumference, the latter 48 inches. A speed of from three to twenty miles is guaranteed at a cost of 1 cent per hour for the engine power and 10 cents per gallon for the gasoline. A tank of 30 gallon capacity will be placed in the wagon, but 10 gallons a day will probably be an ample allowance. The levers for the propagating, lessening and increasing the motion will be a brake, a speed lever and a steering apparatus, and the driver or steerer will be placed in the front part of the wagon, conveniently near all of these. Should the wagon fulfill the predictions of the inventor, horse power as a means of street locomotion may be in a great measure done away with.

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

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

69 ST. ANTOINE ST.

DR. NELSON'S
PRESCRIPTION
Is undoubtedly the BEST of

Cough Remedies. **25c** A Bottle.

DR. CHEVALLIER'S
Red Spruce Gum Paste.
The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations.
25c a Box.

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Pharmaceutical Chemists,
Late with C. J. Government & Co.

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BUTCHER,

Stalls Nos. 8 & 9

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MONTREAL.

Fresh Meat, Salt Beef and Tongues kept constantly on hand.

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Household Furnishings,
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Upholstering, Bedding, Stoves, Etc.

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MONTREAL.

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Drain Pipes and connections, all sizes. Best Brands Cement. Calcined and other Plasters, etc. Lubricating and Illuminating Oils. Boiler Compound. Coal, all sizes. Plumbers' Supplies, Painters' Supplies, Mill Supplies, Builders' Hardware, Household Hardware, Shelf Hardware, Mechanics' Tools, Stoves, etc.

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

Redpath

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

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

EXTRA GRANULATED.
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS.
(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS.
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS,
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

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

GLENDINNEN'S

"LEADER" Stoves

Embrace every requisite

Necessary to

Delight the good housewife.

In manufacturing them

Neither time or money is spared,

Nothing overlooked. Our

endeavor to make a stove second to

none, and the popular verdict is we

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

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THE COMING STORM.

At even, at midnight, or at the cock crowing or in the morning.

It may come in the gentle even at the setting of the sun,
When the earth is a golden glory and the day is nearly done,
When the drowsy cow-bells tinkle across the grassy lea
And the stars begin to twinkle over the summer sea,
When the sound of the ringing anvil no more is heard around,
When the forge in the shop is silent and the hammer's clanging sound,
When marshalled on the nightly plain the constellations form
In the silence of the evening; then may come the coming storm.

At midnight's hold hour, when the quiet moon looks down,
When the stars draw back in wonder and the clouds begin to frown,
When the busy city slumbers and the watchman cries "all's well,"
When a thousand herds lies sleeping in valley, hill and dell,
When the weary cease from labor and the troubled heart finds rest,
And the gentle babe lies sleeping upon its mother's breast;
Then may come in wild confusion from mountain, hill and glen
A hollow reckless murmur and the tramp of marching men.

When the cock's shrill voice is echoed across the sleeping land,
And the first faint flush of daylight falls across the shining sand,
When the gates of heaven are opened, and the lordly God of day
Drives up his shining chariot across the milky way,
When the birds wake up in the tree tops and the dew fades from the flowers,
When the mighty clock in the steeple chimes out the passing hours;
Then may come the torch of the vandal borne by Labor's mighty form,
Then may burst in sudden fury the all-destroying storm.

Or in the morning it may come, when all around is life;
Then will be heard the clash of arms and sounds of deadly strife,
When men are fighting for their homes, their daily bread, their all,
When thousands urged by hunger's cries beside each other fall.
"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."
Upon our neck the iron heel of despots we have borne.
The dusky brow of labor is long-suffering and kind,
But on its arms the shackles they must not presume to bind.

Talk not to me of patience, of country and of laws,
Quote not your wise man's sayings, your scripture and your saws.
"The poor you have always with you," did the Savior truly say,
But did He say you must starve them and beat and bind them, pray?
Already the fires are lighted, already the muskets gleam,
And the desperate eyes of hunger peer through the smoke and steam;
The hammer that rang on the anvil is turned to a battle mace,
The serried ranks are forming and the storm ye must surely face.

—Arthur M. Johnson.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A bald spot—the front row.
A heated term—You're another.
A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.
Jackson—Waffo' yo' keep de stove chained to de car, Rastus? Rastus—Yo' ignorant nigger, dad to keep de fire from goin' out.
Servant (in a flurry)—Madam, your husband has eloped with the cook. Wife—Good! Now I can have my maid to myself once in a while.
Mistress—What would you do, Bridget? if you could play the piano as I can? Bridget—Sure, I go on learnin' until I could play it decently.
Sharks won't bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can keep kicking longer than a shark can keep waiting you'll be all right.
Can I—dare I ask that little hand for my own? pleaded the smitten young man. It is only—ah—second-hand, replied the young widow, deprecatingly.
I thought I was a wealthy young man, said Simpson, until I threw my fortune at the feet of a Chicago girl. Then I discovered my pile appeared quite small.
Mits Thin—Do you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so. Fanny—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes pole look quite graceful.
Men are so peculiar that as a rule a man tells his wife the most when she asks him the least questions. A turtle will keep its head in if it is poked and bothered, and a man is a great deal like a turtle.
Deacon Jones—Before your husband embarks upon this new enterprise I trust he will ask for divine guidance. Mrs. Smith—It is evident you didn't know John. He wouldn't be dictated to by anybody.
Lady (to gentleman who has just fallen down stairs)—Good heavens, how it frightened me! I thought it was my husband who fell down. Gentleman—I wish to goodness

it had been. I am as much disappointed as you are.

Daughter (to her mother, who has just arrived)—Johnny has been asking me how long you were going to stay. Mother—Tell him, my dear that this is a Kathleen Mavourneen visit—it may be for years and it may be forever.

Gus de Smith—The young ladies of the present day are no good. They can't be relied on. Tom—What makes you think so? Gus—I'm engaged to no less than three young ladies and I'm blowed if they don't all flirt with other men.

Smith—I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you had failed in business. Brown—Yes, I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honor, thank God, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble.

Harry Took the Hint.

Harry wanted to give Lucy a birthday present, but couldn't make up his mind what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her the difficulty under which he was laboring.

Want to make me a present, Harry? exclaimed Lucy, in well-counterfeited astonishment. Why, Harry, you forget yourself!

Harry took the hint and offered himself on the spot.

Not Realistic Enough for Her.

She (at the end of the fourth act)—I don't like that play. It's too gushing. There is altogether too much kissing in it.

He—It isn't real kissing. They don't do that in plays. It's only an imitation—it's only stage kissing.

She (later in the evening)—Don't you think, George, that a stage kiss must be—don't, George!—awfully—do you hear me, George?—unsatisfying?

Johnny Knew Where Charity Began

Johnny, did you put that money I gave you in the foreign mission box for the benefit of the poor heathen? asked an East End matron of her young hopeful.

No'm, I kept it. I heard you tell me the other day that charity begins at home, and you called me a little heathen yesterday, so I thought the best thing to do was to keep it.

Where Their Pastor Was.

Flowery young clergyman (conducting a children's service while occupying the pulpit for a brother clergyman, lately en route for Europe)—Well, children, I am very glad to address you to-day. But instead of talking to you I want to talk with you; so when I ask any questions you may answer promptly. Now, children, what have we to be thankful for to-day?

Children—Flowers, birds, sunlight, church, school, homes.

Young clergyman—All very well, children, very well. But whom do we miss to-day?

Children (viva voce)—Dr. Bridgman.

Young clergyman—Quite right, children, quite right. We all miss Dr. Bridgman. Who can tell where he is to-day?

Children—On the ocean.

Young clergyman (poetically)—Yes, children, on the ocean, and half seas over.

The Ruling Passion.

An old woman, having an extraordinary liking for liquor, was once found in a helpless state of inebriation by some colliers in one of the highways near Soranton. Knowing her they agreed on affecting a cure upon her by fright, if possible. Taking her down the mine with them they left her on an improvised bed.

Awaking in about a couple of hours she gazed rather wildly around her, and, seeing a man, called out:

Where am I?
In the dominions of Satan.
And who are you?
One of the devil's imps, shouted the collier.

The old woman, fumbling in her pocket, pulled out a dime and coaxingly said:

Fetch me ten cents worth o' whiskey; you know the country better than me.

Where She Drew the Line.

At a recent trial in Scotland a certain lady got into the witness box to be examined, when the following conversation took place between her and the opposing counsel:

Counsel—How old are you?
Miss Jane—Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and dinna think it right to answer that question.

The Judge—Oh, yes, answer the gentleman how old you are.
Miss Jane—Weel-a-wee, I am about sixty.

Counsel—Are you not more?
Miss Jane—Weel, I may be sixtenty.

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied:

Weel, sir, I winna tell a lee; I hinna lost hope yet, scornfully answered, but I winna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already.

HER PITY.

This is the room to which she came that day—
Came, when the dusk was falling cold and gray—
Came with soft step, in delicate array.

And sat beside me in the firelight there;
And, like a rose of perfume rich and rare,
Thrilled with her sweetness the enviroing air.

We heard the grind of traffic in the street—
The clamorous calls—the sound of passing feet—
The wall of bells that in the twilight beat.

Then I knelt down, and dared to touch her hand—
Those slender fingers, and the shining band
Of happy gold wherewith her wrist was spanned:

Oh, thought, by which despair is half consoled!
That slender hand lay once within my hold,
And round my own I felt her fingers fold.

Her radiant beauty made my heart rejoice;
And then she spoke, and her low, pitying voice
Was like the soft, pathetic, tender noise

Of winds that come before a summer train;
Once leaped the blood in every clamorous vein—
Once leaped my heart, then dumb stood still again.

—Philip Bourke Marston, in Independent.

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.

There are 8,000 barbers in Chicago.
The great iron strike of 1882 cost \$12,000,000.

Fully 50,000 wage earners are idle in Pittsburg and suburbs.

The bakers on the Pacific coast are now feeding on a defence fund.

Stonemasons' unions paid \$11,000 in death benefits during the past year.

Railway carmen last week organized at Garrett, Ind., and New Decatur, Ala.

In one Kansas town 44 families have their food prepared on the co-operative plan.

Cooper bosses of San Francisco ordered a reduction of from 10 to 20 per cent in wages.

The eight hour law is a thing of existence in Wyoming, Kansas, Idaho and Nebraska.

Ex-President Strasser, International Cigarmakers' union, is making an organizing tour.

A Chattanooga court has decided a case against an unfair dealer who was using a bogus cigar label.

Governor Toole, of Montana, forbids the invasion of that State by outside militia and other armed bands.

It is claimed that during his stay at Homestead Governor Pattison was the guest of the Carnegie Company.

Every day the troops were stationed at Homestead it cost the State \$22,000 to "keep these workmen quiet."

The building trades strike, which has brought building almost to a standstill in New York for weeks, ended Monday. Many men went to work, and the walking delegates called the strike off in the afternoon.

Rockefeller, with a big eye on his wealth and the little one on the kingdom of heaven, has donated \$50,000 to another church. St. Peter will soon have to open a new ledger for the benefit of Rockefeller and Carnegie. But where's the devil all this time?

Champion iron mines, near Ishpeming, Mich., closed down and 600 men thrown out of employment. Cause, have to give too much ore for a dollar. The idle miners will continue to vote more ore into the dollar, forcing their wages to a lower plane—that is, if they ever get work again.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Monday by the Chicago Musical union to secure the arrest of the members of the famous 13th Battalion Band of Hamilton, Ont., as it passed through the city en route to Denver, on the allegation that it had come into this country in violation of the Alien Labor law, being under contract to play for St. Bernard Commandery of this city.

On behalf of the band it was stated that it was under no contract to play for any commandery in this country, and was merely in attendance on the Hamilton commandery. United States Commissioner Haynes declined to issue the warrants on this ground, and for the further reason that musicians are "artists" and exempt from the operations of the law.

The strikers at Duquesne went to work Monday morning, and the Carnegie Steel Company has scored one victory. On Saturday night Superintendent Morrison posted a notice that all men wanting their old jobs should report at the mill at 7 o'clock Monday morning, as the mill would resume at that hour. Long before the time set for work men with dinner pails quietly stole up unfrequented streets and along the railroad tracks, and entered the mill unnoticed by their fellow strikers. As the hour for starting work approached, the number of men who entered the mill yard through this

means reached 400. About sixty men who were leaders in the sympathy strike movement gathered on the road near the gate and watched in moody silence the men going to work. Finally the mill whistle blew for 7 o'clock. At that a large Irishman exclaimed in a loud voice: "Well, men, the jig is up; we had better scuttle for our old places."

This was a signal for a move and the entire crowd started toward the gate with a rush. A freight train was backed in front of the gate. The men did not wait for it to be moved, but scrambled over and under it in their frantic haste to get inside the mill before the whistle stopped blowing. It was a complete stampede. By their surrender these men are expelled from the Amalgamated Association and the Carnegie Company has two non-union mills. The effect of the break at Duquesne cannot be proved harmful to the men at Homestead, although the leaders will not admit it.

CANADIAN.

The moulders' strike or lockout, which began last spring, still continues, but there are now only 36 men receiving strike pay from the International Union. About 100 union moulders are working in the Williams stove works, the Laidlaw manufacturing works and other moulding shops in the city, and about 60 have gone to other places to work.

The following gentlemen were elected to represent Typographical Union No. 91, Toronto, at the Dominion Trades Council: Messrs. Matt. Meehan, 41 votes; R. Stewart, 30; John Armstrong, 25. Notwithstanding the opposition of a few members No. 91 will be headed by a band and banner on Labor Day. Bro. H. Parr presented No. 91 with a beautiful engraving of the Printers' Home.

Star Time and Sun Time.

The time for sending out the noon signal from Washington is the instant the sun crosses the seventy-fifth meridian, writes Clifford Howard in an instructive article on "How Time is Regulated" in the August Ladies' Home Journal. This, however, is not the sun which gives us light and heat, but an invisible, imaginary one; because, for certain reasons, the true sun does not cross the meridian at the same moment every day, but during one part of the year he gets over it a little more ahead of time each day, and during the other part he is correspondingly behind time; and so this fictitious sun is used, because its apparent path around the earth brings it exactly over the same line at the same moment every day. Now at just what instant this sun crosses the meridian is determined by means of the stars; for time at the observatory is not reckoned by the sun, but by the stars.

Every clear night an astronomer at the observatory looks through a large telescope for certain stars which he knows must cross a certain line at certain times, and by the use of an electrical machine he makes a record of the time each star passes, as shown by a clock which keeps sidereal or star time. He then consults a printed table, which shows him at just what time each star must have passed, and by so much as this time differs from that recorded by the clock the latter is wrong, and in that way the sidereal clock is regulated. The star time is then reduced to sun time, which requires some calculation, as there is a difference between the two of about four minutes each day.

These two clocks—the one keeping star time, and the other sun time—are of very fine quality, and are as near perfection as possible. Although they cannot help being affected by changes of temperature and different conditions of the atmosphere, they very rarely are more than a fractional part of a second out of the way. No attempt is ever made to correct such errors, but they are carefully noted and allowed for in making calculations.

For the purpose of distributing time a third clock, known as a transmitter, is used. This is set to keep time by the seventy-fifth meridian, and is regulated by the standard clock before mentioned. It is, in all respects, similar to the other clocks, except that it has attached to it an ingenious device by which an electric circuit may be alternately opened and closed with each beat of the pendulum.

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1341 ST. CATHERINE ST.
Branch: Corner Fullerton and St. Catherine streets.
ROD. CARRIERE,
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\$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards; also money advanced on goods, Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.
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MARRIAGE ON TIME.

THE NEW PANACEA FOR UNHAPPY COUPLES.

If you ever had the toothache you ought to know the meaning of "nos-trums." The first body you meet says that St. Bartholomew's Oil will be a sure cure, and the next feels hurt if you don't put a piece of cat-skin in your boot, and another one suggests cooked onions as a poultice, and others won't be satisfied until you have made yourself blind with pinches of snuff or sick with a piece of tobacco—and still your teeth keep on aching, and will stick to it until somebody happens to let you know that as long as you're well otherwise your teeth won't bother you a little bit, and that the real cure is to get your liver into working order, and to loose your corset strings, and not wear tight boots. When you've tried that and found it work like a charm, it suddenly dawns on you that to try to cool boiling water without taking it off the fire is an easy thing compared to trying to ease an ache while the cause of the ache is at work for all it knows how. And as with the toothache, so it is with most other things, and particularly with the marriage question, don't you know.

We all have the toothache more or less, and we are all bothered with the marriage question more or less. There are so very few of us who haven't had a twinge of it in our lives that those few can very safely be put on ice and kept as curios. The very many, rich and poor alike, have a very vivid impression that the relationship of men and women in marriage is to be looked upon as a bitter dose of medicine which is taken grudgingly because there isn't any other way of bracing up from the greedy feast that ushered it in. And I'm sure that this vivid impression, which everybody has, as you can tell by the tone of the jokes and sneers with which announcements of engagements and marriages are received everywhere, is caused altogether by the misery which usually accompanies marriage, by its sad aching, its lonely heart-burnings and hasty rebellions. Generally speaking, the marriage question is as sore a topic as is the toothache. And pretty well everybody has a patent cure, of course. I've even got a specific myself.

The old-fashioned cure for the marriage ache was to grin and bear it, but that not proving altogether satisfactory some are going in for easy divorce, and others for celibacy, and others for various other more or less simple and attractive remedies. And the latest suggestion of the tea-room is one by a Mrs. Julia Ashton, who sweetly suggests marriage by "placement," which being interpreted means that you lease yourself to a man for a term, and either renew the lease or find another leaseholder when the term is run out. And this villainous rostrum of a remedy is actually put forward by a woman and calmly discussed by the enlightened press as though it was an offer to make a boiled onion poultice for an aching tooth. Really, you'd hardly believe it, but just because I'm supposed to be a little bit advanced this pure-thoughted (?) "placement" remedy has been approvingly whispered of to me by various highly respectable females who would consider themselves desperately insulted if they were invited to help form a group of two for exhibition week only. Yet where is the difference? It's no worse to "placement" for a week than to "placement" for a year or five or ten. It's very queer for a fashionable idea, if you come to think about it, and has immense possibilities of development. And all the time it is a hollow, empty, vicious rostrum, a sort of try to kill the toothache by oil of cloves that burns and blisters the tongue, a kind

of smothering an unpalatable dish with heaps of pepper and mustard. And the real queer thing is, as I remarked before, that a respectable woman is found to advocate it, and that the newspapers copy it, and everybody discusses it. I suppose the secret lies in the general impression that the parson will remain to sanctify the leasing. I do really believe that most women have a vague idea that morality is bounded on six sides by the blessings of Mother Church, and that if only a parson has presided nothing else is wanted. Which is why to them marriage is a failure, and why this talk of "placement."

Now, my opinion is, and I've never seen reason to change it, even, that the right sort of marriage is the one "till death us do part," and more so. The only thing I object to about the marriage that won't break is that so long as the start off is a bit mixed the marriage can't be expected to go straight and doesn't, and that we may just as well recognize that and have divorce lest we have worse. But to talk of remedying marriage failures by divorce or to dream of getting happy by a quadrille sort of change of partnership is beyond me. That doesn't get at the cause, and the cause of the whole trouble is that we don't marry for love, and don't understand that any other marriage is just as immoral as anything a woman or man can do. I don't see where "placement" stops that. On the contrary, I am very sure a real love marriage would never need a "placement" attachment, and I'm very certain that an unloving wife would be as degraded by "placement" as she is by marriage as we have it.

I'm interested in this sort of thing because it seems to me that this marriage question is the biggest conundrum going for those who want to be happy, and because it seems to me so very simple, don't you know. Marriage is a failure because women marry second-rate sweethearts for social position or domestic maintenance, and because men wait and get stale before they're able to marry, and then are dazzled with the baits that husband-catchers angle with, and don't see the real woman that is underneath the filagree work, which the very poorest girl puts on before a possible wooer. Anything that changes that and gives true love and true lovers a chance, without any meddling, will make us forget there ever was a marriage question, or that the time ever existed when people needed divorce. And "placement" won't change that. Why, "placement" would simply play right into the hands of the rich old man who cuts the poor young man—the right one—out of it every time.

PROTECTION.

During the great fight for free trade in England in the early '40's, the Tories were violent and irrational in their opposition to it, just as the Republicans in this country are now. And occasionally some titled member of the House of Commons, notorious for his supply of blue blood and his lack of gray brain matter, would raise the point that McKinley now echoes, the point that protective tariffs compel foreigners to pay our taxes. But these sprigs of nobility brought the blush to the face of the greedy landlords for whom they spoke, and were laughed at by every one else. It is mortifying to find the Governor of a great state going to the England of 1840-6—to the Tory landlords of that England—for protection arguments to use in this country to-day. But it is not alone for argument that Governor McKinley has gone to the protection Tories of Cobden's time. He has gone to them even for some of his phrases. Was it not McKinley who said that "a cheap coat means a cheap man in the coat?" Very well, it was a Tory nobleman who, fifty years before him, said that "cheap bread makes cheap men."—The Standard.

LABOR STRIKES!

Strikes Always Charged to Labor.

A Reputation by a Trade Journal.

It has come to be a settled thing in modern economy that a strike is a state of affairs that can only be brought about by labor. In other words, capital never strikes, all strikes are by labor. Writing from such a standpoint and taught in such school, no wonder need be expressed that writers always prove to their own satisfaction that strikes are always wrong; and as all strikes are by labor, consequently labor is always wrong. The people at large have so long been reading and listening to this style of logic, proving that capital never strikes, could not if it would, that the most clear headed on all other subjects accept the strike logic as a proposition so clearly demonstrated as to be beyond a doubt. Perhaps the public is excusable for its blind acceptance of such absurd doctrine. The press, almost the sole source of information outside of actual participation and experience, always distorts facts in the interests of its wealthy patrons, and the public are not interested enough to take sufficient trouble to get the truth, all of which tends to bring odium upon the devoted heads of those who are proven by inexorable newspaper logic to be the strikers and consequently always against the public and always wrong. If labor makes a demand on an employer which is refused and labor ceases to work, it is a labor strike. If an employer makes a demand on labor and labor refuses to accede and work is stopped, it is a labor strike. It is impossible to conceive a position from which there might result a cessation of work that will not be denominated a labor strike. When the condition of trade will permit and labor demands an advance in wages and finds a stubborn employer who refuses their requests or demands, and labor ceases to produce, we are always willing to call it a labor strike, or any other name the press or public may please to give it; but when capital demands that wages shall be reduced, that employees shall quit their unions, etc., we protest against such a move being denominated a labor strike because all labor will not agree to the terms. It is a strike against labor and should be so denominated.

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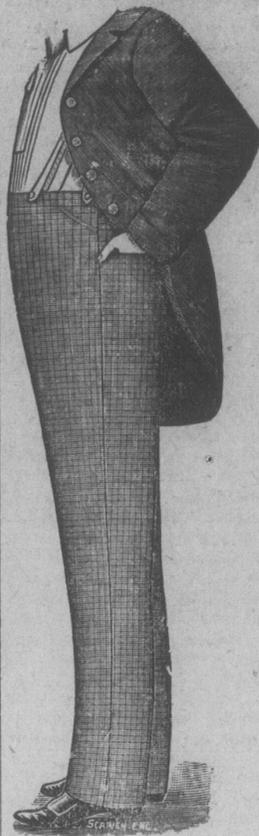
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