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CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Capital is in no need of defense. It will
take care of itself. The trouble is that it
has taken entirely too good care of itself.
It always has been, and always will be,
arrogant and oppressive. It has the unques-
tionable right to handle itself, but it has
no right to "boss" labor. It can refuse to
be employed at all, if it chooses; it may
refuse to employ this man or that one, or
this set of men, or that set of men, and as
a legal proposition it has the right to pay
whatever wages it chooses. In a moral
point of view it has no right to pay a man
less than he is worth to it, but that is pre-
cisely what it does, or tries to do. All
wealth is created by labor. Capital creates
nothing. All the millions that are pos-
sessed by our rich men, have been created
by the sweat of somebody's brow. Now,
did the man who sweat get his just share
of the fruits of his own labor? Not by a
jugful. That is not the way the world
does business. If it did, if it were just to
the laborer, there would not be the present
widespread unrest among the masses.

Capital takes advantage of the neces-
sity of poverty. It thinks that because human
nature is so selfish, that if the average
man can get enough to fill his stomach, he
does not care a continental whether his
neighbor has anything for his or not, it can
get plenty of men to work for whatever
wages it chooses to pay; and that is pretty
nearly the truth, too. Now we cannot say
that we believe in strikes, but what under
the heavens are men to do when they are
arrested and outraged by capital?
But when we say that a man has the
right to refuse to work for another, but
that he has no legal or moral right to at-
tempt to prevent anybody else from work-
ing for him, we practically put labor in
the grasp of capital. Men have the moral
right and the legal right to induce men of
their class to join in them in a common cause
and thus prevent them from working for
another. Of course they have no right to
commit violence, but if strikers can induce
non-union men to quit work and join them,
they have the unmistakable right to do it.
The masses need nothing so much as intel-
ligent organization.

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY.

Dr. Henry S. Chase writes to the Western
Rural on the subject of the "White Slave."
He says:—

I have watched the political events and the
social condition of this country very closely
since 1835. I was very early in life drawn
into the whirl, being fifteen years old when I
saw Garrison mobbed in the streets of Boston.
This alarming event made me an observer and
a worker. Never during the last fifty five
years have I seen so sad a picture of industry
as the present. Negro slavery was bad
enough, horrible enough, and no longer to be
endured after 1963. Slavery was demoraliz-
ing to the whites as well as to the blacks. It
is a question whether the blacks are any bet-
ter off to-day than they were before emanci-
pation. They are still industrial slaves.
Although the Northern States had neither
black or white slavery in 1835, yet it was
gradually introduced about 1840 and has con-
tinually increased in a rapid and more rapid
manner until now the North is full of indus-
trial slaves. The cotton mills commenced it.
Then the example was followed by the ca-
cico mills and woollen mills, and now it has
spread through every department of labor,
whether in the mill or on the farm.

In old times the negro could run away. The
white slave cannot find a place of refuge and
so cannot emancipate himself from serfdom.
The negro could die by the bullet, the bound
or the swamp. The white slave of to-day
finds refuge in suicide. Few negroes emanci-
pated themselves or even tried to. The white
slave tries to but are invariably thrust back
into long hours, a "bare living" or starva-
tion.

Monopoly to day is as blind, is as bigoted,
as cruel, as "pig-headed" as it was before '63.
For many years before 1835 there was perfect
apathy among the people of the North. Gar-
rison the Liberator awakened the country.
Previous to 1880 both the North and the
South were steeped in the drunkenness of
prosperity. Who has awakened the whole
country to the wickedness of industrial slav-
ery and monopoly? Henry George is the
second liberator. As the abolitionists of old
were everywhere preaching the gospel of free-
dom "in season and out of season," so the
abolitionists of to-day are doing the same
thing. In 1853 it looked as though only
bullets and bayonets would remove negro
slavery. So in 1890 it looks as though "the
Australian system" and ballots will abolish
industrial slavery by the year 1900.

The former came in ten years and the latter
will come in ten years. Look at these mono-
polies, "protected" manufacturers, mines,
telephones, telegraphs, railways, trusts,
national banks, etc. The tariff is the mother
of some of them, and private ownership of
land the mother and the grandmother of
others. Every one is a descendant of land
monopoly. How proud she is in her assumed
queenship of the world. The earth was made
for her and not for all people. Land mono-
poly scorns the doctrine of nature, as uttered
a hundred years ago by Jefferson in these
words: "The use of the earth belongs to the
living generations of the people." Every
monopoly is a robbery of the people. These
robbers have taken from the wages of the peo-
ple thirty thousand millions of dollars, and
locked them up in the private vaults of twen-
ty-five thousand men. Good men and bad
men, it is true. Innocent robbers and criminal
robbers. But all are robbers. Our pre-
sent industrial system is nothing but a sys-
tem to rob labor. The people are calling a
halt to this march of despotism. And they
will have it. The people are thinking, and
the people think that the fifteen hundred
millions of dollars that they now pay yearly
into the pockets of land owners as rent ought,
in justice, to go into the public treasuries,
and thereby pay all the public expenses of
the people. Thus could taxation be abolished,
of every nature. By the adoption of this
measure, now known by the name of the sin-
gle tax, all speculation in land would be de-
stroyed. This would result in compelling the
holders of land, or national opportunities, to
improve their holdings, and thereby employ
all the labor of the country without regard to
quality, for the more laborers the higher the
rent and the more used of their labor to pay
the rent. Thus has the God of Nature made
the law of rent and the law of population to
perfectly correlative or harmonize. For it can
be demonstrated that the rice of land always
corresponds to the number of inhabitants in
the State; and it very nearly approximates to
\$500 for each man, woman and child. The
people begin to ask if a wonderful reign of

prosperity would not be inaugurated for the
human race if every species of taxation could
be abolished. In homes, shops, pulpits, they
are asking if the removal of poverty from the
masses will not ther by almost abolish drunk-
enness. For they say that poverty is a fruit-
ful mother of crime and vice; and the people
begin to ask each other if rail-ways, tele-
phones, telegraphs and similar franchises
shall not be made to pay a fair per cent. of
their earnings into the people's treasury for
the "use of the earth" monopolized by them.
And when they think further on these sub-
jects they include all gold, silver, lead and
other mines and particularly call attention to
coal mines. When they think of the kind-
ness of God in storing up in the bowels of the
earth fuel needed by the coming generations
of men, they cannot believe that any man or
combination of men shall own it, or die at
the people how much they shall have, or
when they shall have it. The labor which
produces the wealth of the world is now de-
manding freedom of exchange in products.

STORIES OF THE STREETS.

Her "Fresh Air" Boy.

"I must go and find him," she murmured
absently, as she dabbed more powder on her
nose and held the silver-mounted hand-glass
to the light that she might see the effect.
"I really must go and find the poor child.
I suppose," she continued as she drew on her
pearl-tinted gloves, "I suppose he looks for
me every day and wonders why I don't come
to set him up in business—poor, little fellow.
Yes, I will go to-morrow. No, I can't. There
is Mrs. Cornelia Chin-hilla's luncheon and
Belle Bandoline's tea. Let me see! Wed-
nesday I have my riding lesson and there's
the nautica, and Thursday—oh, dear! I
cannot go this week, but I must try and slip
in a day soon to hunt that little fellow up."

So the next week she selected an afternoon
to give over to the search for her "fresh air"
boy whom she faithfully promised last sum-
mer to go and see when she came back to
town. But Mrs. Manhattan Fadd gave a
luncheon that very afternoon, and it would
not do to miss one of those entertainments,
so the trip to the east side was once more
postponed. She felt guilty as she sipped the
maraschino from her orange cup and thought
of her "fresh air" boy's continued disap-
pointment. For an instant she saw him
again with his pale face, hungry eyes and tow
head, as he came rushing out the kitchen
door at her aunt's farm-house with his hands
full of red-clover tops. He had been singing
at the top of his shrill voice.

"She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau; she's
my Annie, I'm her Joe," and in a spirit of
fun the young lady from New York had taken
up the refrain of "Annie Rooney." So de-
lighted was the fresh air boy to find that she
could sing "Annie Rooney" that he at once
bestowed his bouquet of clover-tops upon her,
and thenceforth attached himself to her, fol-
lowing her about like a little dog. There
was a bond of sympathy between them—they
were both from New York and both could
sing "Annie Rooney."

"Dick," she said to him one afternoon as
they stood in the meadow together, "when
I go back to New York I'm coming to see
you and I'm going to set you up in business.
I will start you in life as a newsboy."

She moved uneasily as she remembered the
look that flashed on the boy's face—a look
that transfigured it—but fresh ideas were
served just then, and the boy, the meadow
and her promise were forgotten.
Weeks later she found herself in a dingy
alley on the east side, looking for No. 188.
She was a little frightened and more disgusted
at her surroundings. "What an idiot I am
to bother coming to this frightful place, look-
ing for a boy that may be dead for all that
I know," she muttered, drawing up her
dainty skirts from the filth of the streets;
"188—there it is—horrible place—shall prob-
ably have my throat cut before I leave."

Through a narrow passageway, across a
dingy court, up a squalid stairway she went.
"Is this where the Camwell family lives?"
she asked as she tapped on the half-opened
door. The room was filled with slattern,
frowsy, wild-eyed women, who glared at the
wonderful vision that suddenly appeared in
the open doorway.

"Yis, ma'am."
"I want to see Dick—Dick Camwell."
There is a bustle—a murmur—and a wo-
man, with eyes swollen from weeping, came
forward.

"I'm Dick's mother," she said, "Dick
dead."
"Dead—good heavens! you don't mean it!
Why—when?"

"Last night, fever. I presume you're the
lady he was allus lookin' fer."

"Looking for—?" "Oh! did he look for
me?"
"Look fer ye, ma'am. There hain't been
day sense September that the boy didn't look
fer ye. 'She'll come to-day, sure,' he'd say
an' then he'd go down to the street an' stan
there whistlin' 'Little Annie Rooney.'"
says to him, "Dick, why don't ye whistle
something else? I'm sick of that song," but
says he, "No, I shan't whistle nothin' else
fer she liked that." He was allus lookin' fer
ye."

She stepped in the low, bare room where
he lay on the miserable bed, wasted by his
sickness to a skeleton. The tears fell fast as
she took the bunch of violets from her breast
and laid them in his poor, thin hands.
"Forgive me, Dick," she whispered.

The organ-grinder has started in bravely
and the strains of "Little Annie Rooney"
rang out on the soft air. A smart maid came
out from the brown-stone house and handed
the amazed Italian 50 cents.

"My lady sends you this if you'll move on
and next time you come around don't for
gracious' sake, play that tune, for she can't
bear the sound of it."

A MODIFIED PERMISSION.

The original permission given to man to
eat of all the trees of the garden except the
tree of the knowledge of good and evil has
been greatly abridged by the discovery of
actual and fancied, of science. If one be
morbidly apprehensive of hurt to his health
and readily open to suggestions from those
who assume to instruct, the dietary is apt
to grow distressingly narrow.

Bread, rice, potatoes, peas, beans, sugar,
etc., threaten you with diabetes. Beef is
infested with the tapeworm; pork means
trichinae, and chicken and fish are even
worse.

Strawberries conceal a special poison
which produces an irritating rash. Grapes
and soft crabs are the efficient causes of
appendicitis, a malady which is apt to in-
volve a peculiarly dangerous surgical inter-
ference. Dates, figs, raspberries, etc.,
stand accused of inducing perityphitis.

Tomatoes were condemned by the late
Dio Lewis for their cancerous tendencies.
Cucumbers and watermelons have a tradi-
tionally bad name as givers of colic. Apples
have been suspected of diphtheritic inten-
tions. Pie and cheese tend to bring on an
uncomfortable obtuseness on the part of
one's ancestors during sleep.

Ice cream is supposed to be synonymous
with typhoid. Pickles saturate the
system with salts of copper. Canned goods
are said to be tainted with a poisonous flu-
oride in sealing the tins. Peaches and al-
monds have hydrocyanic acid in them, and
lettuce is freighted with opium. The ultra-
teetotalers denounce pepper and mustard
stimulants to alcoholic thirst.

With liquids the case is no better. The
toxic effects of tea and coffee are well
known. Milk is dangerous because 30 per-
cent of our cattle are afflicted with tuber-
culosis. Beer means Bright's disease, wine
induces gout and whiskey is freighted with
fusel oil. Water is worst of all. In the
city it is charged with lead from the pipes,
while in the country it threatens your
Peyer's glands with the ulcerations of
typhoid fever, to say nothing of its nature
as the habitat of the cholera microbe.

Looking over the list one begins to sus-
pect that it is possible to listen to too many
advisers in dietary matters and not wise to
eat too freely of the tree of knowledge of
good and evil. That is what your family
physician will surely tell you as he sets you
down to a square meal and bids you eat
what is set before you, without too curiously
questioning possibilities most of which are
remote. And your doctor, if he be a man
of sense, as most doctors are, will set you
an excellent example of catholicity and
confidence of appetite.

CIVILIZATION?

In twenty-five years of "nineteenth cen-
tury civilization," 2,188,000 human beings
have been killed in wars, which were in the
main contracted and carried on by interest-
ed parties for the defence of "vested inter-
ests," and the perpetuation of social
wrongs.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER XX.

SIR REGINALD IS FRANKNESS ITSELF.

Walter's Joan of Arc did not make progress at the rate which its beginning seemed to promise; nor was this through any fault of the artist. He would doubtless have liked to linger over it as long as he dared; but he was not given to "scamp" his work at any time, and this particular picture was, if we may say so without any imputation upon that prudence and good sense on which he piqued himself, a labor of love to him. He wished to do his very best with it, in order—at least that was the reason which he could have given for his solicitude in the matter—to make it a fitting companion to the Philippa. But had he been ever so desirous to make good speed the opportunity was not afforded to him. Instead of repairing to Willowbank daily, according to the original arrangement, he was given to understand, that his attendance once a week would now be more convenient; and more than once, upon the day before a visit, he would receive a communication from his patron that Miss Lillian's engagements would not permit her to sit to him until the week afterwards. It would perhaps have been more judicious in Mr. Brown if he wished to part these young people, that Walter should have done his work at once—so much of it, that is, as required Lillian's presence—and then have taken it home to finish, as had at first been agreed upon; for, as it was, these periods of absence only made the meetings more attractive, and imparted to them a certain flavor of friendship and intimacy, born of long acquaintance. Moreover, artist and sitter had so much the more to talk about concerning matters that had occurred in the interval; and hence these were naturally of a domestic sort—chiefly respecting Lotty and her husband—their conferences became very confidential.

Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn were now living at Willowbank; but the former—for he could not suppose otherwise—kept out of his way designedly; he had not set eyes on him since the date of that dinner of reconciliation, now some months ago. Lotty he often saw, and she was looking somewhat better, certainly less haggard and anxious; whereas Lillian, on the other hand, had fallen off, not, perhaps, in her beauty, but certainly a little in her spirits. She had been depressed when he first knew her, because of her sister's misfortune; but she had always entertained hopes of its mitigation, and could rouse herself to cheerfulness upon occasion; but now she was always depressed, and at times looked so pale and piteous as to more resemble Philippa than Joan. Nor, in answer to Walter's inquiries on the matter, did she affect to conceal the cause of this alteration.

"I told you that I found that my sister was unhappy in her marriage, it would be a very severe blow to me, Mr. Litton; and that blow has fallen."

It really seemed that, independently of her passionate love for Lotty, their twinning had something sympathetic in it, which rendered their woes common. Walter could now say little to heal this family breach—though he loyally did his best for the captain—since her complaints of Sir Reginald arose from matters that were within her own observation, and of which he knew nothing, save from her lips. From them he learned that the baronet was growing into considerable favor with his father-in-law, and that his position in the house seemed to be quite secured. To his host he was complaisant, even to servility, and perfectly civil and polite to Lillian herself. At first he had appeared to lay his efforts out to gain her sisterly affections; but perceiving that his efforts were but coldly received, he had discontinued them. To his wife he was smooth-spoken before her two relatives, but Lillian had noticed that his voice, in addressing her, had quite another tone, which he imagined that others were out of hearing; but independently of that, she was persuaded that Lotty lived in fear of him. A hundred little occurrences had convinced her of this, slight in themselves, but all significant, and, taken together, overwhelmingly corroborative: the way poor Lotty watched her husband, even in company; the involuntary admissions she would make when speaking of him in his absence; the start she would give on hearing, unexpectedly, his voice, his footstep; and, above all, the loss of all her brightness and gaiety and happy ways.

"Look at her, Mr. Litton—only look at her, as she moves, and smiles, and speaks, and then, if you will tell me that I am wrong, I will bless you from the bottom of my heart!"

But Walter could not tell her she was wrong; all that he saw of Lotty convinced him that her sister's sad description of her case was but too true; that she who, counting by months, could almost be termed a bride, was already a broken-spirited and most unhappy woman. Curiously enough, Mr. Brown did not seem to perceive this, or, at all events, to take it much to heart; perhaps he imagined that languor and impassiveness were the proper attributes of an exalted position, and that it was only natural that Lady Selwyn should have cast off the childish gaiety that had characterized her as plain Lotty Brown. On the other hand, he was somewhat anxious about Lillian. He saw the change in her, though even in that case only in her health; if he noticed her altered spirits, he set that down to some physical ailment; it was inexplicable to him that any girl who had plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes to wear, and a

good house over her head, could have any cause for melancholy.

"When your picture is finished, Mr. Litton," he observed on one occasion, "and before the cold weather sets in I propose to take my little household to Italy. It seems to all of us that my daughter Lillian requires change of scene; and our medical man has recommended a warm climate."

Walter could not but express his hopes that such a plan would benefit the young lady; but he had little expectation of its doing so, since the cause of her malady would remain, or, rather, accompany her on the tour, in the person of Sir Reginald. Moreover, the information had been given him with a certain significance of tone, which, at all events to his ear, had seemed to imply another object in the arrangement—namely, that of separating Lillian from himself; and, if so, he could make a shrewd guess as to whom he had to thank for the precaution. He thought this hard, since, never by look or word, had he broken his inward resolve not to abuse his position at Willowbank, by offering love to his host's daughter; but harder still that Sir Reginald, whom he had helped to his marriage with Lotty, should have been the person to awaken Mr. Brown's suspicions of him in such a matter. However, there was nothing to be done, or even said. It was clearly no business of his, though how nearly it concerned him, his sinking heart and faltering tongue—for when he had first heard the news he could barely trust himself to speak to Lillian—gave evidence. If Mr. Christopher Brown had chosen to take his family to Nova Zembla, it was not for him to make objections. And after all, such a proceeding, or something like it, that is, some management which should forbid his meeting Lillian more, was what he had expected ever since that fatal dinner-party. It would have been as easy to separate her from him—dutiful daughter as she was—by a word of paternal authority, as by removing her a thousand miles away. He felt that every touch of brush upon his picture now hastened the time that was to part him from Lillian forever; and yet he did not linger over his task on that account; he finished it as quickly as he could, consistent with his doing it as well as he could; and then he told Mr. Brown that the rest could be completed at his own house; that it was no longer requisite for him to have his daughter before him. Perhaps Mr. Brown had expected some prostration upon Walter's part; perhaps the quiet manner and matter-of-fact tone of the speaker for the moment disarmed his suspicions, and gave him a twinge of conscience for having entertained them; but, at all events, his behavior upon receiving this information was more genial and conciliatory than it had been for months.

"Very good, Mr. Litton," he replied. "Your picture has, I assure you, given us all great satisfaction. We had promised ourselves, long ago, the pleasure of seeing you at dinner when it should be completely finished. I intended it to be quite a celebration banquet—to have asked some influential friends, patrons of art, who might have been useful to you in our profession; but circumstances have rendered that impossible. Before your Joan can be fit for such an ordeal, we must be off to Italy. The Philippa—he always called it by that name, its proper title of "Supplication" being disasteful to him—"will be home from the Academy next Tuesday. Dine with us, then, upon that day, and come as early as you like. It will probably be many months, perhaps longer, before we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

It was evident to Walter that Mr. Brown wished that they should part good friends—but, above all, that they should part—and on the ensuing Tuesday; for, since his picture was finished, there would be no excuse for the young painter's presenting himself at Willowbank after that date; and that the "celebration dinner," as his host called it, would in fact be a "good-bye" one. The thought of this struck a chill to his heart and made the future look indeed. Curiously enough, however, although despairing, he was not despondent. He was resolute to go through with his farewell entertainment—that would, he knew, be like the apples of the Dead Sea in his mouth—with a smiling countenance; to all outward seeming, he would bear himself bravely—not for Lillian's sake, for he did not venture to flatter himself that she would feel as he did—but for his own, so that, at least, he should not incur ridicule. More than one pair of eyes would probably regard him narrowly, but they should not learn from his own looks or lips that he was sad. As he had been asked to "come as early as he liked, he would do so," he understood, or chose to understand, that by that form of speech Mr. Brown intended him to spend the afternoon at Willowbank. He did not expect that his host would be there to meet him, and much less the captain; but in this he was mistaken.

Mr. Brown, indeed, he found on his arrival, had not yet returned from the city, but Sir Reginald—for whom he had not asked—the servant said, was somewhere about the grounds. "The young ladies," added she, as Walter hesitated whether to join the captain or not, "are gone out shopping."

It was evident he was not expected so soon; indeed, it seemed quite possible that Mr. Brown had forgotten he had invited him to come early.

"Shall I tell Sir Reginald that you are here, sir?"

"No, thank you; I will go and find him myself," said Walter, after a pause. It had now struck him that the whole affair was planned; that the young ladies had been sent out, and that the captain was, contrary to his custom, staying at home, expressly to speak with him alone. If that was so, and he found him as unfriendly towards him as he expected, he would tell him some plain truths. In this not very conciliatory frame of mind, he walked quickly on to the lawn; and on the path that fringed it he saw Sir Reginald, with a cigar in his mouth, looking

at the ducks, or the nursemaids beyond them, with much apparent interest.

"Hello, Litton, what brings you here?" said he carelessly, as he held out his hand.

"Well, an invitation from your father-in-law, which it seems he has forgotten."

"Oh, I see; you have your polished boots on. But we don't dine at Willowbank now at the old heathenish hours; the place—and I may add, its proprietor—has become more civilized. This is an hour when only the wild beasts are fed. Hark at them!"

And indeed from the Zoological Gardens across the Park there came that multitudinous roar, which is the lions' gace before meat.

"I was asked to come early and spend the afternoon, Captain Selwyn," replied Walter haughtily.

"Why captain?" asked the other, laughing. "You needn't be in a huff, my good fellow; and besides, I am not a captain."

"I beg your pardon; I should have said Sir Reginald."

"That's rubbish, Litton. I'm not a fool, like my father-in-law, to lay such store by the handle. I mean, that I have sold out, and am, therefore, no more a captain than you are."

"I didn't know you had sold out," said Walter. "How should I? You have not been very communicative to me of late, about that or anything else."

"Well—frankly—Litton, I thought it better that I should not be. I don't want to quarrel with you, Heaven knows; but it seemed necessary to let you know that your conduct, in one respect at least, was not such as Lady Selwyn and myself could quite approve."

"Put your wife out of the question, if you please, as I am sure, if she had a voice in the matter, she would wish to be put; and be so good as to tell me in what I have given offence to you, sir."

"Well, there is no offence exactly—certainly not so much as your last words were intended to convey. But you have, as it seems to me, adopted a line of proceeding that is not only distasteful to me, but prejudicial to my interests. Of course, I may be mistaken; and that the good understanding that has always existed between us has been needlessly disturbed."

"Never mind the good understanding," interposed Walter dryly; "stick to the facts, if you have any."

"Well, I think I have," answered Sir Reginald coolly. "To be brief, my good fellow, have you not been making love to my sister-in-law, Lillian?"

"I deny altogether your right to put to me any such question; it is to be plain with you, indeed, I think think it a great impudence."

"Possibly," said the captain, taking up a small flat stone, and making a "click, duck, drak" with it on the water: "we must agree to differ upon that point. I am simply referring to the fact that you have made love to her."

"I have done nothing of the kind. I swear it! I have breathed no word of love to Miss Lillian Brown."

"Very good; I am glad to hear it. But there are other ways of inspiring affection in a young woman besides breathing it. A good deal may be done by looking at her, for example, and even by a peculiar pressure of the fingers: I remember all that, on know, though I am getting such a respectable old married man."

"I have no doubt you remember," said Walter, thinking of poor Nellie Neale. Timman's cool impudence was almost more than he could bear, and would have stung most men in making reprisals; yet he already regretted the significance of the tone in which he had spoken those few harmless words, lest the other should take it for a menace, and imagine, perhaps, that he wished to make a bargain—terms. Sir Reginald, however, only smiled—though, it must be confessed, not in a very pleasant way.

"Well, you may have squeezed her hand or not; that matters nothing: the point is, that you certainly intended—and intended—to squeeze it, some day. If you have not declared your love, you are in love with her. Come, is it not so?"

"Well, and what if it is?" returned Walter indignantly. "I don't say that it is so; but I say, what of it? and especially—in my case—what is it to you?"

"I will answer you in every particular, my good fellow; but first let us finish with the fact itself. The case is, that you obtain admittance into the house of a very rich man, on pretence—don't be offended; let us say, on the ground, then—on the ground of painting his daughter's picture; and during the progress of that work of art, that you allow yourself to entertain sentiments of her that are a little more than æsthetic. I don't accuse you, mind, as any other man would, who is less acquainted with your character—as his own father, for example, would without doubt accuse you, if he was as certain of what has occurred as I am—of fortune-hunting: I am content to believe that you have fallen a victim to her charms, and not her purse; but, as a matter of fact, she is very rich, and you are very poor; and the knowledge of that circumstance, it may be reasonably urged, should have caused you to place a greater restraint upon your inclination."

"I see," said Walter coldly; "I should have taken example from one Captain Selwyn."

"That is beside the question, my good fellow; or, rather, it opens up the second part of it, which, as I have said, I am also quite prepared to discuss with you. It is true that I was as penniless as yourself when I made love to Lillian's sister; but then it was not as a guest of her father's, or under any false pretence, such as that of taking her portrait. And, moreover, since you insist upon making the matter a personal one—you must allow me to remind you that it was through me—or mine, which is the same thing, that you obtained admittance to this house at all. It is surely not necessary to go into that part of the business."

"It is not at all necessary," answered Walter contemptuously. If Sir Reginald had expressed annoyance at his having painted "Supplication" from the recollection of his bride he would have admitted that such a feeling was natural, and humbled himself, as one in some degree to blame; but that Selwyn should have alluded to the matter thus

carelessly, as a lucky accident, while, at the same time, he took credit to himself, for the very secondary advantage it had conferred on Walter, irritated the latter exceedingly. "It is not at all necessary, Sir Reginald; and I quite understand—taking, for argument's sake, your charge against me for granted—the difference that would exist in our respective cases as suitors. But what I do not understand is this unexpected zeal on your part in the interests of property. I have heard you express sentiments with respect to love making so widely different, and especially how odious it was that money should mate with money, that I can scarcely believe my ears."

"My general sentiments," answered the other coolly, "are much the same as they were; but circumstances have altered them as respects this particular case. The fountain of all sentiments, as the motive of all actions, is, I suppose, with most of us, self-interest; and it is clearly to my interests that you should not marry my wife's sister."

"Upon my word, you are very frank, Sir Reginald."

"My good fellow, I am as open as the day," answered the other coolly. "You don't suppose that I object to you as a brother-in-law, more than to anybody else? I am not, believe me, so ungrateful. On the contrary, if you were a rich man, and if Lillian must needs marry somebody, I should say: 'Take Litton.' But it is not to my advantage that she should marry anybody, and least of all a poor man. When I won my wife, she was destined to be her father's co-heiress; but as I have good reason to know, he has altered his intentions in that respect, and left the bulk of his property to her sister, it is, therefore, only by good management that it can now be retained in the family."

"So you mean, if possible, to keep Lillian unmarried at her life, for your own advantage?"

"Most decidedly, I do," replied Sir Reginald. "Not that I have the least objection to her entering into the holy state of matrimony per se, not even to her choosing yourself for her husband. You might run away with her to-morrow, if I could feel quite sure that old Christopher would not forgive you. But our self-made friend yonder—and the speaker jerked his thumb towards the house in a highly disrespectful manner—"is not the Brutus that he imagines himself to be; and he has already a sneaking likeness for yourself, a compliment that is very welcome to pay you, but not at my expense. To continue, my good friend, I may tell you, without flattery, that you are a dangerous fellow, and that I mean to guard against you and your attractions, as best I can."

"It seems to me, Selwyn," said Walter gravely, "that you are the most selfish man I have ever known, and also the most shameless."

"Selfish I doubtless am," replied Sir Reginald, smiling; "it is rather a common weakness with us men; and since by shameless you mean honest, I will not defend myself against that charge either, you should take it rather as a compliment to your good sense that I have been so plain spoken with you. I have exactly explained our mutual position; and now it remains entirely with yourself as to whether your interests are henceforth to be antagonistic, or the reverse; in other words, whether we shall be friends or enemies."

"You have, as it seems to me, settled that matter your own way, already," answered Walter grimly.

"Not at all, my good fellow. I was obliged to take precautions against you, lest you should obtain such a footing in this house as would enable you to make your own terms, or even dictate them to me; but I have no personal hostility to you whatever. Moreover, I have so great a confidence in your honor that I am prepared to accept your promise, where I would certainly not take the word of another man."

"And what promise is it you require of me?"

"That you will never, either to-day or hereafter, pay the attentions of a lover to my sister-in-law, or become, under any circumstances, her husband. If you refuse to give your word to this effect it will be my painful duty to represent to Mr. Brown the pretension you entertain to his daughter's hand; and also to take other measures—perhaps at once—the effect of which will render your paying a visit to Willowbank, after to-day, highly improbable."

"You are not only very 'honest,' as you choose to term it, Sir Reginald," answered Walter, for the first time using a tone of menace, "but, it also strikes me, somewhat audacious."

"Very likely. I grasp my nettle tightly; that is always my plan in these emergencies. Of course, I am well aware that you may do me some harm; though, on the whole, I do not think you will. You can, no doubt, make some damaging statements; one in particular, which, if you choose to make use of it, will give great pain to Lady Selwyn."

"You need not be afraid of that, sir," answered Walter scornfully.

"I am glad to hear it. At the same time, do not imagine that all the magnanimity is on your own side. It would not be pleasant to some husbands to know that their own familiar friend had carried away with him, in his memory—out of platonic affection, no doubt—such a portrait of his bride, that he could pain from it as from the original."

"Oh, shame, Selwyn!" cried Walter; "your respect for your wife, herself, should forbid you to speak so."

"Oh, I know you meant no harm," answered the other quickly. "If I had thought otherwise, I would have shot you, six months ago, when"—His speech was rapid, and, for the first time, passionate; but he stopped himself with a powerful effort, then added almost carelessly: "But let us keep our train of argument to the main line. I have asked you a plain question; give me a plain reply. Will you promise?"

"I will promise nothing, nothing!" broke in Walter hoily, "with respect to my behavior to your sister-in-law. I admit no man's right to ask me for such a promise, and your right least of all."

"That will do, my good fellow; we now perfectly understand one another; only, pray, don't look as if you wanted to cut my throat, because here are the ladies."

And indeed, at that moment, the two sisters were bowing to them from the open carriage, as they were driven up to the front door; they

alighted at once, and came towards them down the lawn.

"Mind, Litton," added Sir Reginald in a low but menacing voice, "whatever happens this evening you have no one to blame for it but yourself."

But before Walter could reply the ladies were within earshot, and Lillian was already holding out her hand.

(To be Continued.)

WHY PENNSYLVANIA WAS SETTLED.

Penn refused to pull his hat off before the King, and therefore cut off Another country to light pat on, Where he might worship with his hat on.

The above lines tell us very briefly and concisely why Pennsylvania was settled. Penn was a good and just man; he prospered exceedingly, and his followers as well. Some years ago, Diamond Dyes were introduced into Canada, and were received with a degree of caution and hesitation, in keeping with discerning people. They were tested and severely tried; they were weighed in the scale of public opinion, and were not found wanting in any particular. Diamond Dyes have become the favorites, the joy, and the delight of the ladies owing to their never failing powers. They do an endless variety of work and with such excellent results, that ensure complete knocking out of all competitors that may take the field.

Parker, the East End Shoe Man is selling VELVET SLIPPERS suitable for Xmas Presents very cheap at 1351 St. Catherine street. Call and buy a Pair at 75c or \$1.00 a Pair at \$1.25, worth \$1.75.

ABOUT BEAUTIFUL LIARS.

Never take a woman at her word, was the advice of an eminent New York surgeon at a recent clinic.

The old professor did not say that women were beautiful liars, but that is what he implied, and that is what the class of students inferred. Generally women are false. It is their nature, and they can't help it. A little girl spinters the truth because her mamma does, and a big girl talks to prevaricating just as naturally as a does to going up her back hair.

A lady calls, gabbles, gushes, sips tea and eats cake. When her stock of gossip gives out she turns to the table and asks for the "re-ripe of this delicious cake."

"Well, take six eggs, one cup of sugar, &c., &c." says the mother, with gustatory pleasure. Now she helps to make cake that her mother is romancing about with her own little white hands and beat the two eggs with which it is made. A third whopper cures her, and after a few attempts she makes herself interesting to her own little visitors. By time she is sixteen she has no longer regard for truth, and at twenty is as false as she is fair.

Mrs. A pays \$13 for a hat. Wishing to pose as a grand bargain getter, she tells Mrs. B. she paid \$7 for it. If Mrs. B. the poor taste to ask "where" she must have received.

It is only the beautiful liar who has attention, position, admirers, peace, and success. Women are born liars and become adepts by practice and training. Men know it, husbands expect it, fathers and brothers make allowances what they kindly call deviation from fact. The little finger ring, the enormous mother's bill, the contribution to charity, the receipt, the dinner party, the sunbathing, the vapor bath, the bleached bright complexion, the tight gloves, the small slipper have each a little white lie for a p-ndant.

But woman is weak. The scientist tells her the lesser man, which conditions fend her half truths, her distorted truther sophisticated truths. Poor little helthing! how can she face the consequence of an accusation?

Handicapped by Nature.

Experienced burglar (to new recruit Great Jupiter! Don't make so much noise.

New recruit—I can't help it. My joints always crack when I walk in stocking feet.

Experienced burglar (much disgusted). Then you'd better turn "honest." You never succeed in this line of business. You're cut out for a family man with babies that need lullin' to sleep.

He Got There Before Him.

D. M., a fancy goods drummer, had formed his friend, Jim M., that if he could on a certain man he would receive an order for confectionery.

Jim M. called on the man, and returned was questioned by D. M. as to success.

Well, Jim, did you get the order?

No. One you ought to have got it. Did any get in ahead of you?

Yes. That's too bad; who got there before? And Jim M., in sorrowful tones answered, "the bailiff."

Everyone is looking for cash in these days and a good opportunity is offered every finding it just now. The proprietors of Buff's Blood Purifier offer a series of embracing \$1,000 to every person sending the largest list of words composed from letters in the name Blood Purifier prizes will embrace the sums of \$50.00, \$25.00, three prizes of \$10.00 twenty-one prizes of \$5.00 each, all in and a handsome present to every other sending in a list of words. Send 3c for circular giving all particulars. Offer to those who cannot get up a words. Address, C. E. Hepburn, Des Moines, Iowa, Ont.

SOLDIERS' PUNISHMENT.

The Dreaded Cat-o'-Nine Tails in the English Army.

"Make room, boys. I want to shake the hant of the man who killed the cat," exclaimed a bronze-land medaled sergeant of the line as he pushed his way through a cheering crowd...

Through the enthusiastic veteran spoke the rank and file of the British army all around the world. The hearts under the scarlet tunics throbbled gratefully toward the man who participated in the famous parliamentary onslaught on the "cat"...

The grizzled martinet, who almost revered the cat as the very palladium of military discipline, swore their resentment of what they considered the meddling interference of a lot of parliamentary milkops, and swore further that without the free and frequent use of the cat the service, egad, sir! would go to perdition.

But the new law stood, and the brutal spectacle of a flogging ceased to be a common one on barrack square and parade ground. A sickening and appalling spectacle it was—the regiment in hollow square with the tall wooden triangle in the centre, the cat rigidly "triced up" to it, his bare and bleeding back glistening in the light; the flogger, a brawny drummer in his shirt sleeves, vigorously wielding the cat, its nine lashes of sharp whipcord, with their numerous knots crimson with blood; the doctor, water in hand, to test the suffering capacity of the culprit, a couple of drummer boys with their tambours, and, lastly, the sergeant-major, tucking on his note book the stork s as they were administered an staging out in deliberation "one," "two," "three," each count being followed by the swish and crack of the lash, and at length perhaps by a shriek of agony from the sufferer, to be instantly drowned by the roll of drums, while occasionally a man dropped in the ranks, overcome with horror at the scene of cruelty.

AT THE FLOGGING POST

"We usually have the punishment inflicted by a right-handed and a left-handed drummer, each giving about a dozen lashes alternately, making what you might call cross-cutting," coolly remarked a British officer. "When the second man gets in his work, laying his blows cross-wise over the cuts already given, the flesh begins to fly, the cords as they bite into it flinging it off in squares and lozenges. After a flogging a man's back is often a quivering mass of red jelly, rather nasty to look at. Then, partly as punishment, partly as a cure to prevent inflammation of the wounds—they rub in a solution of salts which penetrates like acids into the raw flesh and causes the keenest pain of all. A good, rough soldier but ere little and all the degradation of it; all that troubles him is the pain, and sometimes not even that; for I've seen men after taking their few dozen lashes fling on their coats and rejoice their comrades as unconcernedly as you please."

"It's considered bad form to groan or cry out under the cat," said a sergeant of the Connaught Rangers, "and you rarely hear a soldier howling, particularly an Irishman. The poor fellow puts a bullet between his teeth and takes a firm grip of it, and this helps him to keep his mouth shut. Sometimes a man bites through and through the bullet in his pain, and I've seen some of them spit it out all chewed to lead dust when the flogging was over. Without the bullet a man is likely to bite his tongue off, as I saw happen once in China, when the man at the end of the flogging turned and grinned at the colonel with his bleeding tongue between his teeth—a disgusting sight. I never saw anything to equal it. A man is supposed to be stark mad for ten minutes after a flogging, and no notice is taken of whatever abuse and profanity he showers on the officers and all. The punishment isn't to be away withal together, as many believe; it's restricted to doses of twenty-five and fifty lashes for offences committed on a transport ship belonging to a foreign nation and in the presence of the enemy. But the lash was kept going pretty regularly just the same. The first time I saw it used was as the regiment was going up the Mediterranean. The Irish beat all hands to witness punishment. The victim was a little drummer boy, and his fault was only a pet y one—swearing, I believe. The triangle was fixed on the bridge of the vessel, in full view of men, officers, officers' wives and all; and when we saw the puny little body exposed and the red stripes growing on it under the thong of the cat, and heard his piercing screams above even the roll of the drums, our feelings were worse than the worst sea-sickness. We wondered what the lad's mother would have thought of the sight."

FATE OF CATOUT FLOGGERS.

"But it was when we got to the fighting ground in Zululand that the flogging mania broke out in earnest. Some mornings I saw as many as twenty-seven tied up, either to the wheel of a big cannon or the upturned shafts of a watercart. The whipping under the old system, when officers could order a man a hundred or more lashes, was done with a whipcord of nine tails with three hard knots on each tail, but this was not considered severe enough under the new regulations, so they substituted catgut, exactly as you see it in the fiddle strings. "There are nine strings about three feet long on a stick of the same length, a knot on the end of each string. You read of the negroes being whipped with piano-wire in Japan during the trouble under Gen. Eyre, and of the Irish insurgents being flogged with strips of tin in 1798; but for cutting through flesh and muscle I think fiddle strings take the cake. They cut into a man's back like so many knives and the blood trickled between the bugler's fingers as he drew the lash through his hand after every stroke. We had a brave, jolly lot of young fellows in our regiment and it would make your heart bleed to hear some of them calling for their mothers when the catgut was sinking into their flesh. Our bugler, a Lancashire fellow, did the flogging—and once a man got twenty-five from him he would never want another stroke. After our first engagement with the Zulu the bugler was found dead, shot by a Maxim bullet in the side of the head. In the heat of the engagement one of the boys who had been disciplined by him had turned his rifle sideways when firing. You should have heard the rejoicings that night in camp! A few commissioned officers were dropped in the same mysterious way, and then it was remarkable how the flogging business decreased and how polite and considerate the officers became to the men. You might like to see how a man's back remains after a flogging? Well, here's one to show you."

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After much modest reluctance the soldier appealed to agree to bare his back. There was scarcely a smooth square inch of skin on it, being traversed from shoulders to waist by innumerable small furrows, running into each other like a map of rivers and railroads, the course of each being marked by a slight purplish streak.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The well-known light weight, Jack Fitzpatrick, has arrived in this city to make a match with an unknown.

The Victoria skating rink is to be opened to-day. Mr. Louis Rubenstein will give an exhibition of fancy skating at the opening. About forty members of the Emerald snowshoe club bumped to the back of the mountain on Monday night, and a good time was spent at the rendezvous.

The Victoria hockey club held its annual meeting the other evening and elected officers. There was a large number present and eleven new members were added to the roll.

The Gladstone club of Providence, R.I. has offered \$4,000 to George Godfrey, the colored heavy-weight pugilist, and Jake Timmet in the squared ring in a scientific contest.

The Herald has discovered a giant in this city, John M. Mahon, the wrestler, whose height is given at 10 feet 10 inches! He must have grown considerably since last we saw him.

The Prince Gazette says there is no probability of a fictitious encounter between F. Slavin and Jen Corbett at New Orleans. Slavin will not go to America, but will fight any man for the championship of the world, either in Spain or in France.

Articles of agreement have been entered into between John Graham, of Brooklyn, and Charles Moth, of Detroit, for a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for a purse of \$225. The match will take place at the Alexandria Athletic club, Chicago, Dec. 22.

The boxing match between Guthrie and Stevenson seems to have ended unsatisfactorily to the latter, so Guthrie thinks from the way the fight is being talked about. Dick is anxious to give his antagonist another go, and for that purpose has deposited \$25 to secure a match.

Peter Lorgan, ex champion carman of England, who is giving exhibitions on rowing machines throughout America in company with Ross, Lee, Plaisted and others, expects to row Peterson, of San Francisco, when the party arrives there. The race is to be three miles with a turn, for \$300 a side.

Mr. W. C. O'nehorn, chairman of the Senior League Committee has received the official report of the finding in the Leoux case by the executive of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada from Secretary Higginbotham, of Toronto, and in consequence has issued notices to the senior clubs to the effect that the meeting of the representative committee would be held on Monday afternoon next at his office, New York Life Insurance Building, for the purpose of deciding the championship question. Sufficient time has thus been given the clubs to hold meetings and instruct their delegates how to vote in the matter. The feeling appears to be in favor of allowing the Cornwallists to retain the championship which they so manfully won. To deprive them of the honor by a quibble will be strenuously opposed.

Louis Cyr, late of this city, is at present astonishing the Yankees. Last week in New York he gave several unprecedented feats of strength before a select audience. His first feat was putting up a dumb bell which was weighed and registered 102 pounds. He lifted the bell with one hand with comparative ease and held it out straight from the shoulder in a horizontal position. He then lifted a dumb bell which when weighed registered 232 pounds. He lifted his hands of iron with one hand to the shoulder, and then slowly pushed it up and held it in the position. He next lifted the 230 pound and the 102 pound dumb bell with a man weighed 150 pounds with one finger. The aggregate weight lifted was 480 pounds, which beat Cyr's own record by 40 pounds. Cyr's most wonderful exhibition of strength was lifting a platform, bound with iron, on which was each a man and a 232 pound dumb bell, with his back and hands. Cyr was eager to lift 4,000 weight, but the platform was not large enough. The actual weight Cyr lifted was 3,337 pounds. He has lifted 3,339 pounds of pig iron in the same manner. He then exhibited a barrel of lime which weighed 251 pounds with one hand from the floor. He finished his exhibition by lifting a man weighing 200 pounds with one hand, and holding him dangling in the air above his head.

I AM SEEKING THE CHRIST.

I am seeking the Christ, the world's consolation, O'er moorland and valley I've wandered afar; O tell me, ye watchmen who stand in your station; I sorrow in seeking his bright guiding star.

I have longingly looked for the glow of the morning, The comfort long promised the children of men; The rosete colors that usher the dawning Gleam not to gladden my long eager ken.

They told he dwelt near the church's wide porch a, In the anthem that swelled in richness of tone; In the prayers, and the praise, and the hopes all immortal, Which rose in sweet incense up to the throne.

They point to their liturgy's soft droning numbers, Their weird, cherished rights, their thrilling creeds, The wild, startling notes of the Vatican's thunders, The long list of saints, and apostolic deeds.

I scan the long list for the Christ of the ages, I see not his robe of most exquisite grace; But chronicles dark, in whose smeared, bloody pages I read of creation's most wretched deface.

I read there oppression, and faith's cold negation, Of sweets turned to gall, love to consummate hate; Religion turned back in the world's relegation; The gospel submitted to irony's fate.

No, the Christ I adore is gracious and lowly, A lover of men, and the friend of the poor; His very impulse is affection most holy; All the ends of creation are blessed in his store.

I have found him at last in hearts beating truly, In honesty seeking the best that may come; Rich and poor, good and bad, may here duly, Find hope in this Christos, the heart's cherished hope.

Parker's Velvet Slippers at 75 cents are best value.

"Reading makes a Full Man!"

Mechanics, Artizans, &c., who wish to excel and rise above the ordinary run, should keep posted. Mr. Drysdale, who has had twenty-five years' experience, will be glad to advise such of the best books to help them in acquiring a fuller knowledge of their profession. Technical Books, of all description. Latest editions. (All send see us. Goods shown with pleasure to all.

W. DRYSDALE & CO., Publishers & Booksellers & Importers 232 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

M. WRIGHT

Begs leave to notify his friends and customers that he has removed from his late premises, corner of NOTRE DAME and ST. DAVID'S LANE, to

2124 NOTRE DAME,

(Opposite the well-known Drug Store of H. E. McGale), where he will keep a full stock of Heavy Wollens, consisting of BLANKETS, LADIES' AND GENTLE MEN'S CANADIAN AND SCOTCH UNDER CLOTHING, WOOL & CASH MERE HOSE, GENTS' SOCKS also a complete assortment of Ladies' and Gents' Umbrellas, etc.

M. WRIGHT, 2124 Notre Dame St.

THE Workingman's Store N. Larivee's Old Stand.

We have made new reductions on the balance of the late N. LARIVEE'S stock. We call your special attention to the following goods, which we will sell you very cheap:

- A Fine Assortment of Baby Linen and Ladies' Underwear. Towels, Napkins and Table Cloths. Grey Flannels, St. Hyacinthe make, at 20c a yard. Cornwall Blankets, at the mill price. Tapestry Carpets, at 25c a yard. Oil Cloth at 25c a yard. Knitted Goods, consisting of Ladies' Vests and Jackets, at 35c, 40c, 50c and 60c. Knitted Shawls at 25c upwards. You will get a Good Cardigan Jacket for 50c at the WORKINGMAN'S STORE. Ladies' Furs, consisting of Bas, Caps and Muffs. Save your money by patronizing the

WORKINGMAN'S STORE,

C. P. CHAGNON Successeur to N. LARIVEE. 2206 NOTRE DAME STREET (3rd Door East of Mountain Street).

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At St. James Clothing Hall, 404 St. James st.

- OVERCOATS, to clear, \$4.50, worth \$6.75. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$5.50, worth \$8.25. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$6.50, worth \$9.75. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$7.75, worth \$11.63. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$9.00, worth \$13.50. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$10.50, worth \$15.75. OVERCOATS, to clear, \$12.25, worth \$18.38. To clear, a GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS, \$4.75. CHILDREN'S SUITS, from \$1.85 up. BIG BOYS' OVERCOATS for \$4.00, worth \$6.00. LITTLE BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$3.00, worth \$4.50. SMALL BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$2.50, worth \$3.75.

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BEDDING J. E. TOWNSHEND, Patented for its Purity.

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Bedding of every description. Patentee of the celebrated Stem-Winder WOVEN WIRE SPRING BED, now in use at the Montreal General Hospital and other PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, giving unequalled satisfaction, the cheapest and best spring bed in the market.

Call and See Testimonials. The new Mantel Bed with Woven Wire Spring, OUR OWN MAKE, from \$5.00 each. These are strong and reliable.

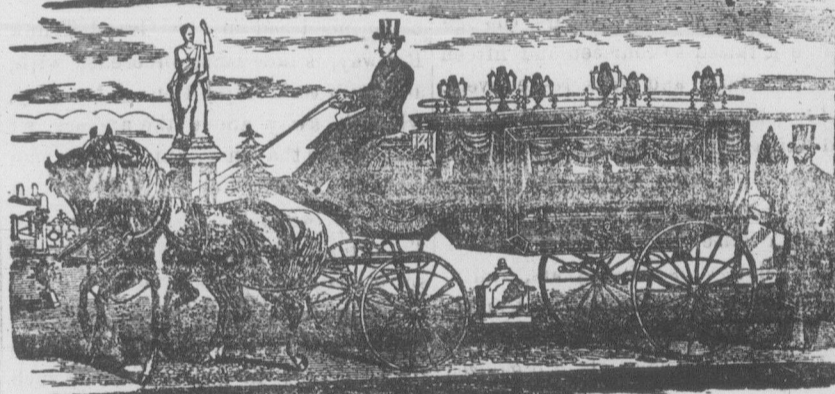
Feather Beds dressed and purified. Mattresses purified and re-made equal to new at the shortest notice. A large stock of IRON BEDS LEADS to be sold below cost to make way for spring goods. Special prices to Hotels and Boarding Houses. TEN PER CENT. allowed off all purchases FOR THIS MONTH ONLY.

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FASHIONABLE * SUITS

OVERCOATS A SPECIALTY.

E. Lemieux, Merchant Tailor. GENTS' Fine Furnishings FLANNEL SHIRTS TO ORDER. Made on the premises, on shortest notice, by competent workmen. 3 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.



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WORKING MEN When on your way home call in and examine my stock of BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

All kinds of Fur in stock, and made to order at moderate prices.

I can fit you in any style and at prices to suit your pockets. Custom work a specialty.

N.B.—FURS CLEANED, DYED AND RE-PAIRED A SPECIALTY.

J. CHURCH, 30 Chaboulez Sq.

DR. NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION Is undoubtedly the BEST of Cough Remedies. 25c A Bottle.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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

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

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MONTREAL, December 13, 1890.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The bill introduced by Hon. Mr. Meier to amend the Factory Act relating to this Province is a very satisfactory one, so far as it goes, and will be accepted as such by labor organizations generally. A though only an instalment on what has been asked by the Grades and Labor Council it is in the right direction, and while not waiving any of its demands made upon the Legislature, the Council will look upon it as an evidence of good will and a desire on the part of the Government to deal with the question of the employment of children at dangerous and unhealthy occupations on a broader basis than has hitherto been done. The bill does not alter the present age limit, but it takes an important step in creating two new classes of factories, and for these the age at which children can be employed is raised. In the class of unhealthy factories, which includes all manufactories of tobacco and cigars, the age has been raised to fourteen and fifteen years for boys and girls respectively. In the class of factories alike unhealthy and dangerous, the list of which has to be made and approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council; the age has been raised in the case of boys from twelve to sixteen years, and in the case of girls from fourteen to eighteen years. This is an important concession to the demands of organized labor, and one which, if the list is made as comprehensive as it should be, will ultimately prove of great benefit and be the means of keeping young people from being put to work on dangerous machinery. The bill also provides that the ten hours' day shall not commence before six o'clock in the morning or finish later than nine in the evening.

Mr. John Burnett, the labor correspondent of the British Board of Trade, has just completed his report on the strikes and lock-outs of 1889, which contains various facts and figures of more than passing interest. The revival of trade throughout Great Britain which commenced in 1887, and which has since continued, naturally led to an increased demand for labor. This, in turn, brought applications on all sides for advanced wages, with the resulting consequence of disputes between employers and employed, followed by strikes and lock-outs. While strikes were numerous in 1888, the succeeding year brought about a state of disturbance hardly before equalled. Mr. Burnett states that in January, 1886, when trade was at its lowest ebb, with wages reduced from what they

had been before, the percentage of skilled workmen out of employment amounted to 13.3; in the following year at the same date it had fallen to 9.9 per cent; and from that date, with slight fluctuations, it fell steadily till, in January of the present year, the percentage of unemployed skilled workmen was only 1.75 in every hundred. In August following it had moved up to 2.28 per cent. Coming to the general statistics of strikes, Mr. Burnett states that during 1889 no fewer than 1,145 strikes were recorded, as against 504 noted in 1888. Only in 1888 the figures were less complete, as the systematic collection of strike statistics was not commenced till nearly the middle of the year. The information obtained from employers and trade union officials, does not seem to be, by any means, very complete; but, so far as the figures show, the textile trades were responsible for 223 strikes, equal to 19.5 per cent of the whole—the cotton section alone having shown 137 strikes, as against 155 in 1888. Coal mining was disturbed by 111 strikes, being 26 less than in the previous year; while ship building showed 107 strikes, and the engineering trade 97 strikes. Dock and wharf laborers came next with 86 strikes, and seamen and firemen followed with 43 disputes. The general strike of bakers in Scotland affected over 1,000 establishments in 28 different towns. Of the total of 1,145 strikes, 610 were for advance in wages, and of these 299 were successful, 195 partially successful, and 66 were unsuccessful. In 59 cases the record is "result not known." Including all causes of strike—against reduction of wages; disputes between class of workpeople; and sympathy with or intimidation in consequence of prevailing strikes, etc.—the total number of strikes that were successful was 476, while 468 were partially successful, with 207 unsuccessful, the result in 94 cases being unknown. These figures show a very large percentage of success where the last strike was resorted to in order to procure for the toilers their just share in the general prosperity.

The Coroner's inquest on the body of the ill-fated engineer, Joe Birie, who met his death through a switch being misplaced on the Grand Trunk Railway, is now being proceeded with, and from the composition of the jury, which is away above the average, we have hopes that the blame for the poor fellow's untimely death will be brought home to whom it properly belongs. Too often such accidents as these are smoothed over by the rider to the verdict "imputing blame to no one," but surely in this case it was somebody's fault that the man in charge at such an important switch was not notified of the despatch of the western train, more especially when so near the time of another regular train. We have every confidence that the gentlemen who constitute the jury—who are evidently in earnest in their search for the culprit—will be able to arrive at a verdict satisfactory to the public.

It has been left to an Edinburgh rat catcher to inaugurate a new system for compelling a man to pay his debts. It appears he was engaged to rid a fashionable Scotch hydropathic establishment of the rodents which infested it, and his methods proved successful, but in endeavoring to collect his bill he was met with a refusal. Time and again he met with denial till, losing patience, he called one day at the establishment with a box under his arm, from which he let loose a dozen or so of rats, saying to the manager, "Since you won't pay you can have no objection to take back some of your rats." Of course there was consternation among the officials, but it was kept secret from the visitors. On being consulted a smart solicitor grasped the situation. He sent an ac-

count to the manager, charging so much for every rat which had been caught, and stated that unless the amount was forthcoming an action would follow. To have allowed the story to gain publicity would have ruined the institution, so a cheque was sent per return post.

It is with pleasure we reproduce the following from the Chicago correspondence of the Union Printer, New York, relative to our well-known citizen and journalist, Mr. James Harper. Mr. Harper is an honorary member of Montreal Typographical Union, and every word of the Chicago correspondent will be endorsed by the boys of No. 176:—

"James Harper, an anti-fire compositor of this city, accompanied the Montreal real estate delegation here last week. More than twenty years have elapsed since Jim's name was on No. 16's membership roll, and as he shook hands with old acquaintances, he remarked 'I feel like old 'Rip' after his long snooze, save that I find myself in pretty good faith and see the same old hands here in charge where I left them almost a generation ago; and they're good ones, too.' Jim has prospered greatly since he left the Queen City, but not greater than his deserts, for he is 18 karat in his unionism, and all the old-timers testify to his sterling worth."

From an English exchange we learn that the following arduous round of occupations has been gone through by the Prince of Wales from January 1st to September 30th, 1890: Twenty-eight race meetings were honored with the Prince's presence. Thirty times he patronized the theatre. Forty-three times he appeared at dinner parties, balls, garden parties and concerts. Eleven attendances at the House of Lords and the official and charitable engagements, together amounting to forty five occasions, practically complete the record of the public life of His Royal Highness while in London this year. This list of engagements does not include the number of times the Prince participated in pigeon shooting matches at Hurlingham and other little pleasures for which he is well known to have a weakness for, but it is sufficient to give an idea of the busy and useful (?) life of the heir to the British crown.

The mail clerks of the London (Eng.) post office have been ungallant enough to sign a memorial against the admission of any more lady clerks. It would appear, from their memorial, that no new male assistants have been engaged since 1886, and that female clerks are engaged in their stead at much lower rates, and this is where the wrong comes in. In a case where men and women do the same work during the same hours they deserve equal pay and should receive it. Women who consent to undersell men do an injustice to their own and the other sex, and its continuation must rebound against them. It is simple injustice to men, who have often wives and children to support, to be supplanted by women who have no such encumbrances.

A dukedom, it is said, will probably be conferred on Prince George of Wales before long. It is intended, says a London correspondent, to follow as nearly as possible the precedent established in the case of Prince George's uncles, and also adopted in former reigns of allowing a short time to elapse between attaining majority and receiving the ducal rank. This time will have elapsed next summer, and it is intended to revive in the person of the Prince of Wales' second son the Dukedom of York. That of Kent would have been preferred, but Her Majesty has an objection to reviving the title in her own lifetime.

Stanislas Padlewski, the supposed murderer of General Selwerstoff in Paris, has had a somewhat eventful history. He was not born in Poland as has been said, but in Ochnatow, Russia, in 1857. His father was in

the-ri-ning of 1803, and died a prisoner in a Kiev dungeon. About the same time his uncle was hanged by the secret police. He was in the Servian war, and thereafter studied at Cracow. He was banished from Austria, was with the Nihilists in Switzerland in 1862, and has since then been three years in a Russian prison.

We have received the initial number of the Labor Advocate, a new journal published by the Grip Publishing and Printing Company, of Toronto in the interests of the working classes. The Labor Advocate is edited by Phillip Thompson, a sterling labor reformer, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of the paper and of its thorough independence. The number now before us is good in every way, the selected articles being particularly well chosen and readable, just what is suited to wage-earners who pause to think. Typographically the Advocate, like everything else that emanates from Grip establishment, is excellent.

In France the snail is called the "poor man's oyster," and so fond is he of snails that forty-nine tons are said to be daily eaten in Paris. The finest specimens are carefully reared in a small park, but most of them are gathered by the vine dressers in the evening from the stone heaps upon which they have collected. After being caught they are first subjected to a process of starvation, being kept for two months in a dark cellar. When they close their shells they are ready for cooking.

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

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

It is no disgrace to be a gentleman. It is to be a dude.

Capital and labor should be the very best of friends. Without either the other would be in a sad plight.

All the religion some people show is to get raring, tearing mad when somebody says something against "their church."

If fruit was as nasty as tobacco, we suppose three quarters of the human race would always have apples in their pockets.

Mr. Parnell does not believe in trading horses in the middle of the stream, particularly when he is the horse that is to be traded.

Never look for a "bargain." Find the thing you wish to buy and willingly pay a price that will enable the man or woman who made it to make a profit. Cheap products mean cheap and beggared labor.

What will you make of the boy? There are ten times more lawyers and doctors than are needed. They say that there is a shortage of ministers, but we never knew a pulpit that was good for anything that remained vacant long. There is room, however, for a few more farmers.

The public will not be surprised at the news that the young Emperor of Germany has fallen out with his mother. He no longer permits her to take any prominent part in court functions, and although his wife, the Empress, expects soon to retire for a season, the Emperor shows a disposition to be his own "leading lady" rather than permit his mother to appear in that capacity. The next manifestation will be awaited with interest. When a young man sends his mother to the rear he is not getting ahead very fast himself.

Coutlee's 75c pants would be considered cheap at \$1.25 by all sensible people.

Cash, cash, and small profits is now the motto of J. P. Coutlee & Co. No more credit sales and no more big prices.

1516 Notre Dame street is the place for bargains in all kinds of clothing. Ready made or custom work to order.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
 No. 7028.
 Rooms Weber Hall, St. James street. Next meeting Sunday, Dec. 14th, at 2.30.
 P. J. DALTON, Recording Secretary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 (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.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
 Every Department loaded with goods suitable for Christmas Presents and everything marked cheap, cheap, cheap; nowhere can you do better.
 We have a large stock of Furs which are all marked at wholesale prices.
 GOOD BLACK FUR MUFFS, only 85c.
 FRENCH CONEY FUR MUFFS, only \$1.
 MOCK BEAR MUFFS, only \$1.25.
 BOAS, in all qualities.
 STORM COLLARS in all the fashionable Furs at lowest prices.
 For useful Furs at low prices come to JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S.

Christmas Presents for the Boys.
 BOYS' SUITS in endless variety, all cheap for our Holiday trade.
 BOYS' SAILOR SUITS, from 85c.
 BOYS' TWEED SUITS, from \$1.40.
 BOYS' REEFERS. BOYS' REEFERS.
 Just put to stock a large case of Boys' Reefer Jackets, imported for the Holiday Trade, all qualities and all sizes, to be sold cheap.
 Nothing will please the boys better than a nice Reefer Jacket; our prices range from \$1.75.
 We are also showing a very large range of Boys' Overcoats, prices from \$1.25 up.
 See our Boys' Outfitting Department for Christmas presents.
 JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Christmas Presents for the Children.
 CHILDREN'S PINAFORES, in endless variety, hundreds to select from; prices range from 35c to \$3.25.
 CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
 We have an immense stock and every line marked at wholesale prices.
 CHILDREN'S DRESSES, from 80c up.
 LADIES' SKIRTS, for Christmas Presents.
 LADIES' KNITTED SKIRTS, from 50c.
 LADIES' CLOTH SKIRTS, from 75c.
 LADIES' BALMORAL STRIPED SKIRTS from 40c.
 LADIES' EIDER DOWN SKIRTS.
 LADIES' QUILTED SKIRTS.
 LADIES' QUILTED SATIN SKIRTS.
 Ladies' Skirts in endless variety
 At JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S.

Visit our stores for Christmas Presents; 5 floors, all occupied with new and Dry Goods imported from the best manufacturers, each floor connected with fine elevator.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
 1781, 1783
 Notre Dame street, cor. St. Peter.
 Terms Cash and Only One Price.
 Telephones—Federal, 580; Bell, 2193.

CENTRAL CHINA HALL.

DINNER SETS, 100 pieces, from . . \$7.50
 TEA " 44 " " . . . 2.40
 CHAMBER " 10 " " . . . 2.25
 LIBRARY LAMPS 2.50
 CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, &c.

GEORGE EADIE,
 (Successor to L. DENEAT),
 2023 Notre Dame Street.

MONEY TO LOAN.
 \$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.
 JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent,
 156 St. James st.

A. HURTEAU & BRO.
 Lumber Merchants,
 92 SANGUINET ST.,
 MONTREAL.
 (Cor. Sanguinet and Dorchester. Bell Tel. 6243. Fed. Tel. 1647. Wellington Basin, opposite G.T.R. Offices. Bell Tel. 1404.)

ARMSTRONG
 THE UNDERTAKER
 VICTORIA SQUARE
 MONTREAL
 TELEPHONE NO. 213

MONTREAL NEWS.

A passenger by the G. T. R. was duped out of \$50 by a confidence man at the Bonaventure depot on Wednesday.

The second instalment of the whipping due to the bogus friar, Joseph Casson, undergoing imprisonment for indecent assault, became due the other day, but as the rascal fainted when the first blow was struck it was postponed till January.

A man named Alphonse Allard, who had escaped from Sorel jail, where he was undergoing a sentence for burglary, was on Wednesday apprehended by Sergeant McMahon and taken before Judge Dugas. He was sent back to Sorel to be dealt with by the authorities there.

Last week, Mr. S. Carsley, of the well known dry goods emporium on Notre-Dame street, distributed his annual gift of warm underclothing to the newsboys, by whom it was greatly appreciated. This annual distribution is looked forward to by the boys, to many of whom it is a real blessing.

A rather peculiar accident occurred at the Royal Electric Co. works, Wellington-street, last week, by which a young girl employed there lost some of her fingers. It appears she was conversing with another girl when the hair on her head was caught by the machinery. While endeavoring to relieve her hair her fingers got caught, with the above result.

The lacrosse team of Messrs. Robert Mitchell & Son, brass workers, are beginning to wonder when they are to receive the prizes played for at the Foresters' Picnic on the Exhibition Grounds, between themselves and the Electric Light Co.'s team. Held on for a bit, boys; perhaps the Foresters intend to surprise you with a Christmas box.

The City Attorney the other day presented in court his reply to the new petition of Adolphe St. Pierre in the water tax case. It stated that notices were duly given to the ratepayers and that the tax, as imposed for the current year, was in conformity with the law. He also made a motion to have set aside that part of the petition which refers to the matters mentioned in the previous water cases. Mr. Barnard consented to this, and the court fixed today for hearing the merits of the case.

The Fire Commissioners have been investigating the fire which recently destroyed the High School building. At Thursday afternoon's sitting, one of the boys, George McKercher, made a voluntary statement in regard to it. He stated that a quantity of loose paper had been placed in a cupboard and that he set a match to it and ran away. He also gave the names of several other boys implicated. A warrant was at once issued for his detention and he will be placed in safe-keeping until the case can be brought before the courts. The boy McKercher is small and delicate looking and not quite sixteen years of age.

ECHOES FROM THE POINT.

Everything has a brighter appearance in this section since the opening of the subway, and Shearer street has again been closed to horse traffic.

The Argyles tramped over the mountain last night and spent a pleasant evening. The annual tramp to Lachine takes place to-day. The boys will leave the Odd-fellows' Hall about three o'clock.

The funeral of the late Engineer Joe Birt took place from his residence, Congregation street, on Wednesday afternoon and was largely attended by the workmen from the shops and some of Montreal's prominent business men.

The Grand Trunk Dramatic Club gave two very successful performances of "A Life's Revenge," in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The characters of the play were all well taken. Mr. Wilmaley, as the hero, being especially good, as were also Miss Kitts, Miss Hiron, Messrs. Beattie and Rowan. The McGill students were present and rendered some of their rousing songs, from the balcony, where they were seated.

Another of the Grand Trunk's old and trustworthy employees was suddenly called from our midst on Saturday afternoon last. Mr. W. Wolfenden, known among his fellow workmen and citizens of the Point generally, as "Billy-ou-time." Mr. Wolfenden was for a great many years driver of the St. Lambert "sub." He was taken ill when bringing in his train at the Bonaventure station and died a few hours afterwards. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon, with Masonic honors, and a large number of his late friends and fellow-workmen attended.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.

Mr. Mercier's Bill to Amend the Factory Law.

Mr. Mercier's bill to amend the Factory law, as introduced, enacts that:

A time meter shall be placed in all factories to the number and in the places required by the inspector.

The dimensions and form of fire escapes may be prescribed by the inspector, and the owner, tenant and occupant of the immovable premises on which the establishment is placed, are jointly and severally bound for their construction.

The employment in a factory of any child, of a young girl, or of any woman, is unlawful, and the health of such child, young girl or woman is, within the provisions of this section, likely to be permanently injured, if in that factory there is any contravention of the following provisions of this section, that is to say:

1. No male child, aged less than fourteen years, and no girl, aged less than fifteen years, can be employed in a tobacco or cigar factory.

2. In the factories indicated in a list approved by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council, as unhealthy and dangerous, the age of the employees cannot be less than sixteen years for boys and, eighteen years for girls.

In all factories, other than those above mentioned, the age must not be less than

twelve years for boys and fourteen years for girls.

So as to insure the rigorous observance of the foregoing provisions of this article, the employer of the child or young girl shall, if required, exhibit to the inspector a certificate signed by the parents, tutor, or other person having the lawful custody of or control over such child or young girl, in which certificate the subscriber sets forth the date thereof, the age of the child or young girl, at what date and the place of birth, or if there is not in the province any one having the legal custody or control of such child or young girl, the written opinion of a physician that the said child or young girl is not under the ages required in the preceding paragraphs 1, 2 and 3.

The day of ten hours' work shall not commence before six of the clock in the morning, nor end after nine o'clock in the evening.

THE WATER TAX.

In addition to what has already been reported, Messrs. Keys and Warren, collectors for the Central Trades and Labor Council Water Tax Fund, acknowledge the following:

Table listing names and amounts for water tax, including entries like 'Previously acknowledged \$1,173.75', 'Philaudeau Bros. & Co. 5.00', 'H. A. Wilder & Co. 1.00', etc.

paid off. Then, in a way sailors have, he let the owners know what he had done, that the total of the two accounts was the same, and that the donkey was in the second account as well as in the first, though the owners did not recognize him. When the landlords pay the water rate, the tenants will find the donkey in the rent, and he will have grown in the transformation. Where the landlord pays six or eight dollars water rates, he will have it for an excuse to raise the rent a dollar a month; where the rate is fifteen or eighteen dollars, there will be a good margin over that put on in the tenants yearly hire of his residence. The tenant is not the man whose interest is being considered in the proposed change. Yours, etc., A TENANT.

WORKMENS WAGES.

SHALL THEY BE PAID IN HARD CASH OR IN TRUCK?

In the Quebec Legislature on Thursday, Mr. Watts moved the second reading of the bill respecting the payment of workmen's wages. He explained that the object of the bill was to prevent the payment of wages in bonds or merchandise.

Mr. Poupore moved the six months' hoist. He said that the mode of payment which Mr. Watts wished to abolish was the only practicable one in the shanties. The bill constituted an attack on public liberty.

Hon. J. McShane thought the member for Drummond was entitled to credit and thanks for bringing in the bill, which was not only urgent and just, but was based on principles of right and justice. The time has come to put an end to practices which were exceedingly hurtful to the interests of the poor workman, and he was surprised to see men who employed labor standing up to justify and perpetuate injustice.

No doubt they were interested in putting off their men when they got them in the heart of the forest with store pay instead of hard cash which they could send home to their poor families, charging them \$10 for a coat worth \$5, and giving them pork, or what was worse, whiskey, instead of money. He asked the member for Pontiac how he would like to go two or three hundred miles into the woods to work for a man and then in the heart of winter perhaps to be told that if he did not take store pay he was at liberty to leave and make his way back as best he could without a cent in his pocket.

He contended that workmen should be paid in hard cash, not treated like animals. He did not want one law for the rich and another for the poor, but he desired to see the helpless poor protected against oppression and misery, and he believed that this bill was a step in the right direction.

Mr. Clendinning said that any attempt to regulate the relations of labor and capital should be made with great care. In a country of such dimensions as this we cannot make an absolute law. As a matter of fact he was in favor of a laborer being paid in money when it was not a positive loss and inconvenience to himself, but he could not see any advantage where the farmer who had a laborer working for him, and the laborer wanted to buy a bushel of potatoes and no market within ten miles, should be obliged to go to market and bring back money for the laborer to go and bring the potatoes. When it was mutually advantageous he did not see why the Legislature should step in and say that they may not make reasonable arrangements. The design of the mover was no doubt good, but such a sweeping measure would subvert all present arrangements throughout large districts of the country, especially in the shipping, lumber and mining trades. He was prepared to let the bill go to committee, when he would help to frame a measure adapted to the circumstances of the country and protect the interests involved.

Mr. Owens followed in the same strain. He said that the bill, if passed, would injuriously affect the poorest men, for a man who had money due him had no need for a bill, for he could deal in what store he chose, as at present, while the man who had not could not procure credit from his employers, for such a debt would not be legal, and the consequence would be that such workmen could not obtain employment.

Mr. Mercier was in favor of the principle of the bill, but after the suggestion that had been made by Mr. Poupore in that connection, he thought the amendment should be allowed to carry and the matter be referred to the committee on legislation. The measure being then left an open one, Mr. Poupore's amendment was carried by 31 to 29. Messrs. Murphy, Fitzpatrick, Peletier, Bourbonnais and others on the Ministerial side voting with the majority of the Opposition and Mr. Clendinning with the minority.

Did you know that J. P. Coutlee & Co., 1516 Notre Dame street, second door from St. Claude street, are selling goods at prices away down below regular wholesale rates. Call and see for your selves.

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CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

A GRAND MONTH. Last month was by far the best November for taking money that we have ever had. EVERY THING INCREASING. Our business is divided into Sixteen Separate Departments, and each of them showed a substantial increase over November of past years. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame street.

THE REASON. One reason why our business has increased so rapidly this year is because the attention directed to branch stores in Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa (which are all closed) is now concentrated on the business here, and is PLAINLY TELLING more and more every day. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame street.

MUST TELL. The undivided attention now being given to our business, we believe, will DRIVE IT at a pace that trade has never been driven in Montreal before. A NEW ELEVATOR. Our new and second passenger elevator will be ready for use by the end of this week, and is intended to run to third floor, which is now ready for customers, and is, or will be in a day or two, as complete as the ground floor with cash desks, parcel offices, shop walks, and a full staff of salesmen. S. CARSLEY'S, Notre Dame street.

JAPANESE BAZAAR. One feature of this floor is the Japanese Bazaar or Fancy Fair of goods for Christmas presents. NO CHARGE. No charge for admittance to this Bazaar, and Tea and Coffee free. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame street.

VALUE DOES IT. The best possible value is what permanently and continuously increases a business. Read the following list of values. TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT. We are busy, busy every day in the Boys' Clothing Department. For the cheap and best Boys' Suits and Overcoats, Carsley's is the place. Everyone comes to us to buy Boys' clothing. Children's Jersey Suits, 60c. Children's Sailor Suits, 75c. Children's Tweed Suits, \$1.25. Youths' Tweed Suits, \$3.40. Men's Tweed Suits, \$5.90. Boys' Knockabout Hats, 50c. Youths' Hard Hats, best quality, \$1.60.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT. Tourmalines, 25c each. Turques and Polo Caps, 10c each. Carnie Caps, 50c. Children's Trimmed Felt Hats, \$1.00. Ladies' Trimmed Felt Hats, \$2.00. Colored Saxony Flannels, 9c yd. Good Canton Flannels, 6c yd. Bleached Cottons, 4 1/2c yd. Bleached Table Damask, 29c yd. Gray Table Damask, 15c yd. Children's Fur Boas, 20c each. Ladies' Boas, full size, \$1.35 each. Imitation Bear Boas, \$2.25. Good Hair Muffs, \$1.00. Storm Collars, all prices.

G dies' Borm Umbrellas, 50c. Ladies' lack Umbrellas, 45c. Ladies' Gilt Mounted Umbrellas, \$1.35. Ladies' Nickel Mounted Umbrellas, \$1.50. Gents' Special Oxydized Mounts, \$1.50. Cornice Poles, 20c, complete. Window Shades, ready to put up, 55c. White Honeycomb Quilts, 90c each. Cheap Blankets, \$1.97 pair. Lace Curtains, 50c pair.

CURTAIN ROOM. White Lace Curtains, \$0.50. Roman Stripe Curtains, 1.50. Art Muslin, 0.10. White Spotted Muslin, 0.08. Comforters, 0.80. Ladies' Fine Wool Hose, 19c. Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose, 25c. Ladies' Fine Ribbed Hose, 25c. Ladies' Fine Merino Vests, 45c. Ladies' Fine Wool Vests, 85c. S. CARSLEY, Notre Dame street.

PUBLIC NOTICE. S. Carsley has only ONE STORE in Montreal. No Branch Stores. CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON. Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market. Clapperton's Spool Cotton never breaks, never knots, never ravel, and every spool is warranted 300 yards. Always ask for CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON. S. CARSLEY, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

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WILLIAMS PIANOS

Established 50 years. More made and in use than of all other Canadian Companies combined. Hundreds in use for 20 years, and still good. Patronized by the Higher Classes and Royalty. Pronounced the best medium priced Piano in America. In use in leading Institutions, and Convents. Over 5,000 in use in Montreal.

SOLE AGENTS P. Q. WILLIS & CO. 1824 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill street, Montreal.)

M. BACHMAN Artistic Merchant Tailor. FURS AND TRIMMINGS. GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS. MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLE.

DRESS SUITS & UNIFORMS. Cut and Make Guaranteed. Repairing and Cleaning. 409 ST. JAMES ST.

EVEN THE WORM Will Turn at Last!

The things that are a bitter exasperation to the old are mere trifles to the young. A young man will endure a twenty-five cent coal oil lamp, with broken chimney, and a room in which it would be fatal to strike your head against your breath, and an apology for a carpet that would reduce you to the lowest ebb of despair, and a landlady whose look of displeasure would send a cold shiver down your spine—with the meekness of a lamb.

But the meekest young man that ever sat out the evening uncomplainingly in his overcoat rises in wrath when his linen is returned from the "wash" torn, or stained, or limp, or sticky. Then the "old Adam" asserts itself. For social life, and admiration, and elegance are dear to the young. A cold room is a joke. A frayed shirt bosom at the dress party is anguish.

MORAL. Let the Troy Steam Laundry take charge of your shirts and collars and cuffs, and everything washable, and you have the guarantee of skilful work, work invariably flawless, perfect as scrupulous care and best facilities can make it; material absolutely uninjured.

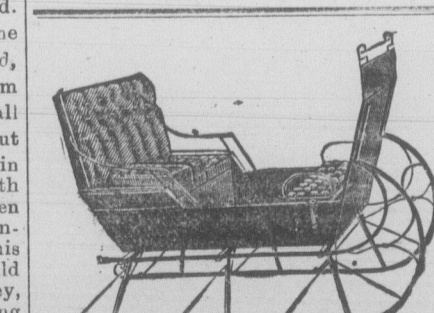
TROY STEAM LAUNDRY. Cor. Craig and St. Peter streets. Telephone Nos.—Bell, 666. Federal, 542.

Ronayne Bros' BOOTS SHOES

17 Chabaillez Square, NEXT THE FIRE STATION. Durable Goods. Moderate Prices.

ADVERTISERS.

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



WHEN YOU WANT A SLEIGH of any kind the place to buy is at LATIMER'S, MCGILL STREET. ALL KINDS. ALL PRICES.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

European.

The Duke of Nassau, who upon the death of King William of Holland succeeded to the throne of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, has taken the oath to maintain the national independence and the territorial integrity of the Duchy.

The priests on Achill Island, Ireland, have appealed to Mr. Balfour to aid 40 families who have been reduced to distress by the failure of the potato crop. Owing to the lack of proper food they are compelled to eat diseased potatoes to keep from starvation.

At Cerfont-Ferrand, France, a wedding procession was on its way from the church where the ceremony had been performed, when suddenly two shots were heard, and both bride and bridegroom fell lifeless. The assassin escaped undetected, but it is supposed he was a rival suitor of the bride.

At a meeting of students of the Lisbon, Oporto and Coimbra Universities, in Portugal, it was decided to form a battalion for service in Africa. The students will ask the Government to furnish them with arms, and employ for their equipment the national fund of \$500,000 that has been raised since the quarrel with England.

News has been received in Madrid, that the Spanish expedition against the rebels in the Carol Islands took the fortified position of Katan on the Island of Ponape. During the attack one Spanish officer and 25 soldiers were killed and four officers and 47 men wounded. The natives had the Spaniards burned all the villages in the Katani district.

The woman now on trial at St. Petersburg for connection with nihilist conspiracies is the niece of Privy Councillor Illinsky, director of the Holy Synod. Her name is Olga Ivanovskiy. The police found in her room the names and residences of many nihilists who have long been sought for by the authorities. The discovery of the list will undoubtedly lead to a series of arrests. Several high ecclesiastical officials are involved and startling developments are expected.

In a lecture on the Koch treatment, Dr. Beaumetz, of Paris, stated that several patients who had been inoculated with the lymph had grown worse after the first injections and that in the cases of others no appreciable improvement was shown. He had, therefore, decided to abandon the new method in his practice. Dr. Beaumetz also said he considered Professor Koch had not made sufficient experiments upon animals before applying the lymph to the cure of human ailments and declared his intention of himself further pursuing the experiment. The Paris board of health has decided in favor of continuing experiments with Koch's lymph.

American.

Mr. Dogan, an ironworker on the dome of the State House, Topeka, Kan., fell and was instantly killed. He fell 150 feet and struck an iron crossbar. He was frightfully mangled. He was the ninth ironworker that has been killed within the last five years while at work on the State House.

At Roebuck, Missouri, Moses Lemon (colored), being intendant at the lynching of Dennis Martin for killing Gus Aron, tried to get up a mob of negroes and go to Aron's store, murder the clerks and fire the building. The people, both white and black, formed an organization and swung Lemon to a tree.

Canadian.

There is a by law before the Quebec City Council to prevent the carrying of children's corpses to the burying ground in carters' vehicles.

While Thomas Arnott was dumping snow into the river at the Grand Trunk wharf, Quebec, on Tuesday afternoon, his horse backed into the river and was drowned. Arnott had a narrow escape.

In Quebec, a horse attached to a cariole bolted and dashed down the steps leading from Dufferin Terrace to those leading from Beaud street to Mountain Hill. The former steps are closed by a barricade, but the animal jumped over it and alighted on the Mountain Hill steps unharmed. The cariole was left behind at the barricade.

Arthur Jalbert, of the village of Desautels river ferry was attacked and seriously wounded by a deer last week. It appears that the deer came upon him suddenly from behind, knocking him down and injuring him severely with his hoofs and horns. The unfortunate man would undoubtedly have been killed by the furious animal but for the timely assistance of another man named Sirois.

A girl named Lapine, of Chatham, is now in the Fredericton, N.B., almshouse with her newly born babe. It is a case of bogus marriage. The seducer, named Hatfield, was held in jail three months and was let out on condition that he would do the right thing. As soon as he was at liberty he skipped to the States, and it was only after his departure that the girl told the story of how she had been deceived by a marriage performed by a suppositious clergyman. The Women's Christian Temperance Union are espousing her cause and, as the seducer is well connected, they propose trying out the case to a finish.

When the Government steamer Newfield was off Chebogue Point, on the Yarmouth coast, on Tuesday, her powder magazine exploded with a tremendous report. The powerfully built vessel shook from stem to stern. Part of her deck was blown up and her side badly damaged, and all her crew were prostrated. When the officers had recovered from their momentary shock, they found that one of the crew, Thomas McRae, lamp trimmer, had been instantly killed, and five or six others badly injured. The ship was not making much water, but medical aid for the wounded men was of the first necessity, so Captain Guilford steamed into Yarmouth, only a few miles distant, and landed the wounded men at the Marine hospital stationed on Bunker's Island. The steamer was twelve miles off Yarmouth at one o'clock, when the accident happened. The men were sitting in the fore-castle. The powder was stowed in stem of the vessel. Her deck was thrown up, a big hole stove in her side and the

fore-castle blown into matchwood. The ship was en route for Briar Island to place a new boiler at the fog whistle station. The officials of the Marine Department in Halifax are unable to afford any particulars of the disaster. They did not know that there was any powder in the vessel's magazine. The Newfield is employed in supplying light houses and the gulf and coast cable service.

S. H. Parker's Men's and Ladies' Velvet Slippers at 75c, \$1 and \$1.25 are the best value in Montreal.

SCIENCE CLIPPINGS.

Paper is now molded into spokes for carriage and wagon wheels. It is claimed to be both cheaper and better than wood for that purpose.

It is estimated that the amount of gold in the world is about 613 cubic yards, and it would fit in a room twenty-four feet each way if in a solid cube.

An electric railway is to be installed between Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., a distance of forty-two miles. This will be the longest electric railway in the world.

A new process for making bricks chemically has been patented at Pittsburg, Pa. The article can be made hard and in all colors. It is said the cost of bricks made by it is but \$2 per ton.

Mr. Bates' new process for making tool steel utilizes the scrap heap, and turns wrought or cast iron or Bessemer soft steel into a high grade tool steel at one operation. It is an invention which has infinite scope.

Sheet iron is rolled so thin at the Pittsburg iron mills that 12,000 sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines as readily through one of these sheets as it does through ordinary tissue paper.

The following method of filling up nail holes in wood is not only simple, but said to be effectual. Take fine sawdust and mix into a thick paste with glue, pound it into the hole, and when dry it will make the wood as good as new.

A method of ventilating railroad coaches and preventing dust from entering them is in operation in France. The air traverses a re-ep-acle containing water, which cools it, relieves it of dust, after which it is again filtered before entering the carriage.

A curious trap at the patent office is an imitation rat that has a piece of toasted cheese stuck on the end of a little spear that projects from his nose a short distance. When a real rat comes to nibble at the cheese the spear jumps out about six inches and impales the unfortunate.

A new shell has recently been invented by an Austrian for the purpose of scattering oil over the waves during a storm. It is a wooden cylinder, lined with shellac to keep the oil from penetrating the wood, and it carries in addition a calcium light, which illuminates the water for a considerable distance.

It is now established that flowers and the perfumes distilled from them have a sanitary influence on the constitution and are a therapeutic agency. In the town of La Grasse, France, where the making of perfumes is largely carried on, phthisis is said to be unknown, owing to the odorous vapors from the numerous distilleries.

There has lately been invented a rope that will float. It has a core of cork, around which is braided a network of cotton twine; this is in turn surrounded by another layer of strong cotton, making a rope exceedingly soft and pliable, and one, it is said that will stand an immense strain. This rope will no doubt be found to be very valuable for use on ship-board, as well as in life-saving service.

A new model for the extraction of gold from quartz has been invented that is not unlike to prove especially applicable to Nova Scotia quartz. Instead of stamping in water the ore is ground fine and then mercury is forced through the dry powder. If the promises of the process are realized it will greatly reduce the expense of extraction and enable miners on a small scale either to grind their own ores by a very simple apparatus or send them to a large mill where they can be sold by sample as soon as ground, as is done by the silver ores of Colorado.

Gas pipes from paper are made from strips of manilla paper equal in width to the length of the pipe to be made, which is passed through a vessel with melted asphalt, and then wrapped firmly and uniformly around an iron core until the required thickness is attained. The pipe is then subjected to powerful pressure, after which the outside is strewn over with sand, and the whole cooled in water. The core is then removed and the inside of the pipe coated with a waterproof composition. These pipes are claimed to be perfectly gas tight and much cheaper than iron pipes, and very resisting to shocks and concussions. The claim as to greater cheapness than iron is probably an error.

Coutlee's 75c pants would be considered cheap at \$1.25 by all sensible people.

Cash, cash, and small profits is now the motto of J. P. Coutlee & Co. No more credit sales and no more big prices.

1516 Notre Dame street is the place for bargains in all kinds of clothing. Ready made or custom work to order.

Any person owing J. P. Coutlee & Co., 1516 Notre Dame street, will oblige by kindly calling in and settling at once.

UNDERWEAR and Gents' Furnishings marked away down for this month only. Call and be satisfied. J. P. Coutlee & Co., 1516 Notre Dame street, second door from Claude street.

If you wish a Suitable Xmas Present these hard times buy a Pair of VELVET SLIPPERS from S. H. Parker, 1351 St. Catherine street.

LABOR AND WAGES.

Cleanings From the Industrial Field of the World.

New York has a woman roofer. Tacoma plasterers get \$5 a day. Gould made \$30,000,000 in a day.

Brooklyn lathers struck for \$3.25. St. Paul unions have weekly lectures. A Connecticut newsboy is 82 years old.

Frisco carpenters are winning eight hours. Russian trains must be lighted by electricity.

New York sailmakers want \$3.50 and nine hours. Lynn men demand a new State Board of Arbitration.

Brooklyn labor singing societies talk of consolidating. San Francisco sailors work overtime for 75 cents an hour.

Victoria bricklayers work seven and a half hours a day. At Danbury 1,800 girls are among the striking hat workers.

The "People's" party of Kansas favors Bellamy's nationalism. Father Kelly, the treasurer of the Irish National League, believes in the single tax.

The Nashville unions kick against the farming out of convicts on the electric railway. The three farmers' candidate hold the balance of power in the Illinois Legislature.

The lady friends of the Lynn striking leather workers are giving them practical sympathy. At Brooklyn over 2,000 sugar workers have been idle a month. They make from \$5 to \$10 a week.

Carpenters are scarce in Great Falls, Minn. Helena men have been offered \$4 and \$4.50 per day to work there. Cincinnati peddlers complain because they are paying the city \$11,285, while the street car companies pay but \$26,029.

The striking stevedores employed by the New Zealand and British India Steamship Companies have resumed work. New York ornamental plasterers and shop hands will work fifty-one hours and receive from 36 to 47 cents per hour.

The Premier of Australia will call a convention of the heads of Australian countries to discuss the prevention of strikes. The San Francisco Federated trades has again placed the closing hour for shoe stores at 7 p.m. at the demand of the clerks.

A gold brick, costing \$1,000, was the last laid in the tunnel at Cleveland. Horses at work there had not seen daylight for a year. The Brotherhood of Railroad Brakemen numbers twenty-five thousand members; \$200,000 has been paid out during the past year.

The city government of Paris has established a parcel post, with branches, whereby packages are delivered all over town for 14 cents. The co-operative bakery, shoe store and coal yard of The Hague, the capital of Holland, has a net profit of about \$20,000 this year.

William Hastings, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has a machine that will revolutionize nail-making, doing the work of three of the machines hitherto used. The condition of the workmen and farmers of this country will never remain unimproved if they fail to unite in political action for self-preservation.

Cigarmakers' Union No. 90 reported at the last meeting of the New York Central Labor Federation that it had gained over 300 new members last week. The difference between an intelligent and unintelligent man to-day is indicated by the interest he takes in the great question of modern times—the labor question.

It is estimated that each year in New York city three thousand women find themselves stranded; not only homeless, penniless and without work, but unable to work. Boston plasterers won eight hours. They pay 40 cents an hour or \$19 a week, instead of \$21. The concession runs till April, and thereafter if other trades win eight hours.

A telegram has been received here from Middlesboro, Ky., notifying all stone cutters and stone masons to stay away from that place as the men are having trouble with their bosses. According to the statistics of the Label Committee of the Brooklyn Central Labor Union there were 364,000 more cigars manufactured in the city last month than in the month of October.

The government report shows that the average wages of railroad hands in the country is \$213 per year. The average employment is 147 days, the rest of the year being enforced idleness. For the past eight or nine weeks San Francisco Typographical Union No. 21 has been paying the striking iron molders of that city about \$100 a week. This money is raised by a levy of two per cent on the earnings of the printers.

About three years ago seven men in Perry, Ga., paid \$1 each to start a savings bank. The bank is now operated under a state charter, is located in a building owned by its stockholders, and during 12 months over \$250,000 of business was transacted.

At the last annual convention of the textile workers of Austria, held at Bruenn on November 1, it was stated that there are many people working at the trade in Austria who receive not more than 75 cents per week, while the hours of labor are, in many cases, from five a.m. to ten p.m. It was resolved to agitate for eight hours and to make May 1 a general holiday.

Go into the back counties of Pennsylvania and find 40,000 children under 14 years of age so soiled and grimy that they look like gnomes from the realms of eternal darkness, who are denied schooling, denied recreation, denied all happiness of child-

hood—denied everything beautiful and human, in order that by their toil they may add to the coal barons' unholy millions!

The Union Pacific switchmen in the Ogden, Utah, yards, struck on account of a reduction of the night force and a cut in wages. It is feared the strike will assume more serious proportions.

The New York tinners will start a night school to give instruction in cutting, drafting, etc., in tin and sheet iron work. The various foremen in the union will take turns in giving instruction.

Over 300 spinners, creelers and piecers in the Clark thread mill, Kearney, N. J., have struck. The strike caused a total stoppage of work in the mills, throwing 900 hands out of work. The alleged cause of the strike is the superintendent's despotism.

The State Board of Arbitration began its investigation into the causes of the Cox shoe strike and the subsequent general lockout in Rochester, N.Y., on Tuesday. A large number of witnesses, mostly striking locked out shoemakers, were examined.

Fifteen of the leading manufacturers of cigars in Philadelphia met the other day to discuss the advisability of taking part in the national conference of cigar manufacturers which is to be held in New York to consider the question of advancing prices. A committee was selected to confer with the New York manufacturers.

The Bethlehem Iron Co.'s steel mills, Bethlehem, Pa., which were shut down a week ago for an indefinite period, were started up on Monday, and the thousands of men are again at work. The resumption is due to large orders received a day or two after the shut down which will keep the plant in operation the greater part of the winter.

The first women's trades union was started in 1874, since which time some twenty have been formed. Although no accurate statistics are forthcoming as to the total number of women in unions in England, it may well be believed that the percentage is very small. It is highest in London and Nottingham, where there is a union of cigarworkers, which includes a total of female workers, some 5,000 or 6,000.

THE SINGLE TAX AT WORK.

August Belmont, who died last week leaving a fortune variously underestimated at from ten to twenty million dollars, paid in recent years a personal property tax on a valuation of only \$100,000. He owned comparatively but little real estate, his most important holding of this character being his palatial residence on Fifth avenue, which, including the costly furniture and works of art, is worth about \$2,000,000. His immense wealth was therefore practically free from taxation.

But in this respect Mr. Belmont was not the object of special favor, since it is a well known fact that all our millionaires enjoy the same privilege of exemption as to their "personal property," which includes all forms of capital and, as a rule, is many times larger than their real estate holdings. Our assessors are evidently single taxers, who unscrupulously and openly violate law, duty, justice and conscience for the benefit of our plutocracy.—Workmen's Advocate.

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

If it becomes necessary to array the United States troops against the Indians it is hoped the Indian agents may see their way clear to taking sides with the Redskins.

There is one thing that will strike the thoughtful as very suggestive. It makes no difference how short the apple crop is, there is never any shortage of the cider output or the stock of "cider vinegar."

FIRE INSURANCE. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. CAPITAL, \$1,000,000. AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF W. VA. ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000. CITY AGENTS: THOS. McELLIGOTT, J. D. LAWLOB, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDOUGALL. C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent. 42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

THE Province of Quebec Lottery. (AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.) MONTHLY DRAWINGS. Second Wednesday of Every Month. 3,134 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740.00. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - - \$15,000.00. TICKET, \$1.00. 11 TICKETS FOR - - - \$10.00. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

P. GALLERY. (LATE OF GALLERY BROS.) PLAIN AND FANCY BREAD BAKER, 252 RICHMOND STREET, MONTREAL. Having built a new and improved Bakery is now prepared to serve the public with the Best Plain and Fancy Bread at the LOWEST PRICES. Promptly filled.

Having Received my Fall Stock of AMERICAN GOODS. I am now prepared to sell all sizes of LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S BOOTS, Shoes and Rubbers. My prices are LOWER than any other Shoe Man in town. Do not forget the address: 2076 Notre Dame St. J. CORCORAN. One Door West of Colborne street.

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PHUNNY ECHOES.

Teacher—How is the earth divided?
Tommy—'Tween them that's got it and them that wants it.

Groom—A ring around the moon is the sign of rain. Bride (sweetly)—And a ring round a woman's finger is the sign of—
Groom (sadly)—Reign.

City Poet—What a queer looking yellow weed that is. Young lady—Yellow weed! Goodness me! This is the beautiful "Golden Rod" that you raved about in your last poem.

Way, Pipelet, this letter must have arrived yesterday. How is it you only bring it to me now? Clerk—You see, sir, I thought there was no hurry, as it's about an appointment for next week.

Remember, Uncle Bastus, cautioned the magistrate, that you are not compelled to disclose anything which may criminate your-self. Den I reckon I'll keep my mouf shut, Judg', was the wise reply.

In the street car—Miss Gushy (as Snagby prepares to rise)—On, don't get up! Don't get up! Please keep your seat! Snagby (slightly bewildered)—Like to oblige you, ma'am, but I get off at this street.

School teacher—Johnny, what does the word meter mean? Johnny—A measure. School teacher—Now, Johnny, what do they measure with the meter? Johnny—Gas, electricity, water and poetry.

Ray Ironsby—But how can you think I'm pretty when my nose turns up so dreadfully? Say Boney—Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.

Teacher—It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions. How is this, my little boy? If I knew all the things you asked me, ma'am, father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here, replied Johnny.

Mary Ann, her mistress told her, before ironing the finer linen always try the iron on something coarse so as not to scorch the material. I don't need to, mum, I hev a nose, and I knows when the linen is scorching by the smell of it, mum.

Mrs. Jinx—I'm going to commence house cleaning to-day. Mr. Jinx—Well? Mrs. Jinx—Well, I wish you would swear your phonograph full and send it up to the house for me to turn on occasionally when my feelings get too much for me, will you?

A youngster one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired: Charlie, can you cut your own meat? Humph! said the youngster, who was sawing away, can't I? I've cut as tough meat as this at home.

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner and made the cook bring his purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head disconcertedly, and said: It's a poor looking thing. Oh, mum, said the cook, when it is fixed up with truffles it will look en irely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum!

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny 'nough in a way, but so many of them are arc a little mou'ntuous. Can't you get your mind on some o'hr subject? Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a larger salary.

Dentist—Mr. Dopeheimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on. Dopeheimer—I-h dot so? Well, I think I comes to morrer. Dentist—But why not let me pull it to-day? Dopeheimer—Well, I don't yooost know h-w much monish der wash in my pocked-book.

A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert. She (archly)—And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again. He (earnestly)—Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to night I'd get married again to-morrow morning.

If you jab that umbrella in my eye again as you have done twice already, said the man in the brown suit, fiercely, you'll get a broken head! It was as much your fault as mine, retorted the man in the gray suit. If you want to kick up any fuss about it just begin. I'm insured for twenty-five dollars a week in the Self-Protecting Mutual Association, and I'm aching for a broken head. The man in the brown suit looked fixedly at the other. Evidences of a severe mental conflict were visible in his face. At last he spoke. You're safe, he said, I'm an agent for that company.

Modern Convenience.

Little girl (in church)—Why does so many people put those little envelopes on the contribution plate?

Little boy—Them's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise.

Domestic Needs.

Husband—Anything you want down town to-day, my dear? Shall I order some more of that self-raising flour?

Wife—We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self-raising servant girl.

A Giveaway.

Young wife (Vassar girl, putting hands over her husband's eyes)—You can't guess whom I am.

Husband—My little wifey.
Young Wife—You guessed by my voice.
Husband—No; by your grammar.

At Some Other Mark.

Aunt May (with horror)—Charley, is it possible I heard you swear, you wicked boy? Don't you know the angels are listening to every word you say?

Charley (calmly)—Well, what if they are? I ain't swearing at them.

A Demand Created.

Canvasser—I'm selling a new map of the west.

Chicago Man—Show me where Chicago is located.

Canvasser—Chicago is that big place on the lake.

Chicago Man—Now where is St. Louis?

Canvasser—I don't believe I ever heard of that place.

Chicago Man—You can give me two of those maps.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

A few drops of ammonia in a cupful of warm water applied carefully will remove spots from paintings.

When the hands are stained use salt and lemon juice; this will take off stains and render the hands soft and white.

Soak clothes that fade over night in water in which has been dissolved one ounce of sugar of lead to a pailful of rain water.

To prevent tin pans from rusting rub fresh lard on them, and set in a hot oven until thoroughly heated and then rub off.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron; and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

By rubbing with a damp piece of flannel dipped in whitening the brown discoloration may be removed from cups and porcelain, pudding dishes in which custards, tapioca, rice, e.c., have been baked.

To loosen stoppers of toilet bottles let a drop of oil flow round the stopper and stand it within a foot or two of the fire. After a time tap it gently, and if it does not loosen add another drop of oil.

HALF POUND CAKE.—8 ounces sugar, 6 ounces butter, 5 eggs, yolks of 2 tea-spoonful sweet milk, beaten whites of five eggs, 8 ounces flour, 1 small tea-spoonful baking powder, adding with a small quantity of flour, last.

Common horse radish grated into a cup of sour milk, then strained, is said to be an excellent lotion for freckles. An ounce of lemon juice in a pint of rose water will also answer the same purpose. Both are harmless and good.

COOKED ICING FOR ONE CAKE.—One cup sugar dissolved in water and boiled until it strings when dropped from a spoon. Mix with beaten white of one egg until it thickens. Then dry in the sun or warm oven, after putting on the cake.

If the face has become roughened by the wind, sponge it often with equal parts of rose water and brandy. Do not use toilet washes containing much alcohol, as they are quite apt to produce harmful results. The alcohol parches the skin, renders it brittle and impairs its nutrition.

Only a smooth whalebone and a little patience are required for the renovation of ostrich feathers. Beginning at the base of the feather, draw each frond lightly but firmly between the whalebone and the thumb; the firmer the pressure the more pronounced will be the curl of the feather.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—Pare and quarter them and boil until tender in vinegar and water, dip out and put in glass jars; then to one quart of vinegar add two lbs. of sugar, heat the vinegar and dissolve the sugar in it, add cloves and cinnamon and pour over the apples while hot, seal and put in a cool place.

Small holes in white walls can be easily closed without the assistance of the mason by taking equal parts of plaster of paris and the white and which we use for scouring. Mix these with water to a paste and apply immediately. Smooth off with a flat knife, the mixture hardens very quickly, heretofore only a small quantity should be prepared at a time.

When the face is usually pale, bathe it in tepid water, rubbing briskly with a Turkish towel. Then apply every day the following preparation: Four ounces of rose water, two ounces of glycerin, and one ounce of diluted liquid ammonia. Rub it well into the skin for about three minutes, and then wipe off with a soft towel. If any irritation is felt, add a little more glycerine to the preparation.

A GOOD DRESSING FOR SANDWICHES.—One half pound nice butter, two table-spoons of prepared mustard, two table-spoons of salad oil, a little cayenne, a little salt, the yolk of one egg; rub the butter to a cream; add the other ingredients and mix thoroughly; add the last thing a teaspoon of lemon juice, if desired; set away to cool; spread the bread with this dressing and add the ham chopped fine.

BLACKBERRY JAM CAKE.—1 cup of sugar, 3/4 cup of butter, 3 table-spoonful of sour cream, 3 eggs, 1 cup of jam, 1 1/2 cups of flour, 1 tea-spoonful of soda in the flour, 2 tea-spoonful of cinnamon, 1/2 nutmeg. Stir all together. Use the three yolks, and one white in the cake, and use the other two icing. If you use sour cream, use only one half cup of butter. Bake in three layers. Use boiled icing. Red raspberry jam makes a delicious cake. You can use any kind of jam.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—Numbers of persons suffer with loss of hair, while the presence of dandruff is to others a constant cause of great annoyance. The most simple and valuable treatment we have found, both to arrest the falling out of hair and remove dandruff, is the free use of extract of witch hazel, or Hamamelis. It should be thoroughly rubbed into the roots of the hair night and morning. The extract of witch hazel should be kept in every house; it is a most valuable remedy for allaying inflammation, for cleansing and healing old sores, as a lotion for sore eyes, bruises, sprains and cuts.

APPLE JELLY.—When drying or canning apples, save all the parings and cores to make jelly. Put in cold water to prevent discoloration till wanted for use. Put in preserving kettle, cover with water, with a plate over to keep in the steam, and boil till perfectly soft; mash the cores to pieces with a fork while cooking. When done pour in jelly bag and let drip in an earthenware crock (a bag made of fine quilt lining is excellent), don't squeeze, let it drip several hours. Pour off and measure the clear juice and put on and boil twenty minutes before adding the sugar. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice and put on and boil twenty minutes before adding the sugar. Allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, put the sugar in a pan inside of the stove to get hot, stir, don't scorch. After the juice has boiled twenty minutes, add the hot sugar, and boil till done, may not take more than ten or fifteen minutes. When cool pour in jelly glasses and put on the caps or in goblets, and cover with paper dipped in the beaten white of an egg. If not as firm as wanted set in the sun for a few days. Always make jelly in small quantities.

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