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MEETINGS.

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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 Jos. Renaud, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,
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Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chabouille square. Next meeting Sunday, Nov. 8, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to
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No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouille square. Address all communications to
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PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,
No. 3852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.
Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.
Address all communications to
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111 St. Dominique street.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY
1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouille square, at 2 o'clock.
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UNION GIVES STRENGTH

It is becoming generally recognized that Tom Mann was quite right when he declared "the Land question is the Labor question; settle the one and the other will settle itself," and that the plank in the platform of the Progressive Political League which demands taxation of land values is the one, the realization of which will confer the greatest and most lasting benefits on Labor of all kind, whether of hand or head. But the fear is entertained that the Labor vote itself is not strong enough to carry a reform which would so largely curtail the power of Monopoly. While I share this belief, I am yet of opinion that it is this very reform which will bring into the ranks of the Labor Party such numerous outside supporters as the farmers, suburban homeowners and others, that their united vote will carry the day.

The mere beginning of taxing land value must already largely benefit these as well as other workers. It is, perhaps, not generally known how heavy the burden is which our present system of rating inflicts on farmers especially, and how largely it benefits boomers and land speculators. It fines every man who employs Labor to build a house or improve a farm. If a farmer converts a howling wilderness into a smiling orchard or cornfield, down comes the rate collector and fines him. Not only is he rated on all improvements, but the value of his land is assessed much higher than that of adjoining land which is either not used at all or only inadequately used. But when land values alone are taxed and all improvements exempted, then the squatter and speculator will have to pay acre by acre as much as the adjoining farmer, and the latter will be largely relieved.

Take, for instance, a case known to me, that of a farm of 400 acres, 150 of which are so largely improved that they are valued at £10 an acre, and 250 acres which are valued at £5 per acre. They are rated at 2s. and 1s. and acre respectively, so that the farmer has to pay £27 10s. a year in rates. This farm adjoins a squatter's run of 12,000 acres of equally good land, only slightly improved and worth £3 an acre, or without improvements £2 an acre. This land is rated at 5d. an acre, or £250 in all. If, now, assessments were based on the value of the land alone, without improvements, the same revenue of £277 10s. would result from a rate of 5d. an acre all round. Even if the rate were increased to 1s. an acre, and the additional revenue handed over to Government, the farmer would still save £7 10s. a year, but the squatter would have to pay £600 a year instead of the present £250. And here comes the beauty of such a tax. The squatter could not afford to pay such heavy taxation so long as the land is used as a sheeprun. He would have to cut it up into farms, and as any amount of similar land would be under the same necessity, farmers would get land at a very low rental of purchase price. Farmer's sons would get farms of their own for a mere trifle, the influx of country-born labor into Melbourne would cease and instead a reflux would set in, largely relieving the competition between laborers in the city.

The case is still stronger where, as in our suburbs and all around the metropolis, so much land is held idle for speculative purposes. Suburban cottages, generally worth much more than the land they stand upon, would pay much smaller rates, while the taxation on unused land would be so largely increased that the speculators would be compelled to get Labor to build on it. The consequent demand for Labor would be enormous, and coming at the very time when the demand for Labor in the country had depleted the Labor market, wages would rise to an extent which would rival that which took place when the goldfields were first discovered. And as the wages rose in all occupations, not only the wages of manual labor, but those of the professions and head labor generally as well, so it would be the case now.

I am therefore convinced that workers generally, but farmers more especially, are so deeply interested in the abolition of rates on improvements and the taxation of land values only, that if they once see its bearing they will join the Labor Party almost to a man. I therefore hope that the Committee of the Progressive Political League will start a campaign amongst farmers and will bring about a union of town and country labor of such irresistible strength that the power of Monopoly will disappear before its onslaught.—Max Hirsch in Australian Commonwealth.

WOMEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Member of Parliament Pays a Tribute to Woman's Refining Influence.

Writing about women and the House of Commons, Justin McCarthy stands up boldly for the tender sex. He says:

I read in various papers that there is a projected rising of elderly members of parliament against the ever increasing incursion of ladies into the House of Commons. They push us from our stools, it is said. They crowd the lobby, they swarm upon the terrace, they have to be conciliated with tea—we have opened a new dining room off the terrace for their accommodation—and that is not enough for them, and nothing will content them, and so there is a reaction springing up. I have noticed that the reactionary movement is represented everywhere as coming from members "on the wrong side of fifty." But the members on the wrong side of fifty are the very men who are seen most often escorting some bevy of women across the lobby and up and down the terrace. Why, the young men are not in it when compared with these elders. I never remember a time when women did not frequent the House of Commons. The habit of tea on the terrace has, of course, grown much of late years. What we have greatly improved in is the accommodation for the giving of dinner to ladies. At one time the terrace was the only part of the house where men and women could have food together. The only place where ladies could dine was a small room just opposite the door of the ladies' gallery. There a lady could have had, and can still have, a very slight and modest dinner—a chop or a steak and a glass of claret. But a man was not allowed in the little room where the ladies dined just as a lady was not allowed in the members' dining room. Of late years an innovation was made.

Below stairs there was a dining room actually, but not technically, within the precincts of the house—accessible to the general public through one of the court yards—and this was principally used by solicitors looking after bills, and other outsiders, who, though habitually attending the house were not officially recognized as having any connection with it. Some years ago this was converted into a dining room for ladies, and its conversion was kept for awhile a kind of secret. Only members who well knew their way out were aware of its existence, but these began to make good use of it, and soon became the regular thing—one of the performances of the season—for ladies to dine there. Before long every one got to know of it, and every woman demanded to be taken to dine there. The room was soon quite too small for its purpose, and more lately a new dining room for ladies was made just off the terrace; and there are also some smaller rooms, which can be had on application, for private dinners. But I need not say that ladies in general prefer the public rooms, where they can now and then see distinguished statesmen dining with their friends. Then ladies find it very amusing and interesting when the division bell rings, and every member starts up from the dinner table, like a madman, and makes a bolt for the stairs and the division lobby.

TUG OF WAR.

With cleats and rope and belts well plaited The men of the Central now feel elated, They think they can with their iron grip Take from the Sullivans the Championship.

Chief Kehoe is rejoiced, I heard it said, At how the cleats and belts are made, And the bran new rope, five inches thick, Is the very best their men could pick.

Having new equipment and men of muscle, He appears most anxious to have a tussle With the Champions, who will always strive To defend the flag of Number Five.

As a friend I wish to make him sensible At tug-of-war Number Five is invincible, If he thinks otherwise let him make the match, Put up the tin and come to the scratch.

CAPTAIN.

Painters' Union, No. 74 will hold its annual ball on the 10th instant in the Gaiety Hall, Paré street. From the success which has attended these annual events in the past we may predict that the forthcoming one will be in every way worthy of its predecessors. A full orchestra has been engaged and no end of enjoyment is promised to those who may patronize it. The proceeds go towards the sick benefit fund, and that object alone should secure a good attendance.

SCRAPS FOR CIGARMAKERS

The resolution introduced by representative of Union No. 58 at the Convention of Dominion Trades and Labor Congress asking the Dominion Government to increase the duty on imported cigars, in order to protect the Cigarmakers of Canada, is simply absurd. Whether he was carrying out the instructions of his union or not, I do not question, but I cannot refrain from expressing my dissent at the manner in which this question has been treated at different times by this Union. It will be remembered that at the New York convention, the delegate representing Union No. 58, presented a resolution similar to the one which Delegate O'Dowd, of Hamilton, introduced, and with the approval of No. 58, which, if adopted, would be more of a benefit to the Cigarmakers in Canada than one hundred per cent increased duty on imported cigars. I would like those members who favor a high protective tariff on imported cigars to show to what extent the Cigarmakers have benefited by it? If it is a benefit how do they account for the fact, that out of 2,117 Cigarmakers in the province of Quebec, not more than one third are members of our Union? What are the reasons assigned for the fifty-nine millions and a half of cigars manufactured in the Province of Quebec, of which nearly nine tenths are made by child, rat and machine labor. Is it the low tariff? It may be claimed that the high protective tariff has given employment to a large number of people; that it has built up an industry, which is a great source of revenue to the country; that by encouraging home industry we will be a prosperous people, but it cannot be disputed that a law or laws that will assist in creating monopolies, that will encourage capitalists to pay starvation wages, that assist in degrading and ruining our people, (as was clearly shown by the evidence taken at the Royal Labor Commission which sat in this city) is one which every intelligent person should raise their voice against, and not encourage by seeking to increase the power that produces such evil effects.

The portion of Third Vice President Todd's report regarding the high tariff which was submitted to the Convention he states that "about twenty years ago the country changed from a revenue tariff to an highly protective one, known to Canadians as the National Policy. Previous to its adoption the demand for cheap grades of cigars (and there is very little demand for anything else) was supplied by importations from Europe. The adoption of the protective tariff cut off this supply, and to meet the demand existing for cheap goods, the cheap labor abounding in the Eastern provinces was brought into requisition, with the result of forcing into competition the cheap labor districts of Western Canada, thus placing the membership of the International Union in Canada in a position best described as that of one between the devil and deep sea." If after twenty years experience we find such a state of affairs as is seen to-day among our trades, where child, female, rat and machinery is brought into competition with fathers of families who are dependent upon their day labor to support and educate their children to become respectable citizens, is it not time that the laws which were instrumental in bringing about such a state of affairs should be abolished? Is it not sufficient proof that this high protective tariff is the cause in no small degree, of the existing state of affairs and are we in the face of all this abuse, tyranny and starvation wages, which through circumstances we are compelled to submit to, still continue and request the Government to assist these capitalists in their unprincipled acts, I claim that such would be suicidal on our part, and nothing more or less than playing into the hands of our enemies. Let this question of increased taxation severally alone; there are other requests that could be made to the Government that would be better for all concerned and do more to improve the condition of the Cigarmakers than an increase on imported goods. The enacting of a law whereby cigars could be manufactured and sold on the same premises, similar to the buckeyes system in the United States, is one which should receive the consideration of every cigarmaker and if adopted would do more to elevate the condition of our members than all the increased taxation that could be placed on imported goods.

Has the Advertising Committee disbanded? and if not when do they propose to carry out the work that was assigned to

them. Should they not desire to carry out their obligation, as I am led to believe, let them resign at once and give place to more energetic members.

The Reports of the Delegates to the Convention were received and placed on file at their respective meetings held on Friday, Oct. 30.

It is to be hoped that the resolution introduced by Representative Dodd at the last convention whereby two or more label advertisers will be appointed to deliver free lectures agitating the use of the Union label in such towns and cities as the Executive Board may direct will be adopted and that the Unions in this city will make application (through our third Vice President, Mr. Todd,) to the Executive Board for the services of such lecturers through Canada.

Would it not be advisable for the unions in this city to take into consideration the Report of third Vice President Todd which was presented at the Indianapolis Convention, and endeavor to secure the cooperation of their sister unions in Canada whereby some united action would be decided on and put into practical operation, the result of which could be made known through the columns of our journal every month. Such action as this would also be instructive to our cofrades across the line, who seem to know comparatively nothing about the situation in Canada, and by their actions at the last Convention, showed they cared less.

"SCRAPS."

THE DOG AS A MOTOR.

Two Well-Trained Ones Run a Sausage Machine and Enjoy It.

In the rear of 1208 Pacific street, San Francisco, may be seen almost any day a plain, prosaic sausage mill that is run half an hour each day by dogs. Attracted by the noise a reporter went in to see about it.

As soon as the presiding genius of the sausage department opened the door to the room where the mill stands there was an uproarious baying and barking somewhere in the rear, and in a moment two powerful dogs sprang up a flight of steps from the basement and plunged again: a low gate opening into a room. While the grist of meat was being prepared they scratched and barked and whined as though eager to be at work.

Pretty soon the door was opened. The dogs rushed in, and without a word or sign from their master dashed into a sixteen-foot wheel and started it spinning. As one would forge a little ahead the other would redouble his efforts until the big wheel was at top speed, and the curved knives clattered in the iron bowl of the machine with the noise of a quartz mill in full blast.

When their work was done, the dogs were only under good headway, and not until the wheel was checked by a rude brake did they desist. Their zeal and eagerness appear the more remarkable when it was observed that they received no choice morsel of meat or anything else in the way of inducement or reward. As they were let out of the wheel they tumbled each other about a bit and rushed back to their quarters.

The course of training for this work, as the originator of the scheme described it, is simple in the extreme. Years ago an intelligent Newfoundland was induced, by the exercise of patience and gentleness, to go into the wheel and run it. This done, the rest was easy. Another dog was put in with him, and the one appearing the more ambitious was praised and petted. Since then there has not been the slightest difficulty in teaching dogs to turn the wheel. The two in use at present are called Jack and Bismarck. The former is a thick-bodied, short-legged, powerful animal, coal black of coat and with a vicious-looking jaw and eye. He weight about eighty pounds. The other is a large, full-bred English setter, as well-looking as he is intelligent.

Why are landlords to be placed on a different footing from other traders? What is the use of a landlord? I am a landlord myself, and I have never found out what use I am in that capacity. I have no animosity to landlords; but the people who are of material use are those who produce wealth, and not those who put it into their pockets.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson in House of Commons, November 27, 1879.

A decree permitting the importation of American and British cattle for breeding purposes has been issued by the Bremen Senate.

LADY BOUNTIFUL.

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

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Josephus groaned. 'A junior clerk,' he murmured.

'The professor is not allowed in the Brewery. He might conjure among the vats, and vats have never been able to take a practical joke; but he amuses the Brewery people. As for Mr. Maliphant, he carves figure-heads for the ships that carry away the Brewery beer; and perhaps when the Brewery wants cabinets made they will come to me.'

'It is the biggest Brewery in all England,' said the landlady. 'I can never remember—because my memory is like a sieve—how much beer they brew every year; but somebody once made a calculation about it, compared with Niagara Falls, which even Mr. Bunker said was surprising.'

'Think, Miss Kennedy,' said Harry, 'of an Entire of Messenger's Entire.'

'But how can this Mr. Bunker be of use to me?' asked the young lady.

'Why!' said Mrs. Bormalack. 'There is not a shop or a street nor any kind of place within miles Mr. Bunker doesn't know, who they are that live there, how they make their living, what the rent is, and everything. That's what made him so useful to old Mr. Messenger.'

Miss Kennedy for some reason changed color. Then she said that she thought she would like to see Mr. Bunker.

When she was gone Harry sat down beside his lordship and proceeded to smoke tobacco in silence, refusing the proffered decanters. Said the professor, softly:

'She'd be a fortune—a gem of the first water—upon the boards. As pianoforte player between the feats of magic, marvel, and mystery, or a medium under the magnetic influence of the operator, or a clairvoyant, or a thought-reader—or—' Here he relapsed into silence without a sigh.

'She looks intelligent,' said Daniel Fagg.

'When she hears about my Discovery she will' Here he caught the eye of Harry Goslett, who was shaking a finger of warning, which he rightly interpreted to mean that dress-makers must not be asked to subscribe to learned books. This abashed him.

'Considered as a figure-head,' began Mr. Maliphant, 'I remember—'

'As a dress-maker, now—' interrupted Harry. 'Do Stepney dress-makers often play the piano like—well, like Miss Kennedy? Do they wear gold watches? Do they talk and move and act so much like real ladies, that no one could tell the difference? Answer me that, Mrs. Bormalack.'

'Well, Mr. Goslett, all I can say is, that she seems a very proper young lady to have in the house.'

'Proper, ma'am? If you were to search the whole of Stepney, I don't believe you could find such another. What does your ladyship say?'

'I say, Mr. Goslett, that in Cansan City the ladies who are dress-makers set the fashions to the ladies who are not; I was myself a dress-maker. And Aurelia Tucker, though she turns up her head at our elevation, is, I must say, a lady who would do credit to any circle, even yours, Mrs. Bormalack. And such remarks about dress-makers I do not understand, and I expected better manners, I must say. Look at his lordship's manners, Mr. Goslett, and his father was a carpenter, like you.'

CHAPTER IV.

UNCLE BUNKER.

'My Uncle!'

It was the sprightly young cabinet-maker who sprung to his feet and grasped the hand of the new-comer with an effusion not returned.

'Allow me, Miss Kennedy, to present to you my uncle, my uncle Bunker, whose praise you heard us sing with one consent last night. We did, indeed, revered one! Whatever you want bought, Miss Kennedy, from a piano to a learned pig, this is the man who will do it for you. A percentage on the cost, with a trifling charge for time, is all he seeks in return. He is generally known as the Benevolent Bunker; he is everybody's friend; especially he is beloved by persons behind their rents, he is—'

Here Mr. Bunker drew out his watch, and observed with severity that his time was valuable, and that he came about business. Angela observed that the sallies of his nephew were received with disfavor.

'Can we not,' pursued Harry, regardless of the cloud upon his uncle's brow—'can we not escape from affairs of urgency for one moment? Show us your lighter side, my uncle. Let Miss Kennedy admire the gifts and graces which you hide as well as the sterner qualities which you exhibit.'

'Business, young lady,' the agent repeated, with a snort and a scowl. He took off his hat and rubbed his bald head with a silk pocket-handkerchief until it shone like polished marble. He was short of stature

and of round figure. His face was red and puffy as if he was fond of hot brandy and water, and he panted, being a little short of breath. His eyes were small and close together, which gave him a cunning look; his whiskers were large and gray; his lips were thick and firm, and his upper lip was long; his nose was broad, but not humorous; his head was set on firmly, and he had a square chin. Evidently he was a man of determination, and he was probably determined to look after his own interests first.

'I want,' said Angela, 'to establish myself in this neighborhood as a dress-maker.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Bunker. 'That's practical. It is my business to do with practical people, not sniggers and idle giggers.' He looked at his nephew.

'I shall want a convenient house, and a staff of work-women, and—and some one acquainted with business details and management.'

'Go on,' said Mr. Bunker. 'A forewoman you will want, of course.'

'Then, as I do not ask you to give me your advice for nothing, how are you generally paid for such services?'

'I charge,' he said, 'as arranged for beforehand. Time for talking, arranging, and house-hunting, half a crown an hour. That won't break you. And you won't talk too much, knowing you have to pay for it. Percentage on the rent, ten per cent on the first year, nothing afterward; if you want furniture, I will furnish your house from top to bottom on the same terms, and find you work-girls at five shillings a head.'

'Yes,' said Angela. 'I suppose I must engage a staff. And I suppose—here she looked at Harry, as if for advice—'I suppose that you are the best person to go to for assistance.'

'There is no one else,' said Mr. Bunker. 'That is why my terms are so low.'

His nephew whistled softly.

Mr. Bunker, after an angry growl at people who keep their hands in their pockets, proceeded to develop his views. Miss Kennedy listened languidly, appearing to care very little about details, and agreeing to most expensive things in a perfectly reckless manner. She was afraid, for her part, that her own ignorance would be exposed if she talked. The agent, however, quickly perceived how ignorant she was, from this very silence, and resolved to make the best of so promising a subject. She could not possibly have much money—who ever heard of a Stepney dress-maker with any?—and she evidently had no experience. He would get as much of the money as he could, and she would be the gainer in experience! A most equitable arrangement, he thought, being one of those—too few—'alas!—who keep before their eyes a lofty ideal, and love to act up to it.

When he had quite finished and fairly embarked his victim on a vast ocean of expenditure, comparatively, and with reference to Stepney and Mile End customs, he put up his pocket book and remarked, with a smile, that he would want references of respectability.

'That's usual,' he said, 'I could not work without.'

Angela changed color. To be asked for references was awkward.

'You can refer to me, my uncle,' said Harry.

Mr. Bunker took no notice of this proposition.

'You see, miss,' he said, 'we don't know you, nor where you come from, nor what money you've got, nor how you got it. No doubt it is all right, and I'm sure you look honest. Perhaps you've got nothing to hide, and very likely there's good reasons for wanting to settle here.'

'My grandfather was a Whitechapel man by birth,' she replied. 'He left me some money. If you must have references, of course I could refer you to the lawyers who manage my little affairs. But I would rather, to save trouble, pay for everything on the spot, and the rent in advance.'

Mr. Bunker consented to waive his objection on payment of a sum of ten pounds down, it being understood and concluded that everything bought should be paid for on the spot, and a year's rent, when the house was fixed upon, paid in advance; in consideration for which the said young lady might, in subsequent transactions with strangers, refer to himself, a privilege which was nothing less than the certain passport to fortune.

'As for me,' he added, 'my motto is, "Think first of your client." Don't spare yourself for him; toil for him; think of him; rise up early and lie down late for him, and you reap your reward from grateful hearts. Lord! the fortunes I have made!'

'Virtuous Uncle Bunker!' cried Harry, with enthusiasm. 'Noble indeed!'

The good man for the moment forgot the existence of his frivolous nephew, who had retired up the stage, so to speak. He opened his mouth as if to say something in anger, but refrained, and snorted.

'Now that we've settled that matter, Mr. Bunker,' the girl said, without noticing the interruption, 'let us talk about other matters.'

'Are they business matters?'

'Not exactly; but still—'

'Time is money; an hour is half a crown.' He drew out his watch, and made a note of the time in his pocket-book. 'A quarter to eleven, miss. If I didn't charge for time, what would become of my clients? Neglected; their interests ruined; the favorable moment gone. If I could tell you of a lady I established two years ago in one of the Brewery Houses and what she's made of it, and what she says of me you would be astonished. A grateful heart! and no better brandy and water, hot, with a slice of lemon, in the Whitechapel Road. But you were about to say, miss—'

'She was going to begin with a hymn of praise, Uncle Bunker paid in advance, like the rest. Gratitude for favors to come. But if you like to tell about the lady, do. Miss Kennedy will only charge you half a crown an hour. I'll mark time.'

'I think, young man,' said Mr. Bunker, 'that it is time you should go to your work. Stepney is not the place for sniggerin' peacocks; they'd better have stayed in the United States.'

'I am waiting till you have found me a place, too,' the young man replied. 'I too wish to experience the grateful heart. It is peculiar to Whitechapel.'

'I was going to say,' Angela went on, 'that I hear you were connected with old Mr. Messenger for many years.'

'I was,' Mr. Bunker replied, and straightened his back with pride. 'I was—everybody knows that I was his confidential factotum and his familiar friend, as David was unto Jonathan.'

'Indeed! I used to—to—hear about him, formerly, a great deal.'

'Which made his final behavior the more revolting,' Mr. Bunker continued, completing his sentence.

'Really! How did he finally behave?'

'It was always—ah! for twenty years, between us, "Bunker, my friend," or, "Bunker, my trusted friend," tell me this, go there, find out that. I bought his houses; I let his houses; I told him who were responsible tenants; I warned him when shooting of moons seemed likely; I found out their antecedents and told their stories. He had hundreds of houses, and he knew everybody that lived in them, and what their fathers were and their mothers were, and even their grandmothers. For he was a Whitechapel man by birth, and was proud of it.'

'But—the shameful behavior?'

'All the time'—he shook his head and looked positively terrible in his wrath—'all the time I was piling up his property for him, houses here, streets there, he would encourage me in his way. "Go on, Bunker, he would say, "go on. A man who works for duty, like yourself, and to please his employers, and not out of consideration for the pay, is one of a million;" as I certainly was, Miss Kennedy. "One of a million," he said; "and you will have your reward after I am gone." Over and over again he said this, and of course I reckoned on it, and wondered how much it would sum up to. Something, I thought in four figures. Here he stopped and rubbed his bald head again.

Angela caught the eyes of his nephew, who in his seat was silently laughing. He had caught the situation which she herself now readily comprehended. She pictured to herself this blatant Professor of Disinterestedness and Zeal buzzing and fluttering about her grandfather, and the quiet old man egging him on to more protestations.

'Four figures, for certain, it would be. Once I asked his advice as to how I should invest that reward when it did come. He laughed, miss. Yes, for once he laughed, which I never saw him do before or after. I often think he must be sorry now to think of that time he laughed. Yah! I'm glad of it.'

So far as Angela could make it, his joy grew out of a persuasion that this particular fit of laughter was somehow interfering with her grandfather's present comforts, but perhaps she was wrong.

'He laughed,' continued Mr. Bunker, 'and he said that house property, in a rising neighborhood, and if it could be properly looked after, was the best investment for money. House property, he said, as far as the money would go.'

'And when he died?' asked the listener, with another glance at Harry, the unsympathetic, whose face expressed the keenest enjoyment.

'Nothing, if you please; not one brass farthing. Hunks! Hunks! He grew perfectly purple, and clutched his fist as if he would fain be punching of heads. "Not one word of me in his will. All for the girl: millions—millions—for her; and for me who had done his work—nothing."

'You have the glow of virtue,' said his nephew.

'It seems hard,' said Angela, quickly, for the man looked dangerous, and seemed capable of transferring his wrath to his nephew—it seems hard to get nothing if anything was promised.'

'It seems a pity,' Harry chimed in, 'that so much protesting was in vain. Perhaps Mr. Messenger took him at his word. What a dreadful thing to be believed!'

'A Hunks,' replied Mr. Bunker; 'a miserable Hunks.'

'Let me write a letter for you,' said Harry, 'to the heiress; we might forward it with a deputation of grateful hearts from Stepney.'

'Mind your own business,' growled his uncle. 'Will, miss, you wanted to hear about Mr. Messenger, and you have heard. What next?'

'I should very much like, if it were possible,' Angela replied, 'to see this Great Brewery, of which one hears so much. Could you, for instance, take me over, Mr. Bunker?'

'At a percentage,' whispered his nephew, loud enough for both to hear.

'Messenger's Brewery,' he replied, 'is as familiar to me as my own fireside. I've grown up beside it. I know all the people in it. They all know me. Perhaps they respect me. Fer it was well known that a handsome legacy was promised, and expected. And nothing, after all. As for taking you over, of course I can. We will go at once. It will take time; and time is money.'

'May I go to?' asked Harry.

'No, sir; you may not. It shall not be said in the Mile End Road that an industrious man like myself, a Worker for Clients, was seen in working time with an Idler.'

The walk from Stepney Green to Messenger & Marsden's Brewery is not far. You turn to the left if your house is on one side, and to the right if it is on the other; then you pass a little way down one street, and a little way, turning again to the left, up another—a direction which will guide you quite clearly. You then find yourself before a great gate-way, the portals of which are closed; beside it is a smaller door, at which, in a little lodge, sits one who guards the entrance.

Mr. Bunker nodded to the porter, and entered unchallenged. He led the way across a court to a sort of outer office.

'Here,' he said, 'is the book for the visitors' names. We have them from all countries: great lords and ladies; foreign princes; and all the brewers from Germany and America, who come to get a wrinkle. Write your name in it, too. Something, let me tell you, to have your name in such noble company.'

She took a pen and wrote hurriedly.

Mr. Bunker looked over her shoulder.

'Ho! ho! he said, 'that is a good one! See what you've written.'

In fact she had written her own name—Angela Marsden Messenger.

She blushed violently.

'How stupid of me! I was thinking of the heiress—they said it was her name.'

She carefully effaced the name, and wrote under it, 'A. M. Kennedy.'

'That's better. And now come along. A good joke, too! Fancy their astonishment if they had come to read it!'

'Does she often come—the heiress?'

'Never once been anigh the place; never seen it; never asks after it; never makes an inquiry about it. Draws the money and despises it.'

'I wonder she has not got more curiosity.'

'Ah! it's a shame for such a Property to come to a girl—a girl of twenty-one. Thirteen acres it covers—think of that! Seven hundred people it employs, most of them married. Why, if it was only to see her own vats, you'd think she'd get off her luxurious pillows for once, and come here.'

They entered a great Hall remarkable at first for a curious smell, not offensive, but strong and rather pungent. In it stood half a dozen enormous vats, closed by wooden slides, like shutters, fitting tightly. A man standing by opened one of these, and presently Angela was able to make out, through the volumes of steam, something bright going round, and a brown mess going with it.

'That is hops. Hops for the biggest Brewery, the richest in all England. And all belonging to a girl who, likely enough, doesn't drink more than a pint and a half a day.'

'I dare not say,' said Angela; 'it must be a dreadful thing indeed to have so much beer, and to be able to drink so little.'

He led the way upstairs to another great Hall, where there was the grinding of machinery and another smell, sweet and heavy.

'This is where we crush the malt,' said Mr. Bunker—'see!' He stooped, and picked out a handful of the newly crushed malt.

'I suppose you thought it was roasted. Roasting, young lady,' he added with severity, 'is for Stout, not for Ale!'

Then he took her to another place, and showed her where the liquor stood to ferment; how it was cooled, how it was passed from one vat to another, how it was stored and kept in vats, dwelling perpetually on

the magnitude of the business, and the irony of fortune in conferring this great gift upon a girl.

'I know now,' she interrupted, 'what the place smells like. Is it fusel oil.' They were standing on a floor of open iron bars, above a row of long covered vats, within which the liquor was working and fermenting. Every now and then there would be a heaving of the surface, and a quantity of the malt would move suddenly over.

'We are famous,' said Mr. Bunker; 'I say we, having been the confidential friend and adviser of the late Mr. Messenger, deceased; we are famous for our Stout; also for our Mild; and we are now reviving our Bitter, which we had partially neglected. We use the Artesian Well, which is four hundred feet deep, for our Stout, but the Company's water for our Ales, and our water rate is two thousand pounds a year. The Artesian Well gives the Ale a gray color, which people don't like. Come into this room, now,—it was another great Hall covered with sacks. "Hops again, Miss Kennedy; now, that little lot is worth ten thousand pounds—ten—thousand—think of that; and it is all spoiled by the rain, and has to be thrown away. We think nothing of losing ten thousand pounds here, nothing at all!"—he snapped his fingers—it is a mere trifle to the girl who sits at home and makes the profits!'

He spoke as if he felt a personal animosity to the girl. Angela told him so.

'No wonder,' he said; 'she took all the legacy that ought to have been mine: no man can forgive that. You are young, Miss Kennedy, and are only beginning business; mark my words, one of these days you will feel how hard it is to put a little by—work as hard as you may—while here is this one having it put away for her, thousands a day, and doing for it—nothing at all.'

Then they went into more great Halls, and up more stairs, and on to the roof, and saw more piles of sacks, more malt, and more hops. When they smelled the hops, it seemed as if their throats were tightened; when they smelled the fermentation, it seemed as if they were smelling fusel oil; when they smelled the plain crushed malt, it seemed as if they were getting swiftly, but sleepily, drunk. Everywhere and always the steam rolled backward and forward, and the grinding of the machinery went on, and the roaring of the furnaces; and the men went about too and fro at their work. They did not seem hard worked, nor were they pressed; their movements were leisurely, as if beer was not a thing to hurry; they were all rather pale of cheek, but fat and jolly, as if the beer was good and agreed with them. Some wore brown paper caps, for it was a pretty drouthy place; some went bareheaded, some wore the little round hat in fashion. An they went to another part, where men were rolling barrels about, as if they had been skittles, and here they saw vats holding three thousand barrels; and one thought of giant armies—say two hundred and fifty thousand thirsty Germans—beginning the Loot of London with one of these royal vats. And they went through stables, where hundreds of horses were stalled at night, each as big as an elephant and much more useful.

In one great room, where there was the biggest vat of all, a man brought them beer to taste; it was Messenger's Stout. Angela took her glass and put it to her lips with a strange emotion—she felt as if she should like a quiet place to sit down in and cry. The great place was hers—all hers—and this was the beer with which her mighty fortune had been made.

'Is it,' she asked, looking at the heavy foam of the frothing stout; 'is this Messenger's Entire?'

Bunker sat down and drank off his glass before replying. Then he laid his hands upon his stick and made answer, slowly, remembering that he was engaged at half a crown an hour, which is one halfpenny a minute.

'This is not Entire,' he said. 'You see, Miss Kennedy, there's fashions in beer, same as in clothes; once it was all Cooper, now you never hear of Cooper. Then it was Half-an-ard—you never hear of any one ordering Half-an-ard now. Then it was stout. Nothing would go down but Stout, which I recommended myself, and find it nourishing. Next Bitter came in, and honest Stout was despised; now, we're all for Mild. As for Entire, why—bless my soul!—Entire went out before I was born. Why, it was Entire which made the fortune of the first Messenger that was—a poor little brewery he had, more than a hundred years ago, in this very place, because it was cheap for rent. In those days they used to brew Strong Ale, Old and Strong; Stout same as now; and Twopenny, which was small beer. And because the Old ale was too strong, and the Stout too dear, and the Twopenny too weak, the people used to mix them all three together, and they called them "Three Threads"; and you may fancy the trouble it was for the pot boys to go to one cask after another, all day long, because they had no beer engines then. Well, what did Mr. Messenger do? He brewed a beer as strong as the Three Threads, and he called it Messenger's Entire Three Threads, meaning that here you had 'em all in one, and that's what made his fortune; and now, young lady, you've seen all I've got to show you, and we will go. I make bold, young woman,' he said, as they went away, 'to give you a warning about my nephew. He's a good-looking chap, for all he's worthless, though it's a touch-and-go style that's not my idea of good looks. Still, no doubt some would think him handsome. Well, I warn you.'

(To be Continued.)

LABOR AND WAGES.

AMERICAN.
Edgeworth, Pa., has a girl carpenter.
St. Louis has a working girls' library.
Some employees of Chicago sweaters get \$1 a week.
New York union plasterers' laborers get \$2.75 a day.

San Francisco stevedores lost the strike for an increase.
At Fall River 20,000 textile workers are offered a reduction of wages.

John Archibald, of the Standard Oil Company, worth \$15,000,000, was an office boy.

The United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners will send lecturers all over the country.

Over 1,500 women have joined the New York Cloakmakers' Union during the last six months.

The Danvers electric road has been turned over to the employees, who are running it on the co-operative plan.

About 350 skilled mechanics of the 2,000 men employed by the Washington Air Brake Company have had their services dispensed with.

The carpenters and cabinetmakers of Philadelphia are co-operating in the work of organizing the mill hands and machine workers of that city.

The railroads of the United States employ 700,000 men. Each year they lose 2,000 of their number in killed, and 20,000 of them are injured annually. It is estimated that 3,000,000 people depend on these employees for a living.

The Axe and Edge Toolmakers' Union, of Logan, Pa., has terminated its strike without accomplishing its object. The failure is attributed to the fact that two Eastern unions who promised their assistance failed to keep their promise.

The State Executive Committee of the New Jersey Federation of Trades Unions has made arrangements for State conventions of cigarmakers, printers, carpenters, and stationary engineers, to be held in Newark this month and next.

The striking tailors of Hughes & Miller, Philadelphia, about one hundred in number, have gained a victory after a two weeks' struggle. Their demands are granted unconditionally after a prolonged conference with the members of the firm.

About 100 journeymen butchers belonging to the Bohemian Butchers' Union, New York, have been locked out by their bosses for demanding a reduction of hours from eighteen to twelve per day. The bosses united and agreed not to recognize the union.

The silkweavers of Steinhardt & Co., 522 West Fiftieth street, New York, are on strike against an obnoxious system of fines introduced by the firm to reduce the wages of their workmen. Several scabs who were engaged have been persuaded by the strikers to join their union.

The report of the board of trustees of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, covering a period of ten years, shows that the membership increased from 13,000 to 23,000. During the ten years the total disbursements were \$2,708,927, of which \$446,000 was paid on account of the "Y" strike, and \$1,885,252 were paid in benefits. The report shows that the vote of the 469 lodges throughout this country and Canada has resulted in a decision not to erect a headquarters building.

EUROPEAN.
Bohemia miners average \$132 a year.
Italy has 100,000 organized socialists.
The Roumanian peasant earns \$3 a day.
Siberia has forty-five composers who worked on Nihilist papers.

The miners of the Borinage district, Belgium, are on strike for higher wages.
The miners at Houssie, Belgium, have obtained the 8-hour day. This is a great improvement over previous conditions.

A workingwoman's organization has been formed in Palermo, Italy, whose principal object is to prevent wars and bloodshed.

The strike of Lyons glassworkers is suspended. Negotiations have been opened by the bosses looking to a settlement of differences.

The factory hands in Zwolle, Holland, work fifteen successive weeks without a holiday. A movement is on foot to enforce a weekly day of rest.

Out of 1,135 strikes in England last year, in which 344,840 people took part, 576 were successful, 207 were failures, and 94 were undecided. The average duration of strikes was eighteen days.

COMPLETE STOCK of Misses' and Ladies' Waterproof Cloaks at S. Carsley's. All prices and qualities in Waterproof Cloaks.

Hugh Patterson, a Webster Township, Ind., farmer, dropped a lighted match on a straw stack, setting fire to it. He died from his burns. He was intoxicated at the time.

GUARDING AGAINST SNOW-SLIDES.

Miles of Cedar Tunnels Built Along the Selkirk Mountain Sides.

The Canadian Pacific railroad has spent over \$1,000,000 in the protection of its line against snowslides. The greatest danger of delays from this source is found among the Selkirk mountains, through which the railroad runs for scores of miles, with mountains on either side towering thousands of feet above the track. It is now known where the dangers of snowslides are likely to occur, and such ample provision has been made that trains are not at all delayed.

There are miles of sheds, or, more properly, tunnels made of massive timbers. These sheds are built of heavy, squared cedar logs, dovetailed and bolted together, backed with rock and fitted into the mountain side in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche. Sometimes the snow slips down the mountain sides in enormous quantities and shoots right over the top of these sheds, lodging farther down the valley. At some places, where the view is particularly fine, a track has been built outside the sheds for summer use, so that tourists during this season need not lose the grandeur of the scenery while passing through these long cedar tunnels.

It is very interesting also to observe here and there the bulwarks that have been built on the mountains for the purpose of diverting the course of a snow avalanche which would otherwise reach the track. These bulwarks are also massive constructions of solid timber, with a flat, smooth top, slanted in one direction or another and having the effect when a snowslide strikes it to turn it aside, probably down an adjacent valley. Otherwise it would precipitate itself upon the track.

The railroad has never been embarrassed by serious landslides, although some years ago there was an enormous slide which nearly dammed the Thompson river for 48 hours. Trackwalkers always go over the route after every train passes to see that all is right for the next train. In addition to the snowsheds and the bulwarks built on the Selkirk mountain sides the bridges in that region are of peculiar interest.

The principal difficulty in building this part of the line was occasioned by the torrents pouring for thousands of feet down the mountain sides, which add a wonderful charm to the landscape, but were a hard nut for the railroad engineers to crack. There is a cascade near Glazier House which for a long time defied all the efforts of the engineers to control it. When the engineers tried to coax it in one direction it obstinately persisted in going in another. This cascade is in harness now and is behaving itself very well.

A number of these cascades necessitate the building of bridges very high above the gorge below, and a magnificent sight is always to be seen from the observation car as a train is crossing a bridge, for the great gorge through which the cascade flows is always grand and impressive. The bridge across Stony creek is one of the loftiest in the world. As the train glides swiftly over it the passengers are almost 300 feet above the noisy torrent that dashes along in its narrow channel. The bridging of these Selkirk cascades cost the railroad company many hundreds of thousands of dollars.—Chicago Tribune.

NOW!

Rise for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may);
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise, if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you,
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her fathom arms away,
Nor look back save to learn the lesson,
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise, for the day is passing,
The sound that you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise, for the foe is here.
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last;
When, from your dreams of a coming
battle,
You may wake to find it past.
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MONTREAL, November 7, 1891.

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LAND NATIONALIZATION.

There is a reasonable prospect that before very long the people of Canada and other civilized countries will be sufficiently educated to insist upon some form or another of land nationalization, when, in fact, the question will come within the sphere of practical politics and ripe enough for an attempt at settlement. Political economists, social reformers and other leaders of public opinion are united in the belief that the land question is in a great measure to be held accountable for many of the evils that affect humanity, and that until the unearned increment is in some way preserved for the benefit of the whole community, instead of being appropriated by a greater or lesser number of individuals, no real advance in the social condition of the great mass of the people can be expected or, indeed, is possible. The question however arises: "How is this to be carried out?" and here we may say on this point there is a wide divergence of opinion. To take the land at present held by private individuals and vest it in the State is an operation of much importance and great magnitude, and the vast social changes which such an action implies is sufficient to provoke much criticism of the means to the end. Four or five practical methods have been submitted whereby the operation could be carried out, and every one of these has been made the object of adverse comment either by the advocates of other schemes or those of the "Rest and be thankful" order.

First in sequence comes the proposition to take the land at once bodily, without giving any compensation whatever. This scheme is only advocated by the most advanced Radicals, who argue that the landlords, having bought what is virtually stolen property, have no more right to it, even when purchased in good faith and at current rates, than had the Southern planter a right of property in the negroes he had paid for under the law in hard cash in a New Orleans auction room. It may be true that no man has a moral right to appropriate a portion of the surface of the earth, but things have to be dealt with as they are, and it is very certain that apart from extensive individual suffering which would ensue if this course were followed, there would be such a fierce struggle on the part of those dispossessed and their sympathizers that nothing short of a civil war would be required to carry it through. Therefore the proposal may be at once dismissed as, if not inherently wrong, at all events inexpedient.

The second proposition is to take the

land at once, giving some sort of compensation to the present owners. This would simply mean making a gift to the landowners of all that has accumulated up to the present day, the nation retaining the unearned increment of the future. To this course the objection has also been raised that great difficulties would arise in fixing valuations, and that the opportunities and temptations for jobbery would be irresistible. Not only this, but the creation of such a large addition to the public debt, even with the security of the land, would have a most prejudicial effect on the credit of the country.

The next in order is Mr. Henry George's proposition to tax all land to its full value, and this might as well be bracketed with the first proposal, for it is practically synonymous. If you tax the land up to one hundred cents on the dollar you might just as well take it at once. As a matter of fact, we think the State would in the end be compelled to take possession, as the owners would decline to hold that from which they derived no benefit. On the other hand, if the land were taxed only up to seventy-five cents on the dollar one-fourth of the evil would be perpetuated, and a re-valuation with all its attendant expense and possible corruption would be required in order to obtain the future unearned increment. Henry George was probably right when he laid down the broad general principle that private ownership in land was the cause of the existing evils of modern civilization, but the remedy he proposes is not altogether efficient or satisfactory.

Another of the remedies proposed is to fix a period, say twenty-five or fifty years, after which all the land of the country would be vested in the State for the benefit of the whole people. There is a good deal to be said in favor of this scheme. There would be no practical injustice to the present owners and the most forcible objection to it is that the present generation would be entirely shut out from any benefit. The temptation to legislate for a remote posterity is not great except, perhaps, in the way of saddling the cost of present improvements upon those who are to come after us.

Yet another proposition has to be examined, and to our mind it possesses merits not observable in some, at the same time being free from the drastic quality of others. Briefly, it is this: To allow the present owners to hold the land for the term of their lives and either one or two generations after them. It is evident that if the present holders were allowed to retain possession until death and, say, one succeeding relative after them, that no real injustice could be done. It would be the unborn race which would be prevented from inheriting, and if a third generation were not educated in the expectation of having the land there could be no hardship in their being deprived of it. This is the general course pursued in Great Britain when a sinecure position is to be abolished, and in the event of a church living being closed the present incumbent remains undisturbed till death and no successor is appointed. Of course, under this scheme, the owner and his successor would only have a life interest in the land and would be debarred from selling it. They would, in fact, be in exactly the same position as the proprietor of an entailed estate. Under this system the world would be spared the spectacle of grey-haired men and women being turned out into the streets to starve after a life of ease and luxury, and at the same time some of the land would immediately begin to fall into the hands of the State, for there would always be some owners who would follow each other quickly. The manner in which the land would be dealt with after it had come into possession of the State is an after consideration, but the sooner a practical bill of this nature is placed before the people the sooner will they be educated up to the point of passing it.

A NEW POLITICAL MOVEMENT

Some time ago we intimated that a movement was on foot to form a political party entirely independent of either of those at present in existence, the object principally being to endeavor to secure a higher-minded class of representatives. It cannot be denied that, with one or two exceptions, this province sends very poor material to parliament, and the blame for this of course must fall upon the electors themselves who are either too ignorant to be entrusted with this public duty or too careless to trouble themselves about a proper selection. They appear to accept whatever is palmed upon them by a handful of bidders, who generally select a man of long purse and generous disposition who will stand to be bled to any extent they may see fit. The natural outcome of this is the rottenness, corruption and boodling which has lately been exposed in Canada. The mode of selection in the past has been proved to be an unmitigated evil; will it always continue so? When the electors read of the doings of some of their representatives do they not blush at the reflection of themselves and resolve in the future to be guided no more by those who have posed as their leaders?

It would appear as if some of them at least had arisen to a proper appreciation of their duty in this matter if we are to infer anything from the movement just inaugurated and elsewhere recorded in our columns. The meeting was semi-private and of too informal a nature to judge of what the results may be. There was considerable diversity of opinion shown by those who addressed the meeting, and as these diverse opinions have been united into a committee we may expect that, with a little negation on all sides, they may be able to formulate a platform which would prove acceptable to a majority of the electorate. The promoters of this movement intend to submit their platform at a series of public meetings, at which every opportunity will be given for free discussion and criticism, all of which will be welcomed, the object sought for being the best means of securing honest, upright men to replace those who prefer party to principle and who connive at boodling on others in the expectation of some of it falling to themselves.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

By a fire which occurred at the Hudson Cotton Mills last Saturday night it is said that about 800 people will be thrown out of work for some time.

The London Times is evidently just awakening to the signs of the times that the workingman is becoming an important factor in politics and that their organizations have to be reckoned with. This has been self-evident to the majority of people for a long time past, yet the "Thunderer" is only rubbing its sleepy eyes and gazing with dismay at the prospect. The object lesson which has caused this awakening is the late New South Wales crisis, which it sagely admits "is due to the power of an element which is making itself felt already in our own politics." The Times may rest assured that at the next general elections in Great Britain this "power" will be felt more strongly.

The Sunbeam is the title of a new 8-page monthly, published at the office of The True Witness, and is intended for the Catholic youth of the country. It is edited by a priest of the diocese of Montreal, and has received the approval of His Grace the Archbishop which is a guarantee of the healthy nature of its contents. The first number is very neatly got up, capitally illustrated, and should prove a welcome visitor in every Catholic home. The price is only 50 cents per year.

We have received the initial numbers of the Union Labor Advocate,

published in Atlanta, Ga., and from the specimens before us we judge it will prove a very welcome addition to the labor press of the country. The Advocate bears the stamp of being conducted by whole-souled union men, its original matter is written in a crisp, lively style, directly to the point, and the selections are such as to make workingmen pause and think over. Typographically, the Advocate is all that could be desired, and we hope there is a long and successful career in store for it.

THE WIDOW FLYNN CASE.

The following additional subscriptions to the Widow Flynn fund have been intimated:—

Previously acknowledged.....	\$511.75
Hon. Wilfred Laurier.....	10 00
Owen McGarvey.....	5 00
C. C. Co., Ltd.....	10 00
Bourgoin & Bro.....	5 00
Hugh McLennan.....	10 00
H. E. Murray.....	5 00
Cash.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
W. Armstrong.....	1 00
W. McGilton.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Frank Langan.....	2 00
O. McDonnell.....	1 00
R. McShane.....	2 00
J. Craddock Simpson.....	1 00
Warden King.....	2 00
Daniel Stroud.....	5 00
Chas. A. Briggs.....	1 00
T. Berthiaume.....	1 00
Drapeau, Savignac & Co.....	1 00
Geo. W. Adams.....	1 00
P. Wright.....	1 00
Total.....	\$575.75

THE TRADES COUNCIL.

The regular meeting of the above Council was held on Thursday evening last, the President, L. Z. Boudreau, in the chair. Credentials were read and accepted from the following:—

Painters' Union, No. 222—Jos. Archambault.
D. A. 19—O. Lessard.
Co-operative Assembly, K. of L.—O. DeLorge and O. D. Benoit.
Hope Assembly—P. D. O'Donoghue. P. McGuire and J. L. Brouillet.
Maisonneuve Assembly—L. Asselin.
Roofers and Tinsmiths—E. Cusson.
Black Diamond Assembly—Geo. H. L. Laidy and John Fraser.
An application for a loan of \$100 from D. A. 19 was granted.

The Widow Flynn reported that the total amount subscribed up to date was \$575.

The question of the appointment of a superintendent for the Bureau of Labor Statistics was laid over till next meeting.

Several bills were then ordered paid, considerable business of a routine character transacted, and the meeting adjourned.

WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

5000 Sold in Montreal.

21 Styles to Choose from.

SOLE AGENTS
FOR CENTRAL CANADA:

WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.,

(NEAR MCGILL STREET.)

Tuning and Repairs
done in an artistic manner
at reasonable rates.
Also Tuning by the year.

CARSLY'S COLUMN.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT

ENGLISH!
Fancy Union Flannels, 25c
Plain Union Flannels, 20c
Striped Union Flannels, 28c
Striped Union Flannels, 35c
FOR SHIRTINGS
Plain All Wool Flannels
Striped All Wool Flannels
PLAIN GRAY
All Wool Army Flannels
Splendid variety of All Wool Shirting Flannels
At Lowest Cash Prices
Checked Shirtings Striped Shirtings
Unshrinkable Shirting Flannels
S. CARSLY.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

GRAY FLANNELS!
UNIONS!
ALL WOOL!
Gray Union Flannels, 10c
Gray Wool Flannels, 15c
Gray Wool Flannels, 19c
Gray Wool Flannels, 29 inches wide, 22c
Gray All Wool Flannels, 26c
Light Gray Flannels
Dark Gray Flannels
Plain and Twilled Gray Flannels
Scarlet Flannels
Scarlet All Wool Flannels, 13½c
Scarlet Union Flannels, 30 inches wide, 13½c
Scarlet All Wool Flannels, 21c
Scarlet All Wool Flannels, 17c
S. CARSLY.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

FANCY FLANNELS
For Skirts, For Wrappers,
For Children's Dresses
Colored Striped All Wool Flannels, 37c
For Ladies' Skirts
In a number of Colors and Patterns
NAVY BLUE FLANNEL
All Wool and 28 inches wide, 28c. Navy
Blue Flannel, 34c
FANCY CASHMERE FLANNELS
New Patterns, Floral Designs,
Fancy Stripes, Polka Dots
Cashmere Flannels for Half Mourning.
S. CARSLY.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

Flannels for Baby's Wear
Plain and Fancy Colorings
White Saxony Flannels, 22c
White Saxony Flannels, 28c
COLORED
Colored Saxony Flannels, 9c
French Twilled Flannels, 36c yard. All
Colors
Printed French Flannels. Very Large Variety of Designs. Choice Colorings
FLANNELETTE
5½c Only 5½c
S. CARSLY.

UMBRELLA DEPARTMENT

CHILDREN'S UMBRELLAS
Very strong for school use, 20c
LADIES' UMBRELLAS
At all prices from 25c
Ladies' Umbrellas for 35c
Ladies' Umbrellas for 47c
Ladies' Umbrellas for 67c
Ladies' Alpaca Umbrellas, 80c
\$1.55 SPECIAL LINE \$1.55
After great difficulty we have been enabled to procure another lot of those Umbrellas that were selling a short time ago for \$1.55. In many instances the handles alone are worth the price asked for the Umbrella. Cheapest Line Ever Offered
S. CARSLY.

UMBRELLA DEPARTMENT

GENTLEMEN'S
Serviceable Twilled Umbrellas, 50c
Alpaca Umbrellas, 75c
A line for business men with natural handles and covered with Gloria Silk on Paragon frames, only \$1.25.
TITANIA UMBRELLAS
The neatest Umbrella made, covered with Gloria Silk, \$1.75.
Titania Umbrellas at all prices.
CHOICE LINES
In Ladies' Umbrellas,
In Gentlemen's Umbrellas,
Suitable for Presents
Plain Silk Covers, Twilled Silk,
Novelties in Handles

CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market
Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

BLACK GOODS!

S. CARSLY'S

Is the best store in Montreal for all kinds of Black and

MOURNING GOODS

S. CARSLY,

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

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

CARSLY'S COLUMN.

The Product to the Producer.

Every being who comes into this world finds himself, at some time or other, confronted with the problem: What shall I do in order to subsist? It may be that fortune has favored him, and has given him a ready answer to the question, by affording him unusual facilities for living upon the labor of others without any effort of his own; or, better still, it may be that he is healthy, strong, and energetic, and has no difficulty in finding the materials ready to hand upon which to operate to supply his natural wants. But there is a third and greatly more numerous class, than either of these, which has no means of living upon the labor of others, nor yet any material of its own upon which to operate for its own support and the support of those dependent, upon it, but has to offer its services to those who possess its wants and do not themselves desire to use them. This latter, it need hardly be said, is the working class; and it is this class which, almost from the cradle to the grave, is confronted with the appalling problem that I have undertaken to propound and solve, and which is unfortunately too well known as the "bread and butter question," or to express it more scientifically, "How shall the product be secured to the producer?" That is, briefly stated, the labor problem which confronts us to day and which many are unable to solve, and a good many others do not want to solve. There is a question which should take precedence of this, but which is too often overlooked, and it is this: Why should the product be secured to the producer? And there is yet one other knotty and almost ignored question: Who is the producer? It is remarkable what a diversity of opinion exists in regard to this latter question, unless we take into account the conflicting interests which prompt the replies. The producer, according to the orthodox economy, is as much he who owns the machine which assists in the product, as is the worker of that machine. A man who stood with his hands in his pockets watching some men build him a home, will in all sincerity tell you that he was the builder of it. The factory employer who perhaps never did an honest stroke of work in his life, will tell you he made that boot or turned out that hat. And so it is all through our modern trading, until the proxy becomes absolutely confounded with the real self. Of course, along with such a theory it easily follows that if the producer is he who owns the material which becomes the product, the product itself should also go to that same owner, the nominal producer. So strong a hold has this ridiculous theory got upon the public mind that very few would venture to call it in question; and when our capitalistic papers talk about a "wage fund" their readers fail to see anything mythical about it, and when pay-day comes round at the end of the week they actually believe their employer (so-called) is paying them wages instead of returning a small balance of the wages which they, by their labors, have previously paid him. There is another class of economic quacks, who say that Labor has its rights as well as Capital that the two should go hand in hand, and that a reconciliation of the two should be sought.

Capital—that is the capitalist—is told not to be too greedy (how very considerate, to be sure!) and Labor told to be contented, thankful, and hopeful for better times, though there is no clear evidence when those better times are to be expected. All that one can glean is that profit-sharing and other hybrid forms of co-operation, but all with the capitalistic basis, are recommended to be thrown out to the working man as sops to make him content with the present system. There is yet a third class who assert that the Capitalist is in no sense the producer, nor entitled to the product; but that Labor is the sole

producer of all wealth, and that it merely operates with the tools of the idlers, because the latter have filched them from it by law and conquest in the past, and are using present conditions to perpetuate their hold upon it. Who is the producer? Unhesitatingly I answer, it is he whose labor brings forth the product. "Ah," says some apologist for Capitalism, "You forget that Capital has its rights as well as Labor." No, I don't, for I never knew it to forget. Capital never had and never will have any rights. I have the right to a product because I produced it, and for no other reason; and I have no right to your product only because I didn't produce it. If you have a right to the cloth I weave because you own the machine, then if the machine belonged to no one my product would belong to no body, and I would be a thief to re-ain it. Once the world belonged to nobody, because nobody existed upon it; but no sooner did the first man, animal, or plant secure by its effort the first atom of food, then that food became rightfully the product of that man, animal or plant. Others have come after them, and produced, piece by piece, the whole of the world's wealth, and their labor in so producing it was the sole title they ever had to its ownership.

If one man, in the beginning, had asserted ownership of the entire world their title would have been no less valid. That one man would have been an impudent usurper and would-be plunderer. Unfortunately, that one man, and many like him, exist in reality to-day. Between them, they have usurped possession of the world's available wealth; the-product of the labor is recognized not as the producers, but as theirs—aye, even the producer himself is practically their possession also, for he exists only at their pleasure, and must groan and toil for their enjoyment upon such terms as they in their might may dictate to him. For centuries they have held up the motto: "The product to the proprietor;" but now the oppressed are awakening from their dream of centuries, and the cry of "The product to the producer" is being heard louder and louder in every civilized land, and employer's unions and national (?) associations are conspiring to crush the idea, and all dependent on it, for well they know that when Demons once rightly understands the meaning of the cry, the reign of Capitalism will be ended. It is a strange thing, this idea that the product should go to the producer—a very strange doctrine indeed to hold up to a people who have never practised it, nor believed in it, nor yet even considered it. Let us answer the question—"Why should the product be secured to the producer? Obviously everyone, in order to continue his or her existence, must have a certain supply of food, raiment, and shelter, for these are the first necessary conditions of existence. We have already seen that these requirements are only satisfied by labor. If no one worked we should all die of cold and starvation. If all worked we should enjoy more of those things than we do now. Nature has said to mankind, in unmistakable language, "You shall work, or starve!" and she has been true to her threat! for if we don't produce we get no product. Therefore, we see that stern nature herself has decreed that the producer shall retain the product. But there are some who never produce, but like the drone in the hive live upon the product of others.

They would themselves starve, without product, and they must therefore despoil the product of others, which they do by first enslaving them, for they cannot do so otherwise. It is easily seen, then, that the product should go to the producer, for the reason that the producer must otherwise suffer starvation and slavery, or both. It is a strange thing to realize, but mankind is plunging into a terrible war—a war between owners and the producers. We are hardly fairly entered on it yet,

but we have painful forebodings from every quarter already.

Everywhere in England, Ireland, Europe, America, Australia, it matters not, everywhere is the cry for bread and butter growing more painful and the old Nihilist cry of "Land and Liberty" being heard louder and louder, Wealth and its grim shadow, poverty, grow stronger in contrast; the unemployed ranks increase, and even the employed find a livelihood more and more precarious; slavery shows its hideous form not only in the sweater's den, but in every trade and occupation that can be found; landlordism withholds with an increasingly tighter grip, everything for which the laboring millions are famishing; and the relentless ring of the plutocracy is crushing out the life's blood of a nation with a usury as merciless as it is insatiable. The organization of the oppressed, to save themselves from destruction, is resisted by the counter organization of the oppressors, and the law and authority which they have contrived and exerted for centuries over the oppressed are even strained beyond the limits of their original brutality to hatch up charges of conspiracy against those who are rightfully and manfully struggling for their very lives to extricate themselves from this maelstrom of economic and political oppression.

NEW POLITICAL PARTY.

Preliminary Meeting—A Committee Appointed.

On Thursday evening in response to an invitation sent out by Mr. Wm. Darlington about twenty gentlemen met in the Knights of Labor hall, Chaboillez street, for the purpose, according to the circular, of forming an independent political party.

Mr. Darlington in opening the meeting stated the purpose for which it was called and asked those who were not in favor of their project to retire or remain silent during the proceedings. The Quebec and Ottawa Governments, he said, had driven honest men to think for themselves. He thought it advisable to form an independent party. Compulsory voting would be one of the planks of the new party.

Mr. E. Lauer having taken the chair, said they were called to discuss ways and means to purify politics. Some platform could be adopted on which all honest men could engage, not only in political but municipal matters.

Mr. J. R. Dougal thought that both the politicians and the people were to blame.

Capt. Adams advocated such measures as would educate and awaken the people. As an instance of the apathy and indifference of the electors he referred to the case of an alderman who had been unseated for having a private interest in a civic contract. What was the result? He was returned to the City Council, which showed that the people did not care whether he was a boodler or not. He did not believe in compulsory voting, but in freedom and liberty. He would educate the people in the ideas of political economy and rouse them to the injustice of which they had such flagrant results.

Mr. Darlington then gave his views of the platform they should adopt. He maintained that there should be a third party. He suggested as their first plank compulsory voting, and the prohibiting the conveying of people to the polls. Compulsory voting was necessary. The speaker advocated free, compulsory and non-sectarian education. Then they wanted school commissioners appointed by the people and not for political purposes. He considered they should have a say in what their children should be taught. All lands should be taxed to their full value. The butchers' tax was an illustration of how the people were wrongly taxed. They also wanted the property qualification abolished. They could produce men without the property qualification with more brains and honesty of purpose to the square inch than what was in the City Council to day. Other planks were: Eight hours a day; an Arbitration Board to settle disputes; the abolition of the tolls on shipping; manhood suffrage; increase of the voting power, which would eventually wipe out corruption; a half day holiday on election days. Mr. Darlington then moved, seconded by Mr. Chisholm:

That in consideration of the corrupt practices of both parties we deem it advisable to form a People's party.

The following committee was appointed to formulate a platform: Messrs. Darlington, chairman; Lauer, Chisholm, Taylor, McLean, Brennan, Clarke and Anderson.

Pressmen and Pressfeeders are advised to keep away from Akron, O., where there is a strike on at present.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Chill November's Surly Blast!

"Makes fields and forests bare" according to the poet, and Nature certainly gives no denial to the stern impeachment. In the usual course of things, the month has the same effect upon our stock, and this season we expect even more than the customary devastation considering the splendid and inviting opportunities we invariably present to the "swoop" of the bargain lover. Not in "one lone line," but in each and all, the striking feature is exceptional value combined with quality. As at all times our advertising list is but "a miserable patch" on the whole. You must call to see and see to call!

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

LADIES' CORSETS.

Best Makes of Domestic Corsets. Best Makes of American Corsets. Best Makes of English Corsets. Best Makes of French Corsets.

CHILDREN'S CORSETS.

Full assortment in every line.

HOUSE MAIDS' CAPS.

7c, 8c, 14c, 15c, 19c, 21c.

CHILDREN'S BONNETS.

65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 up to \$1.50.

CHILDREN'S WOOL HOODS

In Cream, White, Cardinal, Pale Blue, \$1.25 for 60c, 80c for 30c.

Ladies' and Children's Aprons

From 20c up to \$1.90.

WIDOW'S CAPS.

HALF PRICE! HALF PRICE! 30c for 15c, 40c for 20c, 55c for 28c, up to \$1.25 each.

LADIES' BLACK JERSEYS.

Plain Black \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 up to \$3.00.

Ladies' Braided Black Jerseys.

\$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$3.75 up to \$12.00. The above lines worth 25 per cent more

Ladies' Cardigan Jackets.

Black and Colored, 75c, 80c, 90c, \$1.00 up to \$2.50.

Ladies' Cardigan Vests.

50c up to \$2.00.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

TWEED SUITS, \$1.20, \$1.30, \$1.40, \$1.75, \$1.95, up to \$10.00.

SAILOR SUITS, 75c up to \$6.00.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, \$1.35 up to \$11.00.

BOYS' REEFERS, \$1.90, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.75, up to \$9.25.

BOYS' MELISSA OVERCOATS.

Prepared, and warmly lined for winter.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781, 1783

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

TUCKER & CULLEN,

ADVOCATES, &c.,

Room 6, 162 St. James street MONTREAL.

PRESSWORK

TO THE TRADE,

Publishers and Patent Medicine Dealers.

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

SEE!

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

FOLDING AND BINDING

DONE ON THE PREMISES.

769 CRAIG STREET.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOYS

Now on hand a CHEAP LINE of BOOTS AND SHOES guaranteed to stand extra tear and wear. Just the thing for boys going back to school.

Misses, Girls and Children's Boots in great variety of Style and Price.

The above goods have only to be seen to be appreciated and they cannot be matched elsewhere for quality and cheapness.

Try a sample pair and we are sure of a continuance of your custom.

J. CHURCH,

30 Chaboillez Square.

McRae & Poulin,

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Highland Costumes, Ladies' Mantles

A SPECIALTY.

Our Garments are Artistically Cut in the Latest Styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

2242 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

Every Workingman SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWSY, ENTERTAINING WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.

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FOR SOCIETIES, LODGES,

ASSEMBLIES

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

We're Left!

That is the Expression Used by Other Dealers when passing our Place as their envious gaze rests on our MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY of FALL and WINTER GLOVES.

ALBERT DEMERS,

THE Dealer in HAND WEAR,

338 — ST. JAMES STREET. — 338

ECHOES OF THE WEEK

European.

The health authorities at Gibraltar have declared a quarantine against vessels arriving from Cadiz. This action is taken on account of the fact that an outbreak of small-pox occurred at Cadiz.

The London Chronicle's Berlin despatch says that a sanitary inspector in Dusseldorf has found in a consignment of one hundred sides of American pork six sides badly infected with trichinosis, although officially certified to be wholesome.

The municipal council of Drogheda by a majority of two has rejected a motion to present an address to John Dillon. At a meeting of the municipal council of Waterford on Monday the Mayor of Waterford refused to put a motion that the council present an address to Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien.

The French Foreign Minister, M. Ribot, having urged M. de Giers during his recent visit to Paris to try to persuade the Czar to visit France, was told that it was first advisable to expel all Russian refugees. The French police have since been shadowing Russian refugees, and it is supposed that they are preparing to make a clean sweep of them over the Swiss frontier.

A man sleeping on a train running between Paris and Havre was attacked Monday night by another man, who tried to chloroform him and then to shoot him. In the struggle that ensued the man who was attacked caught the cord of the alarm bell, stopped the train and his assailant was arrested. The latter said he was Carolo Bonlaverd, a trader of Buenos Ayres, but he refused to answer any further questions. It is supposed that he meant murder and robbery.

During the Czar's journey through German territory, and on his return, the most comprehensive measures were and will be taken to insure his safety. The railway was patrolled by detachments of troops, whose officers were ordered to exercise the greatest caution. In spite of their precautions the imperial carriages travelled no faster than a goods train.

Cardinal Lavignerie, the well known opponent of the slave trade, is dying at Algiers of influenza and the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He has received extreme unction.

A new Nihilist Association has been discovered in Russia.

The headless body of a man, entirely nude, was found in a cellar in the Rue de Charonne, Paris, Thursday.

American.

The fastest run on record from Chicago to Detroit was made on Monday on the Michigan Central road, 246 miles being made in 6 hours 10 minutes, including 27 minutes consumed in stops. The average rate was 68 miles an hour.

Gold was found on the banks of the Missouri at Kansas City on Saturday at a depth of 117 feet, while boring to find the location of rock under which to tunnel the Missouri river. The gold is rich and is found in great quantities on both sides of the river. Several tons of the sand will be taken out at once.

The village of Plainville, situated between Chicopee and South Hadley Falls, Mass., was thrown into great excitement on Tuesday by the finding of the body of a woman buried six feet in the cellar under her own house. The body had apparently been in the ground for several weeks. It was found face downwards. The skull was crushed, one arm was cut off and there was every appearance of a horrible crime having been committed.

Georgiana, Ala., has within the past sixty days been the scene of a series of horrible murders, the first being the killing of Joseph L. Tonart, a prominent merchant, who was shot down in his store by negroes. This crime was followed in a short time by the murder of a man named Dunn. Tuesday night the series of crimes was capped by the brutal murder of Thomas Sheppard and wife, a couple of highly esteemed people residing two miles from the town. The bodies of the murdered couple were horribly butchered, the crime having apparently been committed with axes. The people are in a state of frenzy, and a large force of men have been patrolling the country, in search of the murderers.

Evidences of the occupancy of the Illinois River Valley by an ancient race of some culture have just been uncovered at Marseilles, eight miles east of Ottawa. While workmen were excavating for new gates just above the Marseilles dam they discovered what appeared to be a stone roadway. Further excavation disclosed 50 feet of well-built roadway made of slabs of stone, each stone being some 12 feet long, from 1 to 3 feet wide, and over two inches in thickness, with a break here and there filled in with cobblestones, which were also laid in regular courses. The road, it is thought, was built by the Aztecs or the Tezucanos, who were driven from that region by the Indians.

Canadian.

At the fortnightly meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association on Monday morning, the place of women in the work of the church and elsewhere was discussed. The utterances of the ministers all agreed that woman will have to keep quiet in the church, doing as much silent work as she can.

Mrs. Greene, widow of the late Professor Greene, has entered a charge against Mr. Maclean, a teacher in the High School, Belleville, for an alleged violent assault on her daughter. She demands his dismissal by the Board of Education and a public apology, which the teacher refuses to grant. The young lady is seventeen years old, and did not obey the teacher's request to report herself after school for misconduct, when the teacher removed her from her seat by force. The board is investigating the matter.

Dugald McMurchy, barrister, second son of Archibald McMurchy, rector of the Toronto Collegiate Institute, died in the Toronto hospital on Monday afternoon. On his way back from Portland, Oregon, a couple of weeks ago, he was shooting with some friends near Dunnville, when he accidentally shot himself in the ankle. He was taken to Toronto and placed in the hospital, where several days ago the injured leg was amputated below the knee, but blood poisoning had already set in and the system was unable to resist the shock of the operation.

The Toronto Young Conservatives held a meeting in the Auditorium Monday night. Mr. Cookburn, M.P., touched on the scandals of last session, and claimed that the Baie des Chaleurs business was worse than anything for which the Conservative Government or party were responsible; that he knew of that in Quebec, not yet disclosed, which would make their hair stand on end if made public. He argued, however, that the less of scandals in the future the better on account of the injury they were doing Canada abroad.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, Thomas Caples, a St. John, N. B., constable shot Henry McNeill, a sailor, while attempting to rescue a prisoner from him. The ball entered the groin and lodged in the abdomen, and McNeill lies in a critical condition at the St. John General Public hospital.

Roman Catholic authorities at Winnipeg threaten to bring a suit against the city to compel the payment of Catholic taxes, and aldermen, in view of the recent decision in the Supreme Court, are inclined to accede to all the demands.

The Young Conservatives of Toronto held an open meeting at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, at which the President, the city members and N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., delivered addresses.

How to Take Exercise.

"This matter of exercise," says a local physician, "depends very largely on how you take it. Too many business men perform intellectual labor at their desks all day, and then ride home in a street car. They tell me they are too tired to walk. It is true they are mentally wearied, but what they absolutely need is a corresponding weariness of body. A patient of mine, who lives on Garrison avenue, walked down town the other morning, and then reported that the effort so wearied him that he was unfit for duty all day. He didn't understand me. Walk only until you feel tired; then take the street cars.

When you emerge from your office in the evening walk a certain number of blocks. After you have reached this point for several days, you can go several blocks farther without producing weariness. None of us take sufficient exercise, and when the fact is explained to us we jump in and take too much. Begin your walking gradually, and inside of a month you will find yourself quite a pedestrian, with none of 'that tired feeling.' Walk oftener and you will feel better."—St. Louis Republic.

Influenza and Bald Heads.

Medical writers have devoted some attention to the influence of food on the hair. A good many of us study food from a digestive point of view only, but if the theories recently started have any basis of truth we shall begin to think whether this, that and the other, besides agreeing with us will be likely to injure our hair! It is said that the falling out of the hair after influenza is caused not only by that most objectionable of complaints, but also by the taking of milk in large quantities, which was a favorite remedy for influenza but has a bad effect on the hair. Iron is very good, so that those whom it suits can congratulate themselves that their medicine serves a double purpose—that of tonic and hair restorer. A long course of oatmeal and brown bread is also said to be good. This being the staple diet of one branch of vegetarians, it would be interesting to know whether they have particularly luxuriant heads of hair. Cold baths with salt thrown in are also good, because the shock flushes the capillaries of the hair, thus sending a supply of blood to the roots to nourish them.

THE SPORTING WORLD

FOOTBALL.

The championship season was brought to a close Saturday, and the Montreal team is entitled to assume the proud title until another season, having defeated McGill by a score of 33 points to 9. In the first half Montreal secured a strong lead through a high wind in their favor which had died away when ends were changed for the second half. Matters being thus more equal both teams secured the same number of points.

Luck seems to have been with Montreal all day for their second strong also secured the Intermediate championship, defeating McGill second by 21 to 9.

An Association game between the Druids and Thistles was won by the former 2 goals to 1.

The Y. M. C. A. team defeated the C. P. R. Shops by 2 goals to 0.

Toronto Varsity defeated Queen's College at Toronto by a score of 25 to 17. Rain fell all through the match.

The Ottawa College football team, will play the Montrealers here this afternoon, and on Thanksgiving Day the return match will be played on the Ottawa College grounds. A despatch from the Capital says the collegians are putting in hard practice, and the game promises to be thoroughly well contested.

ROWING.

The great boat race, Canada vs. Australia, Hanlan vs. Stephenson, which came off at Shawinigan, B. C., on Saturday afternoon, was an immense surprise. Hanlan had promised to cut down the record and he kept his word. Stephenson rowed a plucky race and pressed Hanlan well to the turn, but broke up there and rowed a "wild" course home. Hanlan let himself out for speed and finished in 19.30, three seconds under the world's records. About \$8,000 changed hands and the race was square in every sense of the word. Both men weighed at 160 lbs., and Hanlan had a slight advantage in the boat, and in being accustomed to dead water and rowing with a tail. It is his intention to make the effort of his life to bring the world's championship back to Canada and Hanlan.

THE RING.

John L. Sullivan is willing to fight Slavin but wants to wait until after June.

George Dixon, the champion feather-weight pugilist of America, is to meet his old rival, Cal McCarthy, this week. Dixon began an engagement of one week at Miner's Bowery Theatre Monday night. He will spar four rounds at each performance during the week. Those who have so far consented to stand up against him are Cal McCarthy, Eugene Hornbacker and Nick Collins.

Peter Jackson, the Australian, still longs for another fight with Jim Corbett. He has telegraphed East that he will fight Corbett in public or private outside the Southern States. He will also meet Slavin, Maher or Mitchell.

The California and Occidental Clubs of San Francisco are fighting for the match between Ed Benny, of Boston, and the "Black Pearl." Both clubs offer them a \$1,500 purse, and each has sent on money to Benny for expenses. Benny will probably accept the Occidental Club's offer.

The referee is at it again. A fight between Jack Davis and Ben Morrison for \$500, at Leadville, Col., last Sunday, was won by Davis. Morrison had Davis whipped in the seventh round. He punched Davis until he fell weak and exhausted in his corner. To the surprise of the crowd "Pug" Mahoney declared Davis the winner on a foul.

QUOITS.

Two of our local Quoit clubs will hold their annual dinner next Wednesday (Thanksgiving Eve). The Montreal spread will take place in the Keystone, 125 1/2 St. Antoine street, and the Dominion in "The Echo" Restaurant (Mr. John W. Feeney's) corner of Fulford and St. James streets. Great preparations are being made for both events, and if the past is any augury of the future, success will attend both.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Louis Cyr, the strong man, has sailed for England on board the steamship Vancouver. While on the other side he will meet Sandow, the original strong man, who claims the championship of the world, and his feats ought to entitle him to it.

Ed Callaghan, of Kingston, a young pitcher, has signed to play with St. Louis for \$1,050.

Amos Rusie, New York's star pitcher, has been offered \$6,000 by the Chicago Association club, but he will sign with New York if he gets \$5,800.

In the international tug-of-war contest just ended Denmark defeated Norway and Germany beat America. Scotland got first prize, Denmark second, Germany third and Ireland fourth.

W. C. Johnson, the champion 100 yards swimmer of the United States and Canada, has returned from England, where he competed against the best amateur swimmers in

that country. He says that the Englishmen are far in advance of America's best.

The Manchester 130 yards handicap was won by J. Sunderland, of Radcliffe, with 16 1/2 yards start. D. R. Budd, America, 12 1/2 was second. Budd has been backed to win £2,500. He was beaten 1 1/2 yards. D. Dolan, another American sprinter, was beaten in his heat. Sunderland, who is only 5 feet 3 inches in height, was formerly an amateur and a member of the Salford harriers.

Andy Bowen, the New Orleans light-weight, has again agreed to fight Austin Gibbons at one of the New Orleans clubs.

J. A. R. Elliott, the champion wing shot of America, was defeated by George Kleinman at Chicago, the other day, in a 100 bird match for \$500 a side.

Joey Nuttall, the champion swimmer of England, won the 160 yards race in 1m. 55 1/2 s., at the Professional Swimming Association annual meeting in England recently.

Jem Mace, of England, retired champion pugilist of the world, has been appointed boxing instructor of the Olympic Club of San Francisco. He will bring his African wonder with him.

How Chinese Eat.

The Chinese are a nation of cooks. There is scarcely an individual in their vast community who is not more or less competent to cook himself a respectable dinner.

The peasant sits down to dinner cooked by the hand of his wife or daughter-in-law. In large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Half a dozen coolies will squat around a bucket of steaming rice and from four to six small savory dishes of stewed cabbage, onions, scraps of fat pork, cheap fish, etc. They fill their bowls at discretion from the bucket. They help themselves discreetly with their chopsticks from the various relishes provided.

On ordinary occasions even a wealthy Chinaman will sit down to some such simple fare, served indeed on a table instead of on the ground, but in almost equally simple style. It is only when a banquet is substituted for the usual meal that eating is treated seriously as a fine art, in a manner worthy its importance to the human race. Then the guests will assemble between 2 and 4 p. m., and will remain steadily at the table until any hour from 10 p. m. to midnight. Pipes are lighted between the courses, and a whiff or two of light tobacco smoke is inhaled, while within easy reach of the table, if the festivity is at all on a grand scale, the deafening noise of a theatrical performance continues almost without intermission.—Temple Bar.

To Cure Obesity.

In a French journal is announced the discovery of a means as simple as it is strange for curing obesity. This discovery is attributed to a medical officer in the army. Thanks to him an army officer who was threatened with retirement from the army, as he was so heavy that it required two men to lift him to the saddle, became thin in a few weeks. He was so thin that he had to take means to recover in a measure what he had lost. It was to his doctor he was indebted for becoming a general.

The means consisted simply in never eating more than one dish at each meal, no matter what that dish may be. A person may consume as much as the stomach can bear and satisfy the appetite without the least reserve. Nevertheless, nothing but one dish should be taken. No condiments, no soups, no supplementary desserts should be allowed. This system was also recommended by the author to a lady with similar results. The lady suffered no inconvenience whatever from this diet.

It is said that both the officer and the lady found by their experience that the partaking of only one dish, whether it be meat, fish or vegetables, brought on a sense of satiety much sooner than if a variety of dishes had been taken.—Manly Tempest, M.D., in New York Commercial Advertiser.

One Fair Face.

The natives of Georgia, a country in Asia, situated on the south side of the Caucasian range, and now included in the Russian Government Tiflis, belong to the Caucasian race, and have been as much celebrated as the Circassians for the athletic frames of the men and the beauty of the women. These qualities have created in bygone times a large demand for the men to serve in the armies and for the women to become inmates of the harems of the Turks.

The German nobles long derived their chief revenue from this traffic, valuing their serfs only for the money which they could obtain for them in the Turkish markets. Under the Russian sovereignty, which was established in 1800, this traffic has ceased, and the distinction which divided the whole population into the classes of nobles and serfs, nearly equivalent to those of masters and slaves, though still subsisting, has been greatly modified. The Georgians belong to the Greek Church, and the Bible was translated into their native language as early as the beginning of the fifth century.

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OLD MEMORIES.

In the twilight of the temple
Silent shadows gather fast—
Where the harpist of remembrance
Plays the music of the past,
And the anthem softly rising
Wakes the ghosts of long-shed tears,
With the trembling chant responding
From the choir of by-gone years.

And the burst of recollections
Toning from the harp of time
Is translated into music;
And the cadence of the rhyme
From old memories awakened,
'Mid the shadows of the past,
Loving fingers gently feeling,
Find the melodies at last.

In the throne room of the temple
Mystic echoes rise and fall,
As one touch of inspiration
Fills the chamber of the soul.
In the melody of mourning,
In the dimness of the years,
Through the waiting and the hoping,
Runs the tremor of the tears.

Faintly flow the fading echoes
From the laughs of long ago,
And the old familiar music
From the days we used to know.
Tenderly old joys and sorrows
Into symphonies are wrought,
With remembrance softly playing
On the trembling chords of thought.

Swelling, sinking, softly fading
Surging, tender in refrain,
And the music growing fainter,
Enters silence once again.
Aye—our human hearts responding
To the music—keeping time—
Find their throbbings oft translated
In the cadence of the rhyme.

—Louis S. Amunson.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Talking about literary style, there goes a man noted for his finished sentences. Indeed! Is he a novelist? No; he's an ex-convict.

Could you not, if you tried, grant me a place in that icy heart of yours? My heart may be of ice, as you say, Mr. Sophleigh. But all the same I am not in the cold storage business.

Katie, dear, you're always on my mind, said smiling Matt. Good gracious, she remarked, that's worse than living in a flat.

Auditor (at a seance)—I would like to speak to Robert Browning. Spiritual Medium (ten minutes later)—Mr. Browning has just been seen, but the angel could not understand what he said. Auditor—How like Bob.

Politician—I don't know what is the matter with me, doctor. I can't lie on the right side. Doctor—That's not strange. It takes a statesman to do that.

Strained Relations Avoided—Russian Officer (politely)—Pardon me; I know you are a stranger, but it will save much trouble and questioning if you will kindly raise your hat as the others do. Here comes the Czar. American (defiantly)—I raise my hat to no potentate on earth. I am an American—freeman, sir; born within the shadow of —. Russian Officer (struck with a bright idea)—The Czar is very rich. American (humbly raising his hat)—Why didn't you say so before?

Neighbor—How do you like your new neighbors? Little Girl—Mamma says they is awful nice people, real polite, an' Christian. Has she called? No, but we've sent in to borrow a dozen different things, an' they didn't once say they were just out.

A Maryland woman has a goose which was given her when she was twenty-one years old. Lots of women still have the goose they got on their wedding day.

Patient—What kept you away so long, doctor? I've waited for you for five hours. Country Doctor—Why, the fact is my wife was busy curing hams and needed my assistance. Patient—She ought to have called other help if she wanted 'em cured, and I'll tell her so.

Western Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with killing six of our oldest and most respected citizens. What have you to say? Prisoner—They were all of 'em rich old penny-grabbers wot was leavin' the best buildin' sites in town lie idle, waitin' for a higher price. Well? Well, your honor, I belong to the village improvement society.

First Chappie—Oh, my dear boy; he! he! I have you now. Why was Balaam an astronomer? He! he! Second Chappie—Give it up, muh dearh boy. First Chappie—Why, because he found—he! he! he!—an ass to roid, don't you know; he! he! he!

Your letters do not seem so bright and interesting as they used to be, she wrote, reproachfully, to her young man, and the young man mused softly to himself: That's strange; they used to be perfectly satisfactory to the other girl.

Mrs. Bangle—I notice by the newspapers that hand-painted shirt fronts are coming in for men. Bangle—Wouldn't they go well with custard pie decorated picnic trousers?

Puffley—I pride myself that I am a model husband, Grayneck—In what respect? Puffley—Well, I know that nothing gives my wife so much pleasure as to do things for me, so I let her do everything for me.

Miss Smilax—I like to waltz with you, Mr. Wooden; but why don't you ever reverse? Wooden—Well, I have reverses enough in my business without bringing them into my pleasures.

Shake's Mistake.

Asker—Did I understand you to say you had never seen one of Shakespeare's plays before last evening?

Masker—That's what I said. How did you enjoy it? So so! But if Hamlet had rung in a topical song and Polonius and the Queen given us a little skirt dance, or something of that sort, it would have been much better. There's where Shakespeare missed it. He didn't make his plays modern enough for our time.

A Sad Alternative.

Mrs. A—Have you heard the news? Mrs. B—No, what is it? You know young Goldberg was engaged to Birdie McGinnis. Well, he has jilted her.

He has? Outrageous! I feel so sorry for the poor thing. Now she will have to commit suicide or look around for another fellow.

They Change So.

Mamma, whispered the soft voiced, blue eyed girl, Harry is in love with me. How do you know, Mabel? asked the cautious mother.

Because, mamma, he told me so. When, darling?

Last night, mamma, as we sat out in the pale moonlight. He said I was an angel, mamma.

Did he ask you to marry him? inquired mamma anxiously, for Harry had money.

Oh, yes, mamma. And you accepted him, of course.

No, mamma, I did not. You didn't? and mamma began to pat her foot and get red and white about the nose. You didn't? Why didn't you? Don't you love him?

Yes, mamma. Then, why don't you marry him?

Because, mamma, and the conscientious little creature sighed, I love him so much I don't want him ever to change his opinion of me.

Wit Their Stock in Trade.

How many drummers owe their success to ready wit? How many more could tell of failures, if they would, traceable to the lack at an opportune moment of but a pinch of Attic salt. No one appreciates the force of these questions better than the old traveler who gave me this choice morsel the other day. He had tried in vain to persuade a storekeeper to "look him through," and concluded with, "I am positive you cannot do better with any man. Our house is the oldest, largest, and cheapest in the line."

Storekeeper—I hear that same story every day. Every drummer that comes here claims the same thing.

Traveler—There, that shows you how they all impose on people and imitate our methods.

During the laugh that followed, the grip was opened and the owner's good humor was rewarded with an order.

Rehearsing it With His Wife.

During the heat of the political campaign they called on me for a speech at West Oakland, said Justice Charles E. Snook. I don't take very kindly to political speech making, and I was especially timorous about making an address in the First Ward, where everybody knows me, and where in consequence I would be sure of the severest criticism.

But I was in for it and set about preparing myself for the ordeal. After I had thought out an address which I imagined had enough hurrah in it to make the boys hit the floor I thought I'd try it on my wife.

So I placed her in a good seat in the front row of our parlor furniture, struck my most statesmanlike attitude, and unlimbered my mouthpiece. Finally I reached one of my most impressive periods, and came to a full stop a good deal out of breath.

Well, what are you waiting for? calmly inquired the side partner of my joys.

That's where I pause to permit the tumultuous applause to get in its work, I replied.

Oh, I thought you were afraid you had awakened the baby, was her unsympathetic and disheartening response. Still, I noticed that when I poured that speech into the listening ear of West Oakland my wife was the first and only listener to appreciate and applaud when I paused at that critical period.

THE GOWNS shown at S. Carley's this season are exceptionally fine, not only in quality, but in design.

The Queen's Household.

It is not generally known that at the end of every year the Queen's household expenses are audited and checked, and that copies of them are printed with a view to future reference. One of these having fallen into my hands, I herewith append a few facts and items which may interest more humble people. The royal tea, which is always bought at a quaint, old-fashioned shop in Pall Mall, and has been during her five predecessors' reigns, costs \$1.35 per pound, and was for a long time known as Earl Grey's mixture, he having recommended the present brand to her Majesty. When she gives a dinner, fish to the extent of \$250 is ordered, but for an ordinary dinner three kinds of fish are put on the table, whitening being almost invariably one of them. A sirloin of beef is cooked every night, and is put on the sideboard cold for next day's lunch—the Queen seems, in this instance, much like ourselves—and the cheese, of which there are always six or seven kinds, is invariably obtained from one particular firm. The Queen takes, after her dinner, one water biscuit and one piece of cheddar; the Prince of Wales eats a piece of gorgonzola with a crust of household bread. The tea, as well as the cheese and the royal bread, are invariably taken with the Queen wherever she goes.

Her Majesty's wine, which is well known to be incomparable, is always kept in the cellars of St. James Palace and is sent in baskets of three dozen to wherever she may be, though this is more for the guests and the household than for herself, as her Majesty, when alone, drinks very weak whisky and water with her meals, by the doctor's orders. At banquets, however, she takes two glasses of burgundy. The clerk of the kitchen, who always carves, receives \$3,500 per annum, the chef the same, and the two confectioners, who attend to all the pastry, jellies, fruits, etc., get \$1,500 and \$1,250 respectively.

Bismarck "Eats Dry."

At luncheon I observed that Prince Bismarck drank nothing with his food, and asked him whether "eating dry," was a habit of his own choice or an article in the diete-cedetic drawn for him by his famous "Leibartz," Dr. Sweninger.

"The latter," he replied. "I am only allowed to drink thrice a day—a quarter of an hour after each meal—and each time not more than half a bottle of red, sparkling Moselle of a very light and dry character. Burgundy and beer, of both of which I am extremely fond, are strictly forbidden to me; so are all the strong Rhenish and Spanish wines, and even claret. For some years past I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my 'condition,' in the sporting sense of the word."

"Formerly I used to weigh over seventeen stone. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under fourteen, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight is now 185 pounds. I am weighed once every day by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I at once set to work to get rid of by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal, as well as walk. Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course, under advice. It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, probably gets through 100,000 cigars in his life if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer and feel better all this time if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a deep bowl, one after each meal, and I smoke nothing in it but Dutch Kanaster tobacco, which is light, mild and soothing."—London Weekly.

Companionship Healthful.

There is a wise old German saying that "Only a god or a brute can dwell in solitude." Men and women need congenial companionship, both for the sake of health and happiness. Just as your lungs, after using up all the oxygen in a close room, need to be filled with fresh out-of-door air, so your mind needs contact with other minds to get new ideas. There is such a thing as mental as well as physical hunger. Herders on the large cattle ranches in the West frequently become mad from the isolation they are forced to endure. Women on lonely farms and in small villages grow morbid and mildly insane, and people do not guess that the cause is want of companionship.

It is for this reason that a woman's work at home is always more trying than that of her husband, who goes to his office, sees new faces, and has the friction that is produced by meeting other people. Even the farmer has more intercourse with his neighbors at the market, or the village grocery, than his wife, who may not see anyone outside of her own family for weeks. It is a great mistake for young married people to isolate themselves. Even if their tastes lead them to a quiet life, they should make it a point to cultivate a few agreeable people.

An error made by a switchman caused a collision yesterday between a passenger and a freight train near Amiens. The cars were badly wrecked and ten persons were injured, five of them seriously.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"In reviewing the events of the last few years you will find," said Brown, "that fully eighty per cent. of the total number of strikes were inaugurated against a reduction in pay. Under the competitive system wages have, and will continue to have, a downward tendency while the system lasts; it can't be otherwise. I think I have shown clearly how, apart from avarice and greed, competition in the sale of the products of labor oftentimes forces employers to reduce wages whenever this course is open to them. This, though a potent cause of the downward tendency of wages, is, however, not near so powerful an agent as the competition in the sale of labor itself. We are told that it is a commodity: at all events it is bought and sold much the same as other commodities. There is, however, this difference between the laborer and the products of labor: that while one is a living, breathing, feeling being, the other is not. The laborer cannot afford to be idle: he must work in order to live, and it is this necessity of his which provides the opportunity of the employer and is taken full advantage of every time. This is why, in an over-crowded labor market, you find men under-bidding each other in selling their labor until, in some occupations, the wages of the father have become too small to provide the necessaries of life for his family, and the children, who ought to be at school, are forced into factories and compelled to contribute their share to the common funds. It is not the greed of the laborer which prompts him to place his children in competition with himself—it is dire necessity. Here, then, you have two forces which from opposite sides bear heavily against labor; first, the ruinous competition in the sale of the products of labor; and, secondly, the competition among laborers themselves."

"And yet," said Phil, "it was not always so, although the competitive system was in existence. My grandfather told me more than once that as a journeyman it was rarely that he started to work before Wednesday, and never worked later than 4 o'clock on Saturday. This constituted his week's work, and no consideration would induce him to work more. He was a weaver, and no worse or better than any journeyman of his trade and time. He not only made a good living by four days' work a week, but he actually acquired considerable property."

"I have no doubt about that," replied Brown, "but you must remember that this was done before the advent of the power loom. Arkwright's spinning jenny had not yet been introduced, and your grandfather's trade was thoroughly organized. The Guild regulated the number of apprentices, stipulated their term of service, issued cards to journeymen which they had to produce before they could obtain work as such, and in some countries it even had the power to grant or refuse permission to journeymen to establish themselves in business as masters of their trade. All this tended to prevent the supply of weavers exceeding the demand, and hence their prosperity. With the introduction of machinery, however, things changed, and it was at this crisis that the Guilds and Trades Unions of our grandfathers made their greatest mistake. The introduction of machinery was violently opposed by them; in many places they invaded the factories, smashed the machines and destroyed property generally, and from this time dates the decline of the old Trade Guilds. The men of those days could not adapt themselves to the great change that was coming over them. They forgot that the introduction of machinery necessitated the subdivision of labor, and that this very fact enabled employers to fill their places with unskilled labor which they

had hitherto regarded with contempt. If, instead of opposing the introduction of machinery, they had insisted on their right to share in its benefits by reducing the hours of labor in just proportion to the increased productive power of labor, or else demanded that the State obtain sole control of all such machines and work them for the benefit of the whole people, then there would be no such thing as a labor question at the present day. But they didn't, and the result is that capital now controls all tools of production. You and I and every mother's son who works for wages must have the direct or indirect use of these tools, which we can only obtain by the consent and upon the terms of those who possess them."

"So that your whole argument boiled down means this," said Phil. "First that the possession of the tools of production enables those who own them to force their own terms upon those who must use them in order to live at all. Second, that competition in labor and in the sale of the products of labor reduces both profit and wages. This is the position of things to-day; now, how are we going to alter it?"

"By adopting the same policy and tactics which capital has adopted," replied Brown. "Individually the capitalist or rather manufacturer, for there is a difference between the two, was practically as helpless as what we are, but he is combining with his fellows to abolish competition in the products of labor. We must combine to abolish competition in labor. As they, by limiting the output regulate the supply of goods, so must we by reducing the working hours regulate and limit the supply of labor. Shorter hours means the employment of more men; this would relieve the labor market and by lessening competition inevitably raise wages. The first thing for labor to do, is to thoroughly organize. An unorganized trade is a standing invitation to the manufacturers of that trade to reduce wages. Capital always attacks the point of least resistance. So long as the Railwaymen of England were in a disorganized state the companies kept up their large dividends by reducing the wages of their men. The English Railway News emphasizes this fact, and reminds shareholders that labor organizations have stopped this source of revenue, and frankly admits that if dividends are to be kept up to the usual figure the source must be found in better equipment and faster service than heretofore and that a reduction in wages with the splendid organization of the men is impossible. Labor, with thorough organization can, in spite of the keenest competition among trades, still compel the payment of wages sufficiently large to make life endurable, but labor unorganized will find itself between the upper and nether millstone slowly ground to dust."

BILL BLADES.

THE CHURCH AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

The Rev. Dr. Ferguson, president of the annual conference of the Primitive Methodist Church in England, in his inaugural address, came out strong on the social side of the Church's work, and what is of more importance, went straight to the mark, as will appear from the following extract from his address published in the connexional organ, Light and Truth:

"To illustrate it properly, he quoted from a recent return presented to the London School Board, showing that 44,000 little Metropolitan children attended school daily 'in want of food.' In spite of voluntary and other efforts 24,737 children, in a city where every house is within the sound of church bells, 'do not obtain enough food.' Archdeacon Farrar recently said in Convocation that there were 100,000 paupers, 80,000 fallen women, and 60,000 persons living in single rooms in London, and to this mass about 240

souls were being added every hour. (Sensation.) Surely Professor Huxley was about right when he said that the presence of widespread body and soul destroying and ever-increasing poverty in the midst of abounding wealth is the enigma which this civilization must solve, or else be devoured by the monster itself has generated. Turning to the condition of the agricultural laborer, who was driven by necessity from the land, the President said it was the influx from the country parishes that creates the increasing danger to the welfare of the whole community. (Hear, hear.) Personally, the President said, he believed a statement recently made by a true reformer was in the main correct—that the cause of poverty, the cause of starvation, the cause of monstrous want in the very centre of wealth, of ignorance in the midst of enlightenment, of the direst abasement and emprobration in the midst of the highest civilization, comes from the single fundamental fact that the masses of our people have been disinherited. (Loud applause.) So long as the human being is a land animal, so long as man can only live on land and work on land, so long as all wealth is simply the raw material of the land worked up by human labor—then it is inevitable that if the land of any country be treated as the property of one class of the country, no matter how you advance, no matter what inventions may be made, what improvements may be carried out, there must be at the bottom of the social scale brutishness, and vice, and ignorance, and want, and starvation."

A NEW TYPE-SETTER.

A Michigan Inventor is Now in the Field With a Very Rapid Device.

Earle V. Beals, of Muskegon Mich., a practical printer, and employed for the past nine years on the reportorial staff of a local paper, has of late years been working upon a type-setting device which he thinks he has now practically completed.

His invention consists of two separate machines. The first of these corresponds to a typewriter and is operated by a compositor who works from the copy, but this, instead of being printed, as by a typewriter, is transferred to a strip of paper by perforations made by striking the keys on the finger-board, the particular letters or characters being determined by the distance of a perforation from the base line.

This machine may be called the perforator, and when the copy has thus been transferred to the slip of paper this is taken to the second machine which, working automatically by electricity, sets up type, and as each line is composed, impresses it into matriced paper in a new way that makes a perfect moulded matrix of the line. The matriced paper moves along automatically as the lines are composed until a matrix is obtained for a column of matter. This is then ready for the stereotyping process.

The quick fixing of the face of the type in matrix paper Mr. Beals recognized as one of the largest obstacles, and at the same time the most important and desirable feature of the machine, and he claims to have labored much over this point. His success in this particular is accomplished by an entirely new method. As to the application of heat, that fixes the guest lines of type faces as clearly as does the metal matrix. By the action of electricity on a series of magnets the types are brought into their proper places; a series of needles pass over the perforator and the electric current thus closed actuates the magnet corresponding to the particular letter of that perforation. The action of this machine is entirely automatic and perfectly positive. It is also very rapid. The perforator can be separated as rapidly as a typewriter, on which the average speed is about fifty words per minute, but the automatic-aligning and impressing machine will be capable of handling the matter turned off from two or three of the perforators. The capacity is equal to twenty men at a case.

Several months ago he procured patents on the machines, and last August he took his experimental machine to Detroit, where it was subjected to the close investigation of mechanical experts representing a number of heavy capitalists of that city whose interest in the machine had been secured, and who stood ready to give practical aid in case it proved to be equal to its claims. The result seems to have been entirely favorable to Mr. Beals' invention. The experts were greatly interested and reported in its favor. The result was the preliminary formation of a company that has already made arrangements to develop and perfect the machine and put it on the market.

Mr. Beals visited Chicago and carefully examined the machines on exhibition. He saw nothing in any of them that is similar to his machine, either in principle or detail, and the result of his study is a firmer belief in the superiority of his own invention.

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