

and a dog cart. It is a high bow-shaped carriage with a seat for the driver on the dash board, and my driver is invariably a Frenchman. There is little enterprise among the French-Canadians. They are good farmers, but with them everything seems to be on a small scale. The fields are long and narrow. Some are not more than a hundred feet wide and so long that a farmer spends half his time in walking from one end of his farm to the other in cultivating his crops. The houses are picturesque one-story cottages built close to the roadway, and not way out on the fields like our farm houses. They are wonderfully clean and the people here, I am told, the thrift of the peasantry of France.

The officials of Quebec are making big bids for the return of the Canadians who have gone to the United States. They offer them farms and hold out many inducements. The fact is that there is almost a constant emigration going on from Canada to the lands across the border. This occurs whenever times are hard, and if our new tariff materially affects business here the emigration will increase. Canadians are to be found in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Michigan and parts of the West. There are numbers of them in Buffalo. New York city has something like 70,000 natives of Canada, Brooklyn has 5,000 and Boston has, it is estimated, something like 25,000 citizens of Canadian birth. In Bay county, Mich., there are 10,000 Canadians, and in St. Claire county there are 10,000, while a number of other counties have even more. The Canadians in our country in fact number hundreds of thousands, and their loss is a matter of great bitterness to those who remain. Many of the French Canadians go to New England to work in the factories and mills. It is this class which the officials of Quebec are trying to bring back.

Montreal, which is the New York of Canada, is practically a French city. Its biggest market, that of Bonsecours, is as French as any market of southern France. When I visited it the other day I found a patent medicine man declaiming in French the virtues of certain pills, while he showed a book of horrible pictures describing the effects before and after taking them. This market takes up a wide street running from the heart of Montreal down to the wharves. The street is the overflow of the market proper, which includes a church-like building covering, I judge, about an acre of space. The street was filled with French farmers, who had driven their carts into the city early in the morning, and were now selling all sorts of vegetables and fruits to the citizens. Fully half of the wagons were owned by women, who did not look unlike the market women whom you find in the Halles Central of Paris. Many of these spoke to me in French as I walked through the crowd, pushing their wares into my face and asking me to buy. I stopped at the fowl market and asked some questions as to prices. I was told that eggs were 11 cents a dozen, chickens from 50 to 60 cents a pair and turkeys from 12 to 15 cents a pound. One or two of the English-speaking market men had complaints to make about the tariff, and stated that it would materially hurt the farmers of Canada.

I found Montreal a very fine city. It is growing as fast as an American town and is now almost as large as Washington. It has an immense deal of shipping, and you find steamers from all parts of the Great Lakes and from Europe at its wharves. The most of the ocean steamers are British, and a number of them are engaged in carrying grain to England. I came to

Montreal from the United States, crossing from northern New York into Canada and traveling about three hours before I reached the St. Lawrence river. As we approached the St. Lawrence I could see the smoke from a hundred great stacks rising into the air and I find that Montreal is the great manufacturing city of this part of America. It has silk and cotton mills, iron and rubber works and it makes a vast deal of lumber. It is the financial center of British America and the Bank of Montreal, which has a capital of \$18,000,000 is said to be the largest bank on this continent. The notes of this bank are taken without discount everywhere, although I am told that the notes of other Canadian banks are shamed when they are presented in the United States. I have had no trouble here in using American bank notes, whether greenbacks or silver certificates. The people seem glad to get them and take them without question. Even my nickels have been accepted, and an American quarter passes as readily here as a Canadian twenty-five cent piece. Montreal, like New York, is situated on an island surrounded by two rivers. The Ottawa and the St. Lawrence join at this point, encircling an island about thirty miles long and from seven to ten miles wide. Montreal itself is about five miles long and two miles wide. There is a hill or mountain at the back of the city up which you can go on an inclined railroad, and thus get a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, Montreal and the surrounding country.

In looking over Montreal you are reminded of Moscow. It is a city of churches. There are church spires in almost every square, and here and there rise great cathedrals, convents and hospitals. I climbed to the top of the tower of Notre Dame church yesterday. This is one of the biggest churches in America. It will hold 10,000 people, and 15,000 have been crowded together within its walls. It has a tower containing an elevator, by which for a quarter you can be raised about two-thirds of the way to the top. I am told that the elevator pays. I am surprised at the number of priests there are here. You could not throw a stone without hitting one. They are dressed in long black gowns and hats of different styles, according to their order. There are also numerous nuns and sisters of various kinds. From this you would judge Montreal to be a very good city. I have no reason to doubt that it is so, although a young man with whom I chanced to ride on the street car this afternoon, voluntarily and confidentially informed me that the town was "As wicked and as wide open as any of the American cities."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### DEPUTIES FIRE AT THE MINERS.

Hazelton, Pa., Sept. 10.—The strike situation reached a terrible crisis on the outskirts of Larimer this afternoon, when a band of deputy sheriffs fired into a mob of miners. The men fell like so many sheep, and the excitement has been so intense that no accurate figures of dead and wounded can be obtained. Reports run from fifteen to twenty killed and forty or more wounded. One man who reached the scene tonight counted thirteen corpses. Four other bodies lie in the mountains between Latimer and Hazelton tonight. Those who were not injured carried their dead and wounded friends into the woods, and estimates are baffled.

George Krese, Harwood, bullets through leg, hip and knee. John Kerlovitch, shot in neck. Andrew Shabolick, shot in breast. John Kulleh, shot in stomach. John Damensko, shot in

both legs. George Vrelchek, shot in both legs. John Vortl, shot in head; will die. John Kleshoka, shot in hip. Kasimir Dalis, shot in breast. Jacob Kulshot, shot through body; will die. Steve Ersku, shot in body. John Koll; shot in arm and left side. Joseph Bobick, shot through back. John Treible, a deputy, shot in arm.

Three bodies were found tonight on the road near Latimer.

The strikers left Hazelton about 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, and it was their intention to go to Latimer. As soon as this became known a band of deputies was loaded on a trolley car and went whirling across the mountain to the scene where the bloody conflict followed. After reaching Latimer they left the car and formed into three companies, under Thomas Hall, E. A. Hess and Samuel B. Price. They drew up in line at the edge of the village, with a fence and a line of houses in their rear.

Sheriff Martin was in entire command and stood in the front of the line until the strikers approached. They were seen coming across the ridge, and Martin went out to meet them. The men drew up suddenly, and listened in silence until he had once more read the riot act. This finished, a low muttering arose among the foreigners, and there was a slight movement forward. Perceiving this the sheriff stepped forward toward them and, in a determined tone, forbade advance. Some one struck the sheriff, and the next moment there was a command to the deputies to fire. The guns of the deputies instantly belched forth a terrible volley.

The report seemed to shake the very mountains, and a cry of dismay went up from the people. The strikers were taken entirely by surprise, and as the men toppled and fell over each other, those who remained unhurt stampeded. The men went down like tenpins, and the groans of the dying and wounded filled the air. The excitement that followed was simply indescribable. The deputies seemed to be terror-stricken at the deadly execution of their guns, and seeing the living dropping to the earth, they went to the aid of the unfortunates whom they had brought down.

The people of Latimer rushed pell-mell to the scene, but the shrieks of the wounded drowned the cries of the sympathizing and half-crazed inhabitants. A reporter who soon afterward reached the scene found the road leading to Latimer filled with groups of frightened Hungarians. They surrounded dying companions, and some fearful of pursuit, clung to the newcomer and begged his protection.

At Farley's hotel there were two men lying on the porch. Both had been shot in the head. One had three bullets in him. His groans and appeals for a doctor or death were heart-rending.

All along the road the wounded men who were able to leave the field of battle scattered themselves and sought the shade of trees for protection, but there was no need of that then. Approaching the place where the shooting occurred, people were met wringing their hands and bemoaning the catastrophe. They could not talk intelligently, and it was with the greatest difficulty that information could be gleaned.

Along the track of the trolley road men lay in every position, some dead, others dying. Three bodies, face downward, lay along the incline, and others were but a short distance away. On the other side of the road as many bodies lay.

The school house was transferred into a temporary hospital and some of the wounded were taken there. The ambulance was summoned as soon as possible, and upon its arrival two men