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MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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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, 198 Amherst street.

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7625.
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Next meeting Sunday, Jan. 3, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every Friday evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Address all communications to H. J. BRINDLE, R.S., No. 11 St. Monique street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

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

BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

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

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.

Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square, at 2 o'clock.

Address all communications to

WM. ROBERTSON,
7 Archambault street.

LEGAL CARDS.

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DID HIM GOOD TO BE SHOT.

A Queer Story That Was Overheard on a Western Train.

The train on one of the Western railroads was climbing a long and heavy grade and was moving so slowly and making so little bang and rattle that the remarks of two men at the back of the car, were plainly audible. One of the couple was doing most of the talking, and when he grew animated in his criticism of the character of a person known to both as "Jim" he was led on to speak in this wise: "You see, I'd lent Jim money, but so long as I had cash in my clothes I never asked for it. I never do when a man is square, 'cause I know he'll pay me when he can. But one day I was a little short and I went into the bar and I says to Jim: 'Could you let me have a little of what you're owin' me?' He was tight and ugly, and began to swear, and kick, and jaw about bein' struck when he hadn't got only 15 cents to his name. 'All right' says I. 'I ain't pullin' no man's leg when that's all he's got. Some other time'll do.'

"But he kept on a-kiakin' and a-swearin' and sayin' I wasn't no friend of his, and finally he worked himself up to the fightin' pitch, and says he, with a reg'lar holler, 'Yer rip-whack blinkety-blank, come outside and I'll do you up.' Well, I wasn't lookin' for fight, and I didn't feel like fightin' that day, anyhow. Had a kind of a cold. So I told him I wasn't goin' to have no quarrel, 'specially with him, for I thought he'd come out all right when he'd got rid of his quart. But he says again, 'I'm goin' to hurt yer the first time I meet yer.' Then the boys they took him into the back room and I went home. But after that I was bound to carry a gun, and I got my revolver out that night. Next mornin' he was in Ned's room at the boardin' house, and Ned's door bein' open I looked in as I was on my way to the dinin' room. 'Who are yer lookin' at?' says Jim, still ugly. 'You' says I. 'Fer what?' says he. 'Cause I'm bound to, after you warnin' me that I'm liable to get hurt,' says I. He sat down, kind of careless, and I started on. By G— I'd only got my back turned and I stepped into the hall when he ups as quick as a flash and hits me in the neck. I gave him a good one on the jaw. Then he closes in and begins to bite. At that I pulls out my gun and lets him have it. He broke away and canted upstairs squealin' 'Murder!' and I let him have it again.

"Then I didn't know what I'd done, and didn't much care, but I was excited and I meandered outdoors to cool off. The boys came out in a minute and said that there was no telling how much Jim was hurt; he was bleedin' and yellin' considerable; and, so's to avoid any scenery, I'd better get over the border and hide till he felt better. So I worked along to Seattle and got a boat to Victoria, and I've been up in British Columbia for several months. He got through it all right, and I didn't have no need to skip, 'cause it was self-defence. You've a right to use a gun on any man that tries to make a meal off you, I guess. Well, sir, you've no idea what a change that scrap made in Jim. He don't get drunk no more, and he goes around talkin' decent, and he don't bluff, and he's as steady and quiet as a sheep. What's more, he paid what he owed me. Shootin' did him good."

The Scions of Aristocracy Exhibited to Their Poor Neighbors.

Ignorant and ill-regulated charity is one of the great vices of our time. Of this vice an illustration is afforded by the extraordinary proposition of the "Christmas Society," whose object it is to collect on Christmas afternoon an enormous crowd of poor children in Madison Square Garden, and there present them with the toys once owned by the rich children, who are invited to occupy boxes for the occasion at \$20 per box, or seats in the gallery at a dollar. Dr. Rainsford has done good service in sharply criticising this scheme. "The Evening Post" has done good service by enforcing the criticism. It says:

"What goes on among adults in the way of wealth-worship is repulsive enough, but there has been no manifestation of it so unfortunate as the idea of bringing the children of the rich and the children of the poor, as such, together in the same building, the rich to sit as wretched little prigs in the boxes, and play the part of patrons to the poor on the floor, their heads filled with the idiotic notion that because their fathers have been lucky in the stock market they are superior beings to their brethren down below. Nothing could well give a worse lesson to both rich and poor in a

community like ours than such an exhibition. Whenever we bring the children of the rich and poor together in any such way, it should be for the purpose of showing the poor, not that the rich have more old toys and clothes and more money to give away, but that wealth has given them more knowledge, better manners, pleasanter voices, more modesty, kindness, forbearance and self-control."

Doubtless there is a real sentiment of benevolence behind the proposition, and yet, it is equally certain that behind it there is a desire to furnish a new kind of sensation, a new spectacular entertainment for those who will sit in the boxes and the gallery and look upon the distribution of the Christmas gifts of the poor. . . . We desire to give our heartiest endorsement to the comments of "The Evening Post," and to express our hope that none of our readers will contribute anything to the "Christmas Society" or to any so-called charities of this spectacular description.

The Industrial Situation.

In a broad and comprehensive sense it may be safely asserted that the industrial situation is in line with the world's progress in intelligence and a conscientious regard for justice.

In the evolution of civilization the industrial masses, who are its momentum, have been vivified with aspirations that a century ago were dormant and premature. In this, as in all other movements, there has been the old historic rehearsal of blind struggles, bad mistakes and historic claims, that have had their temporary prominence and subsided into their logical insignificance. As repeatedly stated in the columns of Age of Steel, all this has been but the preliminary condition of a purer condition of public sentiment. The laws that regulate social and industrial economics are better understood and more emphatically recognized. The demagogue, with a paradise found only in books, and never seen outside the domain of a dreamer's easy chair or the vagaries of printers' ink and cheap book-binding, is no longer a crow bar under the public log and has lost his salary and influence, and we can see amongst the leading industrial nations of the world an increasing desire for education, a wider sense of the limits and laws of human rights, and more conservative sentiment as to the best methods of reaching the ultimate of industrial and commercial advancement.

Common sense has not yet left the sons of Adam. It cannot be pulverized with demagogic dynamite, and in labor, as in all other vital concerns, it has its paramount and inevitable supremacy. There is no fear of the engine with common sense at the throttle. Time lives and falsehoods die, and what is right and just is as indestructible as the multiplication table, and its trusty conservator is public sentiment. The evils of mercantileism and cut throat competition are more distinct and self-convicting than ever, and in Europe, as in America, we gladly note an advance into conditions that are certainly amelioratory if not absolutely regenerative.

We are still suffering from over-production—a ton of supply to a pound of demand; the mouth of monopoly has still got the old set of sharks' teeth; the haste to secure a bank account at the cost of flesh, health, morals and the ten commandments, is still making its run on the sawdust, and nationally we are not yet out of the industrial ditch. That this condition will be more or less continuous we have no doubt. We cannot put angels into shoe leather, or commercial morals into men who find a cheap hotel for the devil under their vests. Greed and avarice are not candles to be blown out by legislative wind, and discontent and agitation are as irrepressible as the winds that blow or the seas that surge, but, for all of this that is practically unavoidable, the pendulum of progress is swinging on the old curve, and if dust in the clock is still a fact, it is also as dead a certainty that in law, order, justice and a broader and braver conception of what is right as between man and man; the clock of 1891 points to a brighter hour.

Philadelphia is arranging for a great horse show. There will be sixty prizes, and it is estimated that few short of 1,000 horses will be entered for competition. The prizes will be valuable, in some cases running up as high as \$500, as the prize list has already been made out, and every dollar of the money it is proposed to donate has been guaranteed. As at present designed, the exhibition will take place in the open air,

SHE ENDED THE TUG OF WAR.

A School Teacher Closes a Contest That Threatened to be Interminable.

The Shotwell street school has caught the tug of war infection. A few days ago, when the bell rang for 1 o'clock for the pupils to come in, the teachers found there were no boys to come, and, on looking into the yard, the cause was at once seen. Some of the boys had procured a clothesline and organized tug of war teams. A little before 1 o'clock the referee, a boy from the eighth grade, gave the signal to pull. The twenty boys bent with a will to their work. They tugged and strained and worked considerably harder than they had ever worked over a problem in arithmetic or a questi on in grammar. Round the rope stood the rest of the boys of the school howling and yelling, now cheering on the team of their respective choice, and now hooting in derision at the opposing one. For some time the battle raged furiously. One team would draw its opponents a few inches, only to lose the advantage again. Finally one of the teams got a decided advantage. This was too much for several of the smaller boys, who had bet hundreds of mythical dollars on the team of their choice, and so, with one accord, about a dozen of them caught on to the rope on "their" side and added their strength to that of their friends.

Of course the friends of the other side objected, but as the excitement was too intense to allow much talking they simply hitched a few more boys on the other side and went at it again. The rest of the boys then began to take sides. Some hitched on one end, some on the other, and when the rope was so full that there was not room for another fist, Jimmy would catch hold of Johnny's waist and Dick would take hold of Tom by the coat tail and so manage to do a little pulling anyway. The whole male portion of the school had hold of the rope, and amid the pulling and yelling the 1 o'clock bell rang. The boys did not mind it though, and the tug of war went on regardless of whether school kept or not.

The teachers had a different notion, however, and three or four of them came into the yard attempted to stop the contest. The boys objected to a draw except one over the line, and they did not believe in a no-contest, so as they had numbers on their side the boys disregarded the commands of their teachers and pulled away as if there was not a teacher in the world. Things were getting serious, when a quick-witted teacher solved the problem. Stepping up to the middle of the rope she quietly took out a pocketknife and at the moment of a terrible strain cut the rope.

In an instant there was a terrible time. The rope snapped with a loud crack, and the pull became a draw. Boys flew in every direction and piled up one on the other until the quick-witted teacher became afraid that manslaughter or boyslaughter was the result of her effort to restore discipline.

No one was hurt, however, and the boys disentangled themselves and filed slowly up to their class rooms.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Food Before Sleep.

Many persons, though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emancipation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

Physiology teaches that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emancipation and lowered degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result.

All beings except man are governed by natural instinct, and every being with a stomach, except man, eats before sleep, and even the human infant, guided by the same instinct, sucks frequently day and night, and if its stomach is empty for any prolonged period, it cries long and loud.

Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the 24 hours is, in quantity and quality, not beyond the

physiological limit, it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating, but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that, instead of being consumed by bodily action, it may during the interval improve the lower system; and I am fully satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated, and the sleepless to nightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period, nine in ten of them would be hereby lifted into a better standard of health.

In my specialty (nose and throat), I encounter cases that, in addition to local and constitutional treatment, need an increase or nutritious food, and I find that by directing a bowl of bread and milk, or a mug of beer and a few biscuits, or a saucer of oat meal and cream before going to bed, for a few months, a surprising increase in weight, strength, and general tone results; on the contrary, persons who are too stout or plethoric should follow an opposite course.—Dr. Wm. T. Cathell, in the Maryland Medical Journal.

AROUND THE THRONES.

The Marlborough House stables alone cost the Prince of Wales \$80,000 a year.

Queen Victoria is a judge of pictures and a connoisseur of sculpture. Frost, Mulready and Correggio are her favorites.

Kaiser Wilhelm is the only one of the three emperors who reads the newspapers for himself. The Czar and the emperor of Austria have a private journal of cuttings set up for them daily.

The Russian grand duchesses are all handsome women. The czar's daughter Xenia is a copy of her Danish mother, and presents a very pretty picture with her mild blue eyes, auburn hair and clear cut, delicate features.

The Empress Frederick has turned her attention to local mission work, and recently built a model hospital at Cronburg, in the Taunus, for the sick poor of that village. The house is small, but constructed and furnished on scientific principles.

The progressive king of Siam, in his anxiety to better the condition of his people, has taken to wandering among them disguised in plain clothes. The king must originate every reform himself, for not even his most progressive subjects would dare to commit so great a breach of etiquette as to suggest any innovations upon established customs.

That Astor Baby Again.

I note the remarks on the Astor baby, recently born in New York, heir to \$150,000,000. Would it not be well to illustrate this by the use of a few figures? At 6 per cent. the interest is \$9,000,000 per year, or \$30,000 per day for say 300 working days. If therefore would require 20,000 workmen at \$1.50 per day to pay the interest, and somebody must pay it. Or look a little further. When this baby is 21 years old, the \$150,000,000 has doubled twice, and it is \$6,000,000,000. Then an army of 80,000 men must work to pay the interest; but we must leave at least \$1 per day for the laborer and his family for subsistence. Then it will take an army of 240,000 laboring men to keep this fortune up, allowing each laborer to be a man of a family and five to the family, it follows that no less than 1,200,000 persons are interested in the fortune of that 150 times a millionaire baby. And this is called an advanced age of civilization.—New Nation.

Cranks.

At the New England dinner, a few days ago, "our own" Depew drank the health of cranks. His fitness for the task was undeniable. He is a crank himself, and by no means an inoffensive one. With the Presidential bee humming in his bonnet, Depew insists upon running railroads, of which he knows less, by his own confession and the verdict of courts, than any brakeman. He believes in "the old-fashioned way of locking up cranks who endanger life and property," and so we do; Depew should be locked up. He deprecates the fallacy and danger of the present crank theory, adopted by eminent judges, who, instead of committing such "irresponsible" persons to an asylum, turn them loose upon the terror-stricken community. Such a thrush at Judge Van-Brunt, who declared him irresponsible, is further evidence of Depew's crankism.—The People.