

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 37.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENTS
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

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Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1423 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to Jos. Renaud, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

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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.

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1711, K. of L.
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ISLAND OF NAPOLEON

FAMOUS SCENES AND MEMORIES OF THE CORSICA OF TO-DAY.

Our ideas of Corsica are, I am afraid, biased by the dramatist and the novelist. We think of it as it is represented to us in the adventures of the brothers De Franchi, or through the medium of Merimee's picturesque *Colomba*; therefore we associate the wild Mediterranean island with vendettas, savage passions and more savage loves. Less terrifying, but no less picturesque, are the descriptions given by Alphonse Daudet in the "Lettres de mon Moulin," written after spending several weeks in the lighthouse of Mezzo Mare with no other companion than the aged custodian of the isolated building, and the seductive pictures of landscape and verdure of Guy de Maupassant in "Une Vie." But it is well known that both dramatist and novelist are gifted with a glorified vision which the ordinary tourist does not possess, and the lack of which possibly accounts for the divergence of impressions, the former are more vivid and poetical, the latter perhaps the more to be depended upon.

It is not without regret that the traveler of to-day has to relinquish certain preconceived ideas, and to renounce his faith in the legendary Corsican vendetta. He blushes when he finds the native smiling somewhat ironically at any allusions to their hereditary and sanguinary family feuds, and, if the truth must be told in all its unromantic baldness, he finds that the conflicts which most engross the inhabitants are the establishment of a "battle of flowers," after the Nice and Monte Carlo style, while their jealous emulation is centered on a pacific exhibition, where, besides the rural and agricultural products of the island, are to be seen specimens of rough or manufactured marble, granite and porphyry, old pieces of furniture, carved woods, curious gourds and richly chased weapons.

The climate of Corsica is simply perfect; the soft air is laden with spicy, aromatic odors, and made vivifying by the iodine exhalations of a rich marine flora; the long stretches of sandy beach are steeped in warm sunshine; the background of mountains has the luminous green tints of the Greek hillsides. Existence in those seagirt latitudes sinks to a blissful indolence; strife, bloodshed, fiery passions and wild revenge are absolutely incompatible with this dreamy languor, and the chief interest of the lazy hours becomes the recurrence of meals. The epicure revels in the varied and dainty fish, the most delicate ever cooked, pink like the rocks and blue like the skies.

The game is no less exquisite, notably the famous Corsican blackbirds so highly praised by Cambaceres, and which are only at their best during the short span between the 1st and 30th of January, when they are gorged with the luscious myrtle berries, honey brown in color, and retaining the slight bitterness mentioned by Virgil, mingling with the delicious perfume of wild flowers; the broccio, the national white cheese, of a sweet, peculiar flavor; huge limes, preserved in sugar, and a variety of excellent wines constitute a bill of fare to satisfy the most fastidious gourmet.

The brand of Santa Lucia of Tallane was such a favorite with Mme. Letitia, mother of Napoleon I, that she would drink no other wine, and had some sent to her in Paris.

One cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the influence, I might almost say the presence, of the Bonaparte family is everywhere apparent in the "Green Island." At Ajaccio, on the market place, the woman courtesy before the statue of the First Consul; on another square he towers amid his brothers in the garb of a Roman emperor. Behind the citadel in the cathedral they show the basin that held the water for his baptism, and in the old house the hard sofa on which he was born, and the trap door leading to the subterranean passage by which he escaped to the harbor one night when he discovered that he was tracked by spies.

Where he himself is not the members of his family are. Their portraits are in the museums, their works in the libraries. His mother is buried in the Bonaparte chapel with the simple epitaph, "Mater Regum." His father stands erect at the Hotel de Ville in a red gold laced coat. There also are his brothers—Joseph in a royal mantle, Louis in a gray uniform, Jerome on a ship, Lucien abstractedly dreaming under a tree.

By a tragical antithesis the bust of the King of Rome faces the mask of Napoleon dead, and the contrast between these silent witnesses of a distant past is a painfully accented by the

busy, cheerful hum of the bright adjoining thoroughfare.

As long as a traveler lingers in the cities—Ajaccio, the capital, Bastia, the chief seaport; Vizzavone and Corte—he finds a vague resemblance with all Italian towns, and a flavor of a comparatively modern and general civilization, with nearly the same customs and forms of commerce and life; but it is when he penetrates into the heart of the country that he becomes haunted by the memories of old traditions—the legends of the Evil Eye, of the devil and supernatural phantoms which seem to have left their impression on the rugged, distorted trees, the misshapen rocks, the tortuous, rushing streams, and the somber mountain defiles.

The western coast, jagged, serrated and wild, is the most picturesque, and at the same time far the healthiest. Every village and hamlet has a history or a link with a dead past; Bardolice, with its statue of Sampiero; Calvi, the ancient Genoese city; Cargese, once a Greek colony and retaining the bastard dialect and religious rites of Greece; Aleria, destroyed by Scipio, rebuilt by Scylla and recalling its Phœcean origin.

Every civilization has marked with its passage this curious little island; its soil has been trodden successively by the Vandals, the Byzantines, the Lombards, the Saracens and the Genoese, and not the least singular characteristic of the small nation is that it has gradually assimilated its conquerors without losing the distinctive traits of its race; not satisfied with having given birth to Napoleon, it claims as its child Christopher Columbus.—Cor. New York Sun.

Pay of Laundresses.

Laundresses work from 7.30 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, with less than an hour's rest at noon. Few work more than five days in a week, and the average only four. There is no denying the hardship of a laundress' life, who lives in an atmosphere of perpetual steam, often standing between a redhot stove and an open door or window, and compelled to be on her feet the entire ten hours of service. In consequence nearly all suffer from swollen feet. Brain fevers are common, and the number who go to the insane asylum is by no means small.

Shirts pay the best of any laundry work, varying from five to seven cents each. A good hand can iron 35 in a day, although 20 is considered a fair average. In a steam laundry a woman's chances are better at a piece work, but in the so-called home laundries, where family washing is done by hand, the wages rarely exceed five dollars a week.—New York World.

Capitalistic Waste.

The steady and rapid contraction of our forest area illustrates the stupid waste of natural resources which is a characteristic of capitalism. At the present rate of cutting, the great white pine reserve of the Northwest, covering the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, will be exhausted in fifteen years and actually into a desert. The North will then be entirely dependent upon the South for its supply of pine, and this, in turn, may not last more than a generation. With such a prospect and in view of the enormous advance in the price of woodland and forest products which must consequently occur within a short time, large syndicates, domestic and foreign, are already forming for the purchase of our Southern forests. Nowhere is the least care been taken to enable nature herself to repair the ravages of the lumberman. Not only is the land denuded, but the undergrowth which would otherwise mature into trees, is smothered by the rubbish which is wantonly left to rot on the ground or to aid forest fires in their destructive work. Since 1860 the value of white pine lands in the Northwest has advanced from \$2 to prices ranging from \$35 to \$75 per acre. In the South the number of sawmills is increasing at the rate of 700 a year. It is estimated that in the time it will take the growing generation of proletaires to reach its resting place in the potter's field, our plutocrats will have added to their own wealth, through the appropriation and destruction of forests which of right belong to the people in common, the sum of ten thousand millions of dollars, equal to twice the actual value of our railway system.—The People.

CRADLE OF MORMONISM

The Original "Zion" where the Foundation of the Saints Was Laid.

The old Mormon temple, which has looked down from its commanding height for nearly sixty years upon Kirtland, one of the quaintest and most historical villages in Northern Ohio, will not be carted away to form one of the attractions at the World's Fair, as has been proposed, if the people of the Buckeye town are not altogether powerless in the matter. It is a landmark they will not willingly part with, although but a few of them have anything in common with the strange people who built it.

The temple is a great point of attraction. It stands on a high hill a little to the west of the river, and is built of stone. It is about eighty feet long and sixty broad. The walls are fifty feet high and are of a yellowish tinge. On the front of the building one sees this inscription: "House of the Lord, Built by the Church of Christ in 1834." The interior of the temple is unlike that of any other place of worship in the country, and probably its like has no existence outside of Mormon cities. Leading from the vestibule are two doors that open into separate aisles, one for the men and the other for the women.

Two Latin inscriptions are still plainly visible, but these attract less attention than the odd arrangement of pews. At either end of the assembly room is a pulpit, built up in four tiers, where the twelve priests sat. On the front of the pulpit are letters denoting the titles of the high priests. The second story is practically a repetition of the first, and above this is the old Mormon school room. Here are to be seen the very blackboards upon which Prophet Smith is said to have traced letters for the children of new converts. It is proper to state, however, that no writing of the prophet's is now visible.

The Temple tower rises far above the massive walls, and is visible for miles around in all directions. From the shapely dome a magnificent view of a grand country is obtained. Farm houses to the west, south and east appear in numbers, while to the north Lake Erie stretches in vast expanse to the horizon. It is yet early spring in this section of the country, but already the white sails, some scarcely visible from the dome of the temple, show that lake commerce has begun. The Latter Day Saints are confident that Kirtland will again become the Zion it was a half century ago. The ground upon which the temple stands is to them as holy as earth ever gets to be, even in the eyes of people of stranger belief. It is still in the hands of the Mormon church, or rather in the hands of a descendant of Joseph Smith. It is emphatically a product of the "first Zion," for the very stones in the walls, the timbers and the shingles, were obtained in Kirtland. Mormon converts quarried the rock from the ledge along the river, and Mormon hands hewed the timber and mixed the mortar that went into the building.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

This charming product of the western world has come into great prominence of late years in literature and in foreign life, and has attained a notoriety flattering or otherwise to the national pride. No institution has been better known or more marked on the Continent or in England, not excepting the tramway and the Pullman cars. Her enterprise, her daring, her freedom from conventionality, have been the theme of the novelists and the honor of the dowagers having marriageable daughters. Considered as "stock," the American girl has been quoted high, and the alliances that she has formed with families impeccable but noble have given her eclat as belonging to a new and conquering race in the world.

But the American girl has not simply a slender figure and a fine eye and a ready tongue; she is not simply an engaging and companionable person, she has excellent common sense, tact and adaptability. She has at length seen in her varied European experience that it is more profitable to have social good from according to local standards than a reputation for dash and brilliancy. Consequently the American girl of a decade ago has effaced herself.

She is no longer the dazzling, courageous figure. In England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, she takes, as one may say, the color of the land. She has retired behind her mother. She who formerly marched in the van of the family procession, leading them—including the panting mother—a whimsical

dance, is now the timid and retiring girl, needing the protection of a chaperon on every occasion.

The satirist will find no more abroad the American Girl of the old type whom he continues to describe. The knowing and fascinating creature has changed her tactics altogether. And the change has reacted on American society. The mother has come once more to the front, and even if she is obliged to own to forty-five years to the census taker, she has again the position and the privileges of the blooming chaperonne to fill.

The London Omnibus Strike.

The London omnibus strike on Sunday was attended by some excitement. Burns, the Socialist, occupied a bus driven by a novice without a badge as required by law. Two constables removed Burns from the bus and took him to Bow street, where the crowd cheered him. Upon being released he hastened to address a meeting at Westminster. Piratical bus drivers collected a sixpence for any distance and the Underground Railway carried enormous numbers of people. Public sympathy is with the strikers on the question of the hour.

The London Road and Car Company decided on Monday to submit the following terms to employees: Drivers, 6s a day, and after a year's service 6s 6d. Conductors, 4s 6d, after a year 5s and 12 hours a day, to begin on July 13. Should the terms not be accepted, there will be a lockout, the company refusing to dismiss faithful employees.

Enterprise.

The census returns will by no means show the extent of wealth concentration that has taken place during the past ten years. The "number of establishments" will include a quantity of new firms and corporations which all belong under various names to the same parties. Jones, Smith and Brown are capitalists. They form three companies for various purposes, which respectively bear the names of Jones, Smith Brown; then they form three other companies, known respectively as the Jones and Smith, the Smith and Brown, the Brown and Jones; again, three more with the names inverted; then many more under general names, in which Jones, Smith and Brown are alternately presidents and secretaries. There is no end of possible distinct establishments with those three men and names at their foundation. The advantage of thus infinitely dividing an otherwise undivided interest is that one firm or corporation may, under the limited liability provisions of our laws, fail without involving the whole property of its actual owners and managers—or mismanagers. "Enterprise" is thus promoted, and "conservative" capitalists are enabled to be, under certain circumstances, a little more adventurous, not to say reckless, than they would otherwise feel inclined to be. It is a robber arrangement that fits well in a robber system.—The People.

Hints for the Married.

The husband and wife should study each other's weak points, for the same reason that skaters look out for air holes in the ice, in order to keep clear of them. Unfortunately, however, they often use their knowledge of such tender spots for a different purpose, sparing no pains to give them a rub on every possible occasion.

Hence domestic difficulties innumerable. Women have immense power over men, and they know it; but, alas! they do not always exercise their influence wisely. The wife and mother should be the primary orb of the domestic system, the centre of attraction to all the members of the family group; for when wives are "repellent bodies," away go husbands and fathers and sons, flying off to seek elsewhere the peace and pleasure denied them at home.

Men should remember that many of our highest privileges are founded on compromise and concessions. It is so in the world political, and the policy that makes a nation prosperous and happy is not bad as a home policy. Therefore, O Benedict, if thou wouldst acquire the right to ask a friend to dinner without notice, neglect not to respond favorably when the partner of thy joys and sorrows hints at a new bonnet or a new dress.

It is a faithful saying that the "wife's want is the husband's opportunity," and the converse of the proverb is equally true. It is one of the misfortunes of unregulated families that both wife and husband insist upon having the last word. Nothing can be more fatal.—New York Weekly.