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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, Chaboulliez square. Next meeting Sunday, May 17, at 2.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

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PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

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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.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

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THE EIGHT HOUR STRIFE.

(From a Sermon by the Rev. Thos. Dixon.)

Organized labor is now in the throes of the world-wide struggle for an eight hour standard of a legal day's work. It is a movement of vast moral import. It is one of the world movements of the century. It embodies one of the grand ideas that give character to the nineteenth century in the catalogue of centuries—the upward movement of the whole mass of society. The heaven placed at the bottom of this social mass by Jesus Christ is now leavening the whole lump.

Strikes would become more and more things of the past. If the laboring man of to-day is ignorant and absurd in his demands, whose fault is it? Blinded by ignorance, stupefied by over-work, bound by the chains of hunger and fear of starvation, he strikes friend as well as foe.

It would improve the condition of woman. It would give her a better chance in life. Above all, it would lessen the burden of her life and make home a reality. Home is now a memory or a dream of the workingman or woman. It would give some hours of life to the divine work of building homes. To build a home is to build the Church, to build the State, the nation, the universal brotherhood.

It would improve the skill, efficiency and value of labor. The testimony of several large English firms is emphatic on this point. They have made the test. They have proven its success beyond serious question. They declare what they have lost in higher wages they more than regain in the new zeal and energy put into the work by the men. Interruptions were fewer; the men had better spirit, stronger hearts and arms.

It would improve the politics of the world. The policies of State of the coming century are certainly to be shaped in a large measure by the aspirations and demands of the under toiling world. Manhood suffrage is the event towards which the old world is being driven with resistless power to-day. The laborer should have time to read and study and improve himself as to his duties and obligations. He should be given opportunity for reflection. In those hours he would learn his own wants, his own rights, his obligations to others. He would learn to choose wise leaders, not ranting fools. He would choose conservative strong men to meet organized capital.

A fragment of the earth's people are divided into classes, with petty jealousies and traditions and peculiarities. These things are barriers between them and the heart of humanity. Workingmen do not form a class. They are the people. They are mankind. They are the only so-called class that are not a class. The historians have at last begun to write history. They have at last learned that the history of a state, a nation or an age is the story of the life of the common people. To reach them is to reach the world. To save them is to save the world. To fail to reach them is to lose the world. Yes, in this great dark, vulgar mass lies the destiny of the race.

To-day the eyes of all the thoughtful and prayerful are upon the laboring masses. The German Emperor calls the world together at Berlin to confer upon the subject. Even the Conservative Government in power in England has appointed a Royal Labor Commission composed of many eminent men. In America the social question in one form or another is tearing to pieces the traditional organizations of parties. The press throbs with the new thought. It is nothing short of a world-wide revival of vital Christianity in fields of thought hitherto deemed secular and given over to the devil. This whole grand movement finds its motive in the Christianity of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Carpenter, the Son of Man, the Son of God.

The time has come for the laboring man to hold up his head in the world! We should help him. We will thus reach his heart and life. The world is beginning to see through the shams and hypocracies of conventional society. So-called society was shocked the other day in Washington by a young lady with a million sloping with a young blacksmith and escaping a gang of dudes. The man who could fit shoes to the heels of a refractory mule appealed to her affections more than the smirk and simper and grin of an idiot. We do not blame her either.

The conflicts between organized labor and organized capital are becoming more and

more bitter and brutal; bitter on the part of the laborer, brutal on the part of the corporations. The New York Central railroad, with its prestige, its superb organization, its millions and its influence with other corporations, succeeded in crushing the Knights of Labor in a deliberately planned and brutally led insult. When the job was complete Mr. Webb, with perfectly fensidish delight, proceeded to dance a jig on their quivering hide. The whole performance from beginning to the end, while it was legitimate war, was inhuman and brutal and only made the gulf that separates organized capital from the toiling millions wider, deeper and more utterly impassible. In the recent conflict at Morewood between the miners and the capitalists dozens of men were shot down in cold blood. The accounts we read were evidently sent out from sources friendly to the owners of the mines responsible for the butchery. We are told these men were rioting. If so they were guilty of a serious crime, for which they should have been punished by process of law. Instead of this they were shot down with Winchesters in the hands of hired assassins who were experts at the business and liked the pastime. They tell us that these men were destroying property and doing much damage, and yet when the smoke of the battle cleared away we find that the only serious damage done is in the broken heads, broken legs and riddled bodies of the men shot to pieces by those so-called guards. It was a sad day for the owners of mines in America when the command was given to fire at Morewood. It will be a long time before the echo of these guns will die away.

FEEDING A CROCODILE.

Among the most risky speculations of the commercial naturalist are the alligator and the crocodile. They will sulk and go into a decline on the least provocation or without any provocation at all, and being expensive to begin with, often prove awkward losses. They almost invariably sulk at first, we are told, and refusing to take food, would be likely to get into a bad way unless cured; and the curing of a crocodile's sulks is a surprising thing to see. We find, on reaching the ground floor, poor crocodiles laid by the heels and perfectly helpless, lashed immovably to iron rings and posts. His head is ignominiously sat upon by a sturdy man in shirt-sleeves, who presently pokes the end of a crowbar among the big teeth, and forcibly pries the mouth open into that position of comprehensive smile so familiar to the readers of children's natural history books. Then another man kneels before the unfortunate reptile and feeds him. That is to say, he takes a lump of meat weighing five or ten pounds or so, and dexterously pitches it into the esophagus, afterward firmly and decisively ramming it home with a long pole. This is the dinner of all naughty, sulky crocodiles, and, after having it served in this fashion regularly four or five times, the victim gives up sulking as a bad job. He will have to swallow it, one way or another, he argues within himself, and in that case he may as well take it, without being tied up, and sat upon, and insulted generally; beside which, he may as well enjoy the flavor as swallow all those catables without tasting them. Whereupon he reforms and becomes a respectable crocodile, taking (regular meals, and is in time) promoted to the Zoological Gardens, or a respectable menagerie.

The South Wales miners' conference, by a vote of 87 to 27, has resolved to continue the agitation for eight hours.

There was a terrible riot between Italian and American laborers in the employ of Alexander M. Graham, a Belmont county, Ohio, contractor, at Pike Creek on Monday. One man was killed, two others were fatally wounded and six to ten were more or less hurt. The trouble was begun by an Italian striking an American foreman on the head with an iron bar.

A terrible fight took place at Denver on Monday between a party of striking brick-makers and a gang of negroes engaged by F. N. Davis, proprietor of the brickyard to take their places. Davis, his son and seven negroes, all heavily armed, were going to work when they were intercepted by strikers and ordered back. Davis warned the strikers to get out of the way. The latter refused and Davis and his men opened fire. Two strikers were mortally wounded and sixteen others were more or less hurt. The Davis party were all arrested. Davis says the strikers had guns, but they all deny it.

CALIFORNIA IN '49.

Some of the Features of Living There During the Gold Excitement.

Life in California was at that time a wild romance. No words of mine can describe the scenes that were enacted during the chaotic period. Thousands of men, organized in bands or wholly disorganized, were constantly arriving from every part of the world and leaving for the diggings. Outlaws and professional gamblers opened saloons by the score at every point where men congregated. Money was scattered everywhere as if by the wind. Miners who had realized fortunes in a few days came down to Stockton, Sacramento and San Francisco to squander them in a night at the gambling-tables. Scarcely a woman was anywhere to be seen. All restraining influences of society were absent, and I cannot find an expression better suited to the case than "Pandemonium on a frolic."

As there were no wives, there could be no homes or families. A few stores had been hastily put up along the shore, made of rough boards or canvas, and all of them were doing an enormous business. The rest of the village consisted of shanties or tents used for restaurants and saloons. Human life was a moving panorama. The whole place was alive with a mass of unkempt men clad in flannel shirts and heavy boots, who were inspired with the one desire to hurry on to the mines.

This rough life was not without its touches of sentiment. One day the town was electrified by the rumor that an invoice of women's bonnets had arrived and could be seen at one of the stores. The excitement was intense, and there was a rush from every direction to get a realistic view of even so insignificant a substitute for female society, I do not overstate the truth in saying that the thoughts of home that were awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men at the sight of those bonnets started tears from eyes which the worst form of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Cristian missionary was already on the ground, and good Parson Williams had managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return to their own loved ones at home." Never shall I forget the sobs and tears which those words evoked throughout that rough assembly. That infant's cry seemed to them the music of angels.

With those who made San Francisco their temporary abode gambling appeared to be the chief occupation and Spanish monte the favorite game. One house fronting on the plaza, a two-story frame building called the Parker House, rented for \$120,000 per annum the rental being paid mostly by gamblers. A single store of small dimensions and made of rough boards rented for \$2,000 a month. A canvas tent used as a gambling-saloon rented for \$40,000 per annum. Money was loaned on good security at 15 per cent, a month, and out of the loan the borrowers made fortunes in real estate operations.—Century.

JUST A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE.

The Possession of It Does Not Pay Very Well in the Long Run.

"It doesn't pay to know just a little about things," said one of those men who are always after "general information." "Judging from experience I thoroughly agree with the gentleman who said, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' For example, I have never been able to eat an egg with thorough relish—though exceedingly fond of them for their flavor—since I learned that the little spot on one side of the yolk, toward the butt end, is the germ of a chicken. You may cook an egg in what fashion you please, but whether it is boiled, poached or fried, you will find that germ always conspicuous, when once you know it is there, and you cannot eat the egg until you have carefully removed it. It would add considerably to my happiness if I could believe

today what I was taught in the nursery, that the white of an egg makes the bones of the subsequent fowl and the yolk the flesh, instead of knowing, as I do, that both are merely the food by the consumption of which the germ is developed.

"But that is only a very minor instance. My slight knowledge of pathological anatomy, amounting to the merest smattering, is a source of continual distress to me. Though an abstemious man, on the whole, I cannot indulge in a glass of any alcoholic beverage without realizing that I am subjecting my system to the action of a 'heart stimulant' which accelerates the pulsations of that organ injuriously. The slightest sensation of any sort about my chest causes me to imagine, despite myself, that the tubercular bacilli are beginning to get in their deadly work upon my pulmonary system.

"Presumably it is only a trifling intercostal rheumatism, but I am none the less uneasy. A similar feeling in the small of my back makes me think of Bright's disease. Supposing that I swallow an orange seed by accident, it occurs to me at once that there is a chance for its getting into a certain useless sac attached to the stomach, where, if it does, it will occasion inflammation that is necessarily fatal before long. I know that my intestines are a prey to certain vermicular parasites, as are those of ever one else; but they do not occasion me so much annoyance as the possibility, always existing, that painful concretions of lime may be forming in my bladder or my liver.

"A superficial knowledge of physiology takes much of the poetry out of existence and removes a large part of the gilding from the sublimity gingerbread, as one might say. Having acquired it, a man realizes rather painfully that he is largely an elevated animal after all, though hitherto he has imagined himself chiefly mind.

"Supposing that one's partner in the german is a thin girl, he cannot help figuring her out as an articulated skeleton and setting an estimated price upon her as a 'preparation' in that guise. This does not apply, however, when she is an acknowledged heiress.

"Imagination is always opposed to facts, and by as much as the latter are calculated to dispel agreeable illusions; they are destructive of happiness. Therefore I am inclined to think that however desirable knowledge may be respecting things with which one has no personal and intimate concern, it is most comfortable to know a very little about one's self and one's environment. 'Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.'—Washington Star.

Contract and Pauper Labor.

Nearly all of recent serious disturbances in the coal and coke regions in Pennsylvania have been brought about by the importation of pauper labor under contract by grasping corporations. Indiscriminate immigration will soon be stopped, but pauper labor under contract should be immediately put an end to by sending the contractors to jail.

The first step for labor in America is to purge American politics and render it possible for National questions to be discussed on their merits, irrespective of the benefits that may accrue or harm that may be done to tyrannical corporations that slowly but surely are taking America to its ruin. Not much can be hoped for by American labor till it absolutely prohibits, not so much for its own protection, but even in the interests of the foreign nationalities concerned, the immigration of contract and pauper labor. Till every nation is compelled by others to remove the causes that make enforced emigration a National necessity American labor will be worsted in its conflicts with capital.

Deprived of its safety-valve, emigration, the European boiler of depotism, class government and military domination would have burst long ago. Compelled to face the question of finding employment for those populations that have been swallowed by the newer countries. European people would ere this, by International Congresses similar to that held recently in Berlin, decided upon political and social reforms that would have tended to remove those causes that render emigration necessary. The present system means not only a danger to America, but the indefinite delay of dealing with European questions that America has no right to be held responsible for in any respect.—New Era.

The silk weavers of Levi Bros., Paterson, N. J., are on strike for an advance of wages.