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SHARP "SHADOWS."

Keen-Eyed Detectives and Their Peculiar Methods.

"Shadows, like poets, are born, not made." Detective Newcome of New York says that this opinion is the result of his twenty years' experience in keeping a weather eye on crooks of every description and both sexes.

"Among all the men I have ever had under me or been associated with I have never known but one perfect 'shadow,'" he said.

"While not a man of anything more than ordinary intelligence, he possessed in a superlative degree the peculiar faculties which make him uniformly successful.

"The prime requisite for this kind of work," he said, "were an unobtrusive manner, a pair of sharp eyes and unlimited patience.

"The 'shadow' I refer to was a medium-sized, pale-faced, stolid-looking individual who, to all appearances, did not have the slightest interest in anything that was going on about him.

"His eyes were kind of a faded light blue and were absolutely expressionless.

"Crooks were naturally suspicious of being followed and were always on the look out for 'shadows.' When they have the slightest grounds to believe that they are under surveillance they call all their shrewdness into service and play all sorts of tricks to outwit their unknown follower.

"If a criminal happens to notice that he has seen the same man three or four times within a short period, he at once puts him down as a 'shadow,' and takes a careful note of the stranger's appearance, both for his own future protection and that of the members of his gang, who are furnished with a complete description at the earliest opportunity.

"I put this 'Old Man of the Sea,' as we used to call him, on the trial of one of the cleverest forgers then out of jail, first warning him that he had better be on his mettle as he would find it the hardest task of his life to keep the 'Penman' in sight. I had the tip that the crook was laying his plans for a big coup on one of the down town banks, which one I did not know, and it was necessary that he be constantly 'piped' in order that I might be on hand at the proper moment.

"A shadow of a smile came over the stolid face of the sleuth hound, at my warning, and as I had told him where the game had made its nest he slouched out of the office and I did not see him again for a week.

"Our next meeting was in front of the paying teller's window in a New street bank to which I had been summoned by a special messenger, and by the 'shadow's' side with the forged check in his hand stood the 'Penman.'

"On the way up to the Tombs with the prisoner I asked the 'shadow' what kind of a time he had had.

"'Leery cove, that,' said he laconically, jerking his toward the manacled man at his side. 'Didn't get a wink of sleep for three nights, but he never got far enough away to cough without my hearing him—did you, old covey?'

"The prisoner acknowledged that he had not even suspected the 'shadow's' existence, though he had never before failed to pick them out and give them the slip."

"Do 'shadows' wear disguises?" the reporter asked.

"Only in the story papers," answered Mr. Newcome.

"In the old days," he said, "French detectives had used them occasionally, but to nothing like the extent that was generally supposed.

"They are wonderfully clever, though," he went on, "and their system is as nearly perfect as possible.

"In the first place," he said, "their secret service department was so thoroughly organized that every new comer to the country was at once suspected of being exactly the opposite of what he pretended to be until they were able to prove the contrary."

Mr. Newcome then related an incident of which he was the victim, that served to convince him that the French are 'shadows' par excellence.

"After a good time in Paris, a few years ago, I started out on a tour of Normandy on a bicycle."

Mr. Newcome has a habit, he says, of making sketches of anything that happens to attract his notice, and as the country through which he was travelling was delightfully picturesque, he soon had his sketch-book full.

"I was so absorbed in the varied beauties of my surroundings, that I paid but slight attention to another wheelman, who kept bobbing up every day, sometimes in front of and sometimes behind me."

Mr. Newcome's conscience was easy and he never gave a thought, he says, to his fellow wheelman, except to admire him for his easy seat and perfect control of his machine.

"The night I got back to Paris, however, I found out that my companion had not been traveling altogether for his health."

Mr. Newcome had stepped into a cigar store on the Boulevard des Italiens and was just lighting a cigar when a detective touched him on the shoulder and politely but firmly insisted on escorting him to the office of the prefect of police. Once there he learned that he was suspected of being a German spy, engaged in making sketches for the use of the German government.

"I was held until a messenger appeared in response to my letter to the American minister, who succeeded at last in convincing them that I was not a spy, but something of a detective myself."

"Apologies of the most abject kind followed, and during the remainder of my stay the prefect overwhelmed me with attentions, insisting on paying even hotel and cab bills and furnishing me with tickets to all the operas and theatres.

"A detective was detailed to keep me in sight night and day, much to my inconvenience, and only once was he of the slightest service.

"One evening I was approached by a dapper young fellow in the Grand cafe who kindly offered to show me the sights for a small consideration, beside having all his expenses paid. I winked at the detective, who looked as if he was threatened with apoplexy at seeing me conversing so familiarly with a man he knew to be a notorious blackleg, and, getting a young American friend of mine to join me, we started out.

"It was an old story, as I suspected, a 'leete game of pokaire, ten franc limit and all that, but I let him go just to see what he would do. I did not half like the looks of the four Frenchmen he introduced us to when we reached the club, but I sat in and was soon a little over two hundred francs winner."

One of the strangers kept fumbling the cards and by sharp watching the American detective caught him at last passing a card under the table.

"I picked up my money—we didn't use checks—and remarked that I guessed I'd had enough, but the two biggest of the Frenchmen barred the door and shouted that I'd either have to play or give back the money I had won."

They had hardly got the words out, when the door was burst in and his detective friend at the head of a squad of gendarmes piled in the room and arrested the whole crowd.

A Sensible Article

Manufacturers and employes of labor in all branches of trade, can have but one objection to the reduction of the hours of labor, and that is, whether or not they can pay present wages if the hours of labor are reduced to eight. Let us investigate a little and see. An employer of quite a number of men said to us a few days ago, that if it did not decrease his profits he would have no objections if his employes only worked five hours a day. It was a monetary consideration with him, and he wasted no sentiment upon it. It would be a good plan to meet him in the same manner and explain the scope of the reform, its aims and the benefits it would confer on the whole people. Give him an idea of the great number of idle workmen and women. They must live, and if they have not got the opportunity to labor, they must live upon those who have. Although wages are generally low and not what they ought to be, the existence of an unemployed class not only reduces the actual amount of wages received by workmen, but stands as a preventive to an increase of wages. The employer must also consider that the dimensions of his own business depend upon the consumption of the community of the commodities he manufactures. It is, therefore, to his interest to enlarge the amount of consumption by increasing the number of consumers and also increase their power to consume. Therefore the eight-hour work-day would increase the number of active consumers one-fifth, increase wages by the actual amount now taken from active producers to help the unemployed, and in a hundred ways would the employer be benefitted.

ART OF PRIMITIVE MEN.

Two Totally Distinct Types Are Found Among Uncultured Races.

Whoever has examined the handicraft of savage peoples knows well that from a very early age two totally distinct types of art arise spontaneously among uncultured races. One is imitative, the other decorative. Paleolithic men—for example, the cave dwellers of prehistoric Europe before the glacial epoch—had an art of their own of a purely imitative and pictorial character. They represented on fragments of bone and mammoth ivory realistic scenes of their own hunting existence.

Here, a naked and hairy brave, flint spear in hand, stalks wild horses undismayed in the grassy plain; there, a couple of reindeer engaged in a desperate fight with their antlers hard locked in deadly embrace; yonder, again, a mammoth charges unwieldily with wide open mouth, or a snake glides unseen beneath the shoeless feet of an unsuspecting savage. All their rude works of art reproduce living objects, and tell, in their naive way, a distinct story. They are pictorial records of things done things seen, things suffered.

Paleolithic men were essentially draughtsmen, not decorators. But their neolithic successors, of a totally different race—the herdsmen who supplanted them in post glacial Europe—had an art of an entirely different type, purely and solely decorative. Instead of making pictures they drew concentric circles and ornamental curves on their boats and dwellings; they adorned their weapons and their implements with knobs and nicks, with crosses and bosses; they wrought beautiful patterns in metal work as soon as ever they advanced to the bronze using stage, and they designed brooches and bracelets of exquisite elegance, but they seldom introduced into their craft any living object; they imitated nothing, and they never in any way told a pictorial story.

Now these two types of art—the essentially imitative or pictorial and the essentially decorative or esthetic—persist throughout in various human races, and often remain as entirely distinct as in the typical instances here quoted. The great aim of the one is to narrate a fact; the great aim of the other is to produce a beautiful object. The first is to speak historical, the second ornamental.

In developed forms you get the extreme case of the one in the galleries at Versailles; you get the extreme case of the other in the Alhambra at Granada. The modern Esquiman and the modern Bushman resemble the ancient cave dwellers in their love of purely pictorial or story telling art; a man in a kayak harpooning a whale; a man with an assegai spearing a springbok; these are the subjects that engage—I will not say their pencils—but their sharp flint knives or their lumps of red ochre.

On the other hand, most central African races have no imitative skill. They draw figures and animals ill or not at all, but they produce decorative pottery and other ornamental objects which would excite attention at Versailles, and be well placed at the arts and crafts in the new gallery. Everywhere racial taste and racial faculty tend most in the one or the other direction. A tribe, a horde, a nation, is pictorial, or else it is decorative. Rarely or never is it both alike in an equal degree of native excellence.—Fortnightly Review.

Why Not Organize?

Every man who works for wages must understand that isolated he is but a small factor in any contest that may arise between his employer and himself, but when surrounded by hundreds who are pledged and willing to help him, he immediately feels that he is armed for any conflict that may arise.

There is no organization that pays as good dividends on money invested as labor organizations. They cost but a pittance, and in return shorten the hours of toil, hold and advance the wages of the worker, and beside all this give him a sense of security, independence and manhood in the presence of the boss that is entirely absent when he stands alone.

All this and more the trades-union does; it educates, develops, and broadens man. In the assembly room he meets in friendly debate his fellow-workers, hears the questions of the day discussed, and thereby acquires knowledge that is useful in after life to him. His association in the union rubs off rough corners, banishes prejudices, broadens his judgment, and its rigid teachings make him a better citizen in every respect.

With these advantages before men, why do they hesitate to ally themselves with organized labor? We can not tell, but we can honestly say to all men, join your fellow-workmen in some organization, and, having joined, stick! You can come in now, but the day may come when you can't get in.

The trend of organized labor is upward and onward; its ranks are solidifying every day; and, as they draw closer, shoulder to shoulder, in time the ranks might not open readily to every laggard who wishes to join when victory is near.

Come now; go with organized labor and they will do you good, and when they attain the fruition of their hopes you will be in place to enjoy the victory.—The Carpenter.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

How a Silver Spoon May Become Very Serviceable.

Do you require, say for the examination of a case of sore throat, a means of brilliantly illuminating the interior of the mouth? If so, here is a method of procuring on the instant a very brilliant light, just suited for that purpose.

Hold a tablespoon behind a candle, the concave side toward the flame, and you will find that you have an excellent reflector, enabling you not only to concentrate the luminous rays, but to direct these with ease and precision to the part of the throat you desire to examine.

A silver spoon will also enable you to study the very curious properties of curved mirrors. Hold the hollow side before your face, and in the concave mirror thus extemporized you will see your features upside down. Turn the spoon round, and its opposite, constituting a convex mirror, will show your face, this time right side uppermost, but lengthened to abnormal proportions; narrow at top, but broad at bottom, and decidedly more of a caricature than a portrait. By turning the spoon horizontally, still with the convex side toward you, your features will be reproduced in a squat and swollen form, giving you a notion how you might look if you were hanged. The surface of a well polished silver dish cover is a still better medium wherein to study these distorted reflections, many of which are irresistibly funny.

Quicker Than Lightning.

"Quicker than lightning" is a phrase colloquially used to express the maximum of rapidity. But, according to a contemporary, electricity itself is outstripped by that old fashioned machine, the human body, by which it appears power can, so to speak, be generated in the brain, transmitted through the nerves and developed in the muscles in an infinitesimal fraction of a second. It is stated that a pianist, in playing a presto of Mendelssohn, played 5,595 notes in four minutes and three seconds. The striking of each of these, it has been estimated, involved two movements of the finger, and possibly more. Again, the movements of the wrists, elbows and arms can scarcely be less than one movement for each note. As twenty-four notes were played each second, and each involves three movements, we would have seventy-two voluntary movements per second. Again, the place, the force, the time, and the duration of each of these movements was controlled.

All these motor reactions were conditioned upon a knowledge of the position of each finger of each hand before it was moved while moving it, as well as of the auditory effects to force and pitch, all of which involves at least equally rapid sensory transmissions. If we add to this the work of the memory in placing the notes in their proper position, as well as the fact that the performer at the same time participates in the emotions the selection describes, and feels the strength and weakness of the performance, we arrive at a truly bewildering network of impulses, coursing along at inconceivably rapid rates. Such estimates show, too, that we are capable of doing many things at once.

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY THIS WEEK.

"The human eye often bespeaks the character of the man." So, too, does the window display represent the character of the house. Our windows will bear the closest inspection any time. Notice the quality of the price checked goods. We would also call your attention to the beautiful range of men's fancy silk striped and flannel boating shirts; also the fine assortment of ladies' boating blouses. Our stock in these lines is one of the best in the city, and our prices will be found correct. John Allan, 659 to 665 Craig street, near Bleury street.