

THE ECHO.

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No. 5



PETER, THEY'LL HARDLY KNOW YOU.

A NEW SONG BY OUR DEVIL.

When next he goes to Northumberland
He'll tell the voters that
He was treated very shabbily
By printers, who'd not "rat."

But when he rives in Northumberland
The voters will tell him pat
They want no politician
Who steals a printer's "phat!"

Yes, when he goes to Northumberland
He'll find we've been about,
Scattered wide around our ECHOS,
And sent a man to spout.

And as he travels home again
A sadder man will be;
He'll wish he ne'er had tampered with
The printer's hard-earned fee!

VARIETIES.

A good bay to bathe in—Bay rum.
The virgin forest has never been axed.
Society is like a pie—the upper crust, the lower
crust and the best part.
Grit is a good thing in its place, but its place is
not in a strawberry shortcake.

It makes a great deal of difference when an editor
goes to press, whether his sweetheart or his paper is
meant.

The Montreal Herald should change its title to
"What Others Say." It would be more appropriate
to the contents of the paper.

Miss Charity—Is your husband addicted to the
use of alcoholic stimulants? Recipient of alms—
No, indade, mum, not he; his only failin' is drinkin'.
"Why did you pass yesterday without looking at
me?" said a beautiful woman to Talleyrand. "Be-
cause, madam, if I had looked I could not have
passed."

"Robert, dear, what is a jag?" "A jag? I don't
know, Maria." "Mrs. Jones says that her husband
told her that he saw you down town with your jag
on." "Oh, yes, I see. He meant my box overcoat.
It is sometimes called a jag."

Quite a little crowd collects on Beaver Hall Hill
daily to see the rodents of the Herald marched un-
der police escort to their feeding ground, the whip-
per-in being the general utility boy on the reporting
staff. How much does it cost, St. John, for ap-
petizers and cigars before and after each meal?

Editor of fresh air fund (to head book-keeper)—
How much did that summer sanitarium racket net us
last year? Head book-keeper (to editor of fresh air
fund)—Oh, about \$—. Editor of fresh air fund (to
head book-keeper)—Very good. We must do some-
thing for the little children this year. It seems to
pay.

An editor works 365½ days per year to get out
fifty issues of a paper; that's labor. Once in awhile
somebody pays him a year's subscription; that's
capital. And once in awhile some son of a gun of a
deadbeat takes the paper for a year or two and
vanishes without paying for it; that's anarchy. But
later on justice will overtake the last-named creature,
for there is a place where he will get his deserts;
that's hell.

SHE HAD HIM CORNERED.—"Did I ever say
all that?" he asked despondently, as she replaced
the phonograph on the corner of the mantelpiece.

"You did."
"And you can grind it out of that machine when-
ever you choose!"

"Certainly."
"And your father is a lawyer?"

"Yes."
"Mabel, when can I place the ring on your finger
and call you my wife?"

"C" LEADER.



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CHABOILLEZ SQ., - MONTREAL.

SHE SHOWED HIM STARS!

For every shooting star he claimed a kiss,
She, seeming coy, at first demurred to this;
But he, persisting, would not be denied,
When he, at length, a flying meteor spied.
And so, as evening grew apace, their eyes
Of scann'd the glittering aspect of the skies;
And when a darting star caught either's sight
A sound of kissing broke upon the night.
And so it came to pass, anon, that she
Look'd for a shooting star as much as he.
Nay, if by chance a star escape his view
She call'd his wand'ring fancy to it, too.
When intervals seem'd long between each hug,
She call'd him on a passing lightning-bug;
And ever taxing her ingenious mind,
Her ready wit enabled her to find
More shooting stars in three short fleeting hours
Than would compose whole meteoric showers.
But when she did her last pretext exhaust,
And was about to yield her cause as lost,
She saw a switchman's lantern circling swing
And got the youth down to a steady thing.

BE PROMPT IN APPOINTMENTS.

The Manufacturer's Gazette thinks there is nothing more damaging to a business than to be found wanting in the matter of promptness in filling orders. A great many firms will promise to have an order at a certain time, when they are confident in their own minds that it will be almost an utter impossibility to do so. This is done to secure the orders, but cannot fail of a damaging effect in the future. It is just as important that an order be filled at the time agreed as that any other engagement or appointment be kept. The man who arranges for a meeting with another at a certain time is expected to be on time. In these days of enterprise and push, every business man has his time fully taken and promptness in keeping an appointment is an important matter to him. Just so it is in filling orders. Promptness is as much to the credit of a concern as is the quality of the work or the material used.

KEEPING AT IT.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the best work of the world is done by people of great strength and great opportunities. It is unquestionably an advantage to have both these things, but neither of them is a necessity to the man who has the spirit and the pluck to achieve great results. Some of the greatest work of our time has been done by men of physical feebleness. No man has left a more distinct impression of himself on this generation than Charles Darwin, and there have been few men who have had to struggle against such prostrating ill-health. Darwin was rarely able to work long at a time. He accomplished his great work by having a single aim, and putting every ounce of his force and every hour of his time into the task which he had set before him. He never scattered his energy, he never wasted an hour, and by steadily keeping at it, in spite of continual ill-health and of long intervals of semi-invalidism, he did a great work, and has left the impression upon the world of a man of extraordinary energy and working capacity. Success is rarely a matter of accident, always a matter of character. The reason why so many men fail is that so few men are willing to pay the price of self-denial and hard work which success exacts.

WHY DO THEY ADVERTISE?

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay, and he can't afford to advertise, sets up his judgment in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousand dollars of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands of men whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay.

If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants of every town, large and small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it doesn't pay to advertise, why do the heaviest business firms in the world spend millions in that way? Is it because they want to donate those millions of dollars to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar "storekeepers" in a country town, who says money spent in advertising is thrown away, or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self-conceit in assuming that he knows more than the whole business world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.

General Viscount Wolseley has declined to accept the chief command of the British forces in India, which was tendered him as the successor of the Duke of Connaught, and has also resigned his position as Adjutant-General of the Army, to take effect in July.