

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

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WHEN THE THRONE'S SHALL FALL.

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
You have written of the falling
Of the thrones of purple and gold kings,
And have prophesied an early day
For the flow of plenty's springs;
You tell us that our starry flag
To the wide world will be flung
By glad triumphant progress
When royalty's knell is rung.

But think you, lovely sister,
That our chains will break themselves,
That our fetters will be borne away
By stealthy mount in elves?
That our care and toil will vanish
And our deep injustice die,
While the great mass of the toilers
Utter no protesting cry?

Think you that dull indifference,
Or a careless yielding up
Of all the freeman's liberties,
Will fill the poor man's cup?
No! for curses, prayers, predictions
Die and fade like rising mists;
He alone can move us onward
Who for tireless work enlists.

Trust in the old assertion
Whose truths so lucid grow:
"Who'd taste the sweets of liberty
Themselv's must strike the blow!"
For freedom's fruits are harvested
By a marshaling of hosts,
Whose labors must be mighty
As the son of Philip boasts.

Thrones ne'er fall and crowns ne'er crumble
By their own dead weight alone,
Their descent is written only
In creeds torn down and champions
thrown;
But when laborers, with the ballot,
Their powers invincible display,
The time is coming rapidly
When thrones shall pass away.

—EMMA GHEENT CURTIS—
Dr. Joel P. Justin, the inventor, is reported at work on an explosive appliance in which the clockwork idea is to be combined. Presumably it will arouse the tardy servant girl, and "blow her up" at the same time.

LABOR IS NOBLE AND HOLY. WORKINGMEN, WALK WORTHY OF YOUR VOCATION.

There is a dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, scatters the seeds, reaps the harvest and grinds the corn and converts it into bread—the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the thousand millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock and weaves it into raiment soft, warm and beautiful—the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, splits the slate, quarries the stone and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, the tapering spire and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold. Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly wheel of the steam engine to the polished purse ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak and shapes the timber, and builds the ship and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime. Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with the dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while lining together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifies, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." Labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind and compete with lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself. Labor, the mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste. He looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then, waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests, those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage, the furnace blazes, the anvil rings, the busy wheel whirls round, the town appears, the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far off regions make it their resort, science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service, art awakening clothes its strength with beauty, civilization smiles, liberty is glad, humanity rejoices, piety exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Workingmen, walk worthy of your vocation. You have one able scutcheon; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Steep not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their own-r without a corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. Labor achieves grander victories, it weaves more durable trophies, it holds wider sway than the conqueror. His name becomes tainted and his monuments crumble; but labor converts his red battle fields into gardens and erects monuments significant of better things. Labor rides in a chariot driven by the wind. It writes with the lightning; it sits crowned as a king in a thousand cities, and sends up its roar of triumph from a million wheels, it glistens in the fabric of the loom, it rings and sparkles from the steely hammer, it glories in shapes of beauty, it speaks in words of power, it makes the sinewy arm strong with liberty, the poor man's heart rich with content, crowns the swarthy and sweaty brow with dignity and peace. Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one. To love and to labor is the arm of living, and yet how many think they live who neither love nor labor. The man and woman who are above labor and despise the laborer show a want of common sense, and forget that every article that is used is the product of more or less labor, and that the air they breathe and the circulation of the blood in the veins are the result of the labor of the God of nature. The noblest thing in the world is honest labor. It is the very preservative principle of the universe. Wise labor brings order out of chaos, it turns deadly bogs and swamps into grain-bearing fields, it rears cities, it adorns the earth with architectural monuments and beautifies them with divinest works of art, it whitens the seas with the wings of commerce, it brings remote lands into mutual and profitable neighborhood, it binds continents together with the fast-holding bands of railroads and telegraphs, it extinguishes barbarism and plants civilization upon its ruins, it produces mighty works of genius in prose and verse which gladden the hearts of men forever. Work, therefore, with pride and gladness, for thereby you will be united by a common bond with all the best and noblest who have lived, who are now living, and who shall ever be born.

Washington and his lady were examples of industry, plainness, frugality and economy; and thousands of others of the wealthy labored in the field and the kitchen in older times, before folly superseded wisdom and fashion drove common sense and economy off the track. No man has the right to expect a good fortune unless he go to work and deserve it. "Luck! I never had any luck but by getting up at five every morning and working as hard as I could." No faithful workman finds his task a pastime. We must all toil or steal—no matter how we name our stealing. The education, moral or intellectual, must be chiefly our own work. Labor, honest labor, is mighty and beautiful. Activity is the ruling element of life and its highest relish. Luxuries and conquests are the result of labor; we can imagine nothing without it. The noblest man of earth is he who puts his hands cheerfully and proudly to honest labor. Labor is a business and ordinance of nature. Suspend labor, and where are the glory and pomp of earth, the fruit fields and palaces and the fashioning of matter for which men strive and war? Let the labor scorners look to himself and learn what are the trophies. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is the debtor and slave of toil. The labor which he scorns has tricked him into the stature and appearance of a man. Where gets he the garmenting and equipage? Let labor answer; labor, which makes music in the mines and the furrow and the forge. Oh, scorn not labor, you man who never yet earned a morsel of bread! Labor pities you, proud fool, and laughs you to scorn. You shall pass to dust, forgotten; but labor shall live on forever, glorious in its conquests and monuments.—Journal of the Knights of Labor.

It is the boast of an old lady residing in California that George IV. once imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

Worse than slaves. Italian Laborers Shot and Starved. New York, Jan. 8.—Chief Contract Inspector Milholland sent to the District Attorney yesterday the affidavit of an Italian named Garibaldi, who called at the Barge Office after being a prisoner in the phosphate beds of South Carolina for nearly two years. During that time he and a number of companions were ill-treated and one of their number shot dead while trying to escape from the place. Celestino di Marco, of East 113th street, this city, is alleged to be mainly responsible for the cruelty and killing of the men, according to the story told to Inspector Milholland. Garibaldi arrived here in 1888, and answered an advertisement calling for three hundred men at No. 47 Mulberry street. He went there and engaged to go to work in Jacksonborough, Colleton County, S. C., being told that he could earn \$1.75 to \$2 a day. About thirty other Italians were engaged at the same time. Fifty cents a day was the average salary earned, and out of that sum the men had to pay for their rations, which they were compelled to buy from di Marco. The huts they were compelled to live in were in a frightful condition. The workmen began to rebel, and a guard of twelve men with rifles and pistols was placed about the camp with instructions to shoot the first man who tried to escape. To the negroes who lived outside the camp di Marco offered a reward of \$10 for every man that they brought back who attempted to escape. Domenico Peni, a Venetian named "Johnnie," and Nicola Valenza managed to escape and took to the woods and attempted to reach a railway station seven miles away. They were within a short distance of the place when a train rolled by, a man named Peppino, with half a dozen others, jumped from the platform, covering the runaways with their rifles. Peni tried to escape and ran for a body of water ahead of him. He was fired on by Peppino and fell in the water and has never since been heard of.

A FIENDISH ACT. Horrible Murder and Mutilation in Restigouche. HALIFAX, N.S., January 7.—The details of a horrible murder in New Brunswick are just coming to light. A young Swedish sailor named Williams was indescribably mutilated and murdered at an obscure place called Belledune, in Restigouche county. Williams was a deserter from his ship, and went to board in a shanty located a mile from other dwellings, and occupied by a French family named Petre. The shanty was located near the edge of River Jacques and the railway track. The Petres sold rum, and the place is reported to be of doubtful reputation. One night it was visited by a gang, headed by a notorious desperado named Cameron, his companions being Patrick Culligan, Joseph Aisenault and James Young. They were all drunk, and fearing trouble, young Williams hid under the bed of one of the Petre girls. He was discovered and dragged out, and upon refusing to drink, was beaten. He ran out of the house half dressed, and took refuge in the woods without boots or coat. Miss Petre and her brothers were so frightened that they ran to the barn and hid themselves. Then Cameron and his companions went out, found Williams, and are alleged to have horribly mutilated him, one of the villains sitting on the poor boy's head while the others carried out their hellish design. They then returned to the house, and after another drinking bout, Cameron suggested that they should go out and "finish the job." The strange sailor boy pleaded for mercy, but soon his cries were hushed, and he has never since been seen. His body lay in the yard that night, and early next morning it is said to have been taken out in a boat and sunk in Bay Chaleurs. For two months the desperadoes remained and publicly boasted of their fiendish work; but at last the public conscience was aroused and the murderers have been arrested, and are now being tried. There is very little hope of conviction, however, as they terrorize the district, and magistrates and constables are afraid to enforce the law, while it is more than the life of the witnesses is worth to tell the truth.

The Strike Situation. GLASGOW, January 8.—Another day in the history of the great Scotch railroad strike has opened without any signs of definite improvement in the situation. The railroad directors have repeatedly announced that the strike was over and that traffic upon all the lines had been resumed. These statements were believed at first, but now it seems that the utterances of the officials were not correct. In and about this neighborhood there are still 6,000 men on strike, and in spite of the statements made by the companies' representatives, the freight traffic is not being improved. The strikers are continually receiving financial and moral support from trades unions throughout Great Britain. The general public is longing for some kind of a settlement.