

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

Reflections on Current Events by the Boarders.

"This attempt on the life of Russell Sage is one of the straws which show in what direction the wind blows," said Gaskill. "Sage is a man who has accumulated millions without ever performing a single hour of really useful labor. As a speculator and investor his great aim has always been to pocket the greatest possible share of the products of other people's labor rather than work himself. He is not the only one, but he is one of a class who in their greed for gain have blasted more homes, have ruined more lives and sent more victims to a premature death than all the wars this world has ever seen. Who or what the man was who attempted to kill him is not known; he was most likely some other speculator who, in his dealings with Sage or his agents, was over-reached and ruined, and adopted this way of getting square with him. I don't believe he was an anarchist, and I am sure he was not a socialist, as seventy-five per cent. of the capitalistic press would have us believe, because these men know that both the millionaire and the beggar are the inevitable outcome of our present social system, and that the killing of either one or the other would not mend matters. But why should men be surprised at this attempt upon the life of a millionaire? Just look at this world as it really is. Here you see an overwhelming majority of the people peaceful and law abiding and engaged in the performance of really useful labor. These men work day by day, and year by year, with never-ceasing regularity; they work early and late, in all kinds of weather and at all seasons, and often under conditions which make life unendurable and labor brutalizing; yet ninety-nine per cent of them will not have more of this world's goods at the end of their career than what they had at the beginning. And they are frugal; they are temperate and industrious, but in spite of all this they remain poor; their homes are the tenement house with its poisonous air and cheerless surroundings, their clothes are plain, their comforts few, their food is of the coarsest kind, their whole life is one long continued struggle against hunger and want. This is the condition of the many, the law-abiding, the workers. Now, let us look at the other crowd. The very name of investor, of speculator, of stock broker suggests the getting of something for nothing. They don't create any work of art and they don't produce anything useful by their labors, but they work for all that, only that their work is much the same as he work of the burglar or house-breaker or of him who 'cracks' a safe, only that it's a great deal more profitable. Surrounded by every comfort and the most refined luxury, their whole energies are bent upon acquiring the largest share of what the other ninety-nine per cent. produces; and that they succeed in this their own great wealth and three million tramps on this continent alone can bear witness to. And there is not a law in Canada or on the statute books of the great republic south of us which has not been violated again and again by these self-same gentry. Considering all these things, and considering that a large proportion of the workers are ignorant of the fact, that millionaire and pauper alike are the product of a vicious and unnatural system, it is surprising indeed, not that one millionaire's life has been threatened, but that the whole lot of them have not been blown off the face of the earth long ago. The workers have seen senators bought and judges corrupted by the money power; they have seen wars commenced to protect the interests of capital in which thousands of their number were slain or maimed for life; they see the wealthy idler grow rich while the industrious worker grows poorer day by day; what wonder, then, if, in

sheer desperation, they would resort to dynamite and giant powder to rid themselves of a class which have no other purpose in life than that of stealing the product of other people's labor. That they do not do so is proof that society is not on the road to 'Caesar's column,' as the vaporings of the capitalistic press would have us believe; there is no conspiracy on the part of the workers to murder all millionaires, but I repeat, that even if there was, I for one would not be surprised at it."

"The very fact of the capitalistic press supposing the existence of such a conspiracy betrays a guilty conscience," said Brown. "If Sage and Gould and Rockefeller, along with all the rest of the millionaires, have amassed all their immense wealth by fair and honest means what reason is there to expect a conspiracy on the part of any class of the community to deprive them of it? But it is because these capitalists and their hireling press know that it has been acquired by fraud and trickery, by bribery and corruption, that they see in the act of every madman a conspiracy against their class. Wealth, especially ill-gotten wealth, has its drawbacks, and this is one of them. No, when the workers do conspire, which I hope and pray may be soon, it will not be against individuals or yet against a class, but for the purpose of overthrowing a system which has created sharks like Russell Sage and lunatics like the man who sought to kill him."

BILL BLADES.

Interesting Items for Workers.

H. Frigon, a mechanic, is suing the Canada Switch Co. for \$1,000 alleged damages. Frigon, while in the employ of defendant, had a finger cut off through, he alleges, a defective piece of machinery.

William Kydd, Thomas W. Rennie, Charles Beattie and Silas W. Read, all printers, who were arrested on a charge of conspiracy preferred by the proprietors of the Herald eighteen months ago were on Monday formally acquitted by a jury in the Court of Queen's Bench.

The Toronto Branch No. 1, Federated Association of Letter Carriers, met Monday night in Shaftesbury hall, President R. H. Cox in the chair. By laws were revised to conform with the new Federated constitution. A resolution was passed in reference to the death of Bro. John H. Watson, which was the first death since Federation.

An employee of the Bell Telephone Company, named Vallee, brought suit for damages for \$1,000 against that Company for injuries sustained in consequence of a fall from a roof, by which his leg was fractured. The case came up for trial the other day, before Judge DeLorimier. Mr. L. O. David appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. M. B. Bethune and R. D. McGibbon, Q. C., for the Company. At the conclusion of plaintiff's case, it appeared the accident was entirely due to Vallee's own negligence and his action was dismissed.

The Trades and Labor Council of Quebec and Levis have addressed a petition to Lieutenant-Governor Angers setting forth that, in consequence of the general stagnation in business and of the recent heavy failures in Quebec and elsewhere, the workmen of the city and environs are without employment and reduced in some cases to absolute want. They, in consequence, beg that the erection of the Quebec Normal School and other public works in this district, for which moneys have been voted by the Legislature, be proceeded with immediately. The petition is signed by Luc Routhier, president of the Quebec and Levis Trades and Labor Council, and Patrie J. Jobin, secretary. Both were delegates at the labor congress held last summer, and the former was one of the Opposition candidates for Saint Sauveur in the last provincial contest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of THE ECHO.

Sir,—Would you kindly correct the statement in your paper as to my saying that all aldermen went to the City Council to feather their own nests. What I did say was that the tenants were not represented at all; in fact the majority of aldermen who went there went for the sole purpose of feathering their own nests. I would be sorry to accuse all our aldermen of dishonesty. The fact of Aldermen Thompson and Prefontaine keeping their word to the laboring classes on the property qualification abolition, goes to prove there are at least a few men who can stand upon their merits for honesty and integrity, no matter whom they have to compete against. Hoping you will find room for this, I remain,
Yours, etc., WM. DARLING OR

FROM OTTAWA.

A correspondent in Ottawa sends us the following:

The clerks, or rather the Trades and Labor Council, of this city has succeeded in having a law passed at the last meeting of the City Council that on and after the first of January, 1892, retail stores of every description must close at 6 o'clock p.m.

Ottawa is a very dull place at present. The mills are all shut down and therefore there are a large number of men out of employment. There is no snow, which makes it still worse, because when the snow does come there will be an army of men employed keeping the streets clear for the Electric Railway. By the way it is amusing to see in the Montreal papers where the city fathers (block heads) has been to Boston, Pittsburg, etc., to look into the Electric Railway system. Let them come to Ottawa and it will make them feel ashamed of their snail railway in Montreal, but of course it would not do to go on such a short trip. They would not be able to spend enough of the already overburdened taxpayers money.

I see they are playing a game of bluff with the property qualification question. The only way to settle that question to my mind is for the workmen to go down to a meeting of the City Council and demand that they either pass the by-law, resign or submit the question to the popular vote.

There is little more to be said on the labor question except that there is a meeting of some labor organization every night and Labor hall is generally crowded.

FLEET-FOOTED CHILDREN OF NATURE.

One of the problems of the soldier in the West is to overtake the Indian when that fellow wants to get away. Let a band of Indians commit a depredation and start to run, and it is one of the greatest of difficulties to catch them. No one who remembers the accounts of the Geronimo band can forget the trials of the army men who were sent to capture and punish the redskins. Once they had reached the mountains it was almost impossible to get near them. They not only knew the land thoroughly, but they could run so rapidly that you might have them safely located in one place, bring your detachment up, only to find they had gone, bag and baggage, hours and hours before. On a straight chase it is almost equally impossible to catch them. Even cavalry is useless against them. The human, after all, is the better animal, and when an Indian band ran in the lead of cavalry horses, the latter lost. The only hope was in numbers that could in time surround and turn back the line of retreat so often and at such unexpected places that the Indian would surrender more from confusion than from fear. It is no difficult thing for one of the mountain Indians to run 100 miles within ten hours. Couriers have carried messages for army officers in that time very often. A single mile in three minutes has been made on a wager time and again. Up at Hualpi, a village of the Moqui Indians of Arizona, there is a religious festival which is introduced by a race of five miles, in which the winner, on testimony that cannot be denied, makes the distance in twenty minutes, climbing at the conclusion of the race a sloping height of over 700 feet.

So proud are the Indians of their prowess (says the Chicago Herald as runners that on a recent occasion when Commissioner Morgan, of the Indian Bureau, was in the Territories looking after his wards, the Navajoes brought a runner to the headquarters of the Government men, and wanted to pit him against a horse. Lieutenant Baker, of the Seventh Infantry, and Lieutenant Pierson, of the Engineer Corps, slipped away from the Commissioner and went down to where the Indians were camping. Baker said he thought the Navajo couldn't run. They were very much offended, and offered to bet he could outrun a horse. "Baker," said Pierson, "you bet them I can beat their man." The lieutenant of infantry made the proposition, and the Indians swiftly gathered up their valuables and offered to stake them. They could not get to him quickly enough. They came in groups and clamoured for a bet. He covered everything they offered, even to their ponies. He had about a peck of the most beautiful garnets heaped on a blanket before him and all the silver girdles they had in camp. The Indian racer stripped to the skin, and Pierson took off his heavier garments. Indians and whites agreed upon a course, and the runners started. Pierson is a sprinter who could probably beat any man in the army, and he ran away from the Navajo. But the Indians were game. They were sadly disappointed in their man, but to their bets they never gave a second thought. The army men rounded up their herd of ponies, loaded a burro with pelts and valuables, hired a boy to carry the lighter winnings, and started away. The Indians broke camp and got ready to leave. As soon as the two lieutenants had shown their plunder to the other officers, they sent for the losers and gave everything back. It was quite a difficult matter for them to explain to the Indians that an army officer could not gamble with Indians, and certainly could not justly win from them. But so game were the latter that they did not want to take their things back.

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