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HE INVENTED THE LOOM.

Sketch of the Life and Work of
Joseph M. Jacquard.

Joseph Marie Jacquard will always be regarded as one of the foremost inventors in the textile world, and his loom as one of the most brilliant of industrial inventions. Few have ever accomplished such a revolution in industry, and still fewer have by so doing alleviated the sufferings and improved the condition of their fellow laborers to the extent realized by Jacquard. Jacquard was in the full sense of the word a self-made man of the people, and it is this fact that makes the study of his life particularly interesting to an American.

Born at Lyons July 7, 1752, son of a silk weaver, he assisted his father at the loom from his earliest years, acting as a "draw boy," as those workmen were termed who pulled the strings by which means the warp was manipulated on the old looms so as to weave figured goods. Here he became familiar with all the woes of the "draw boy's" life, and so deeply did they impress themselves on his mind that the desire to do away with this drudgery continued to be his leading thought throughout life. The boy's health gave way at the loom, so he was apprenticed to a bookbinder and later to a type founder. But the demon of inventive genius had already seized upon him, and he spent most of his time in tinkering, and was regarded as hopelessly lazy by those around him.

When Jacquard was twenty years of age his father died, leaving him a small patrimony, with which the young man began weaving brocades on his own account, and soon after married. But he devoted most of his time to tinkering around on his looms, and this, with his inexperience, brought about his business failure within a few years.

Silk industry being at a low tide, young Jacquard had to accept work in a limekiln, while his wife found employment in plaiting straw hats.

In 1790 the idea of a loom that would do away with the "draw boys" assumed definite shape in Jacquard's mind, but his extreme poverty rendered it impossible for him to construct a model at that time. However, he did not despair, and a copy of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which came into his hands about this time, encouraged him all the more to persevere and to try to triumph in spite of his poverty.

Domestic afflictions now overwhelmed him. Having enlisted in the army for the national defence with his young son, he saw the latter fall at his side in an engagement on the Rhine. Returning to Lyons, Jacquard arrived just in time to be at the deathbed of his wife.

He was employed as day laborer in a factory, and devoted his evenings with great zeal to the modeling of his favorite idea. Most of the work was done with a jackknife. In 1800 his loom was finished. A model sent to the industrial exposition in 1801 brought him a bronze medal and a call to Paris to repair the looms of the "Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers," at a salary of 3,000 francs per annum. While there he saw the loom with which Vancanson had vainly tried to solve the question which occupied Jacquard, and from this loom our inventor gained some new ideas. He returned to Lyons, and after two years' faithful work succeeded in bringing forth a loom which effectively solved the difficulty, and enabled a single weaver to weave figured goods. The government at once granted him a pension of 3,000 francs and a royalty of fifty francs per loom.

To understand exactly the value of this invention it must be borne in mind that up to this time the weaving of figured goods required from five to ten workmen to each loom, most of them being employed in pulling the strings, by which means the warp was opened for the passage of the shuttle. A string had to be drawn for every passage of the shuttle. Thus the "draw boys" had to work rapidly, the pulling was heavy, necessitating a strained position and requiring the most painful exactness, as a single mistake would mar the figure. For this clumsy apparatus of strings and pedals, requiring the attention of a number of workmen, Jacquard substituted a contrivance as simple as ingenious, enabling a single workman to execute the most complex patterns as easily as plain goods. Not only were the "draw boys" dispensed with, but the goods were made with a finish and exactness which before was not even dreamed of.

However, in spite of Jacquard's complete success, his loom was neither generally taken up by manufacturers at once nor the invention hailed with delight by the weavers. Every

new loom threw four or more workmen out of work. Even the "draw boys" preferred a life of torture and deformity to starvation. Jacquard was publicly assailed by his enraged fellow workmen and almost precipitated into the Rhone. Even the "Conseil des Prud'hommes" at one time ordered the destruction of the new loom to appease the wrath of the weavers. But Jacquard's loom, like every truly great invention, was bound to triumph, and by 1812 it had firmly established itself throughout the Lyons workshops.

Numerous lucrative offers were now made Jacquard from abroad, particularly from England, but he preferred remaining in Lyons, giving himself up entirely to his native town. Later on he purchased a small estate at Oullins, near Lyons, where he died Aug. 7, 1834, aged eighty-two years.

It may be said that to Jacquard's invention is due not only the greatness of Lyons in the silk world, but the tremendous expansion of the silk industry the world over as well. Its influence, has, however, not been confined to the silk world, the weaving of cotton, linen, wool, jute, etc., having been affected almost as much as that of silk.—Cor. Dry Goods Economist.

Japanese Servants.

Japanese servants are excellent if you choose them with discretion and treat them with the established consideration of the country. There is a universal social compact in Japan to make life pleasant by politeness. Everybody is more or less well bred, and hates the man or woman who is noisy, uncivil or exigent.

People who lose their temper are always in a hurry, bang doors, swear and "swagger," find themselves out of place in a land where the lowest coolie learns and practices an ancient courtesy from the time he waddles about as a baby upon his mother's back. Therefore, to be treated well in Japan, as perhaps, indeed, elsewhere, you must treat everybody, including your domestics, well, and then you will enjoy the most pleasant and willing service.

Your cook will doubtless cheat you a little; your jinrickshaman will now and then take too much sake, the musmq and the boy's wife will gossip all over the place about everything you do, and the gardener and the coachman will fight cocks in the back yard when your back is turned, but if conscious of your own you can forgive the little sins of others.

You can hardly fail to become closely attached to the quiet, soft-voiced, pleasant people, who, as soon as they have learned your ways, will take real pleasure in making life agreeable to you. A present now and then of a kimono to the maids, of toys and sweetmeats to the children, a day's holiday now and then granted to the theater or the wrestling match are richly rewarded by such bright faces and unmistakable warmth of welcome on arriving and of good speed on going as repay you tenfold.

Respectful as Japanese servants are—and they never speak except on their knees and faces—they like to be taken into the family conversation and to sit sometimes in friendly abandon with the master and mistress, admiring dresses, pictures or western novel titles, and listening sometimes to the samisen and koto, as children of the household.

Kansas Philosophy.

When a man wears a coat that shines in the back, he only needs to have trouble with his wife to prove to the world that he is a genius.

We hope when we die that we shall go to live in a novel or a fairy book, where everything complicated and uncomfortable comes out all right.

We should have a great deal of charity for honest mistakes. No one can know to-day what he should do to insure contentment to-morrow.

When a woman begins to realize that she needs a pair of spectacles, she knows how a man feels when he begins to realize that he is becoming bald.

If men would use more systematic means of overcoming their habits, instead of depending on the Lord for help, it would be easier to get rid of them.

You practice many little hypocrites on your friends, believing that they are deceived. In all reasonable probability your friends are disgusted rather than deceived.

How conceited men would feel if they could come back to life the day of their funerals, and humble they would be if they could return to life after they have been six weeks dead.—Acheson Globe.

A CHURCH ON STRIKE.

A New Pastor Greeted With an Empty Church.

NEW YORK, April 22.—A church on strike is the newest sensation at Elizabethport, N. J. The Fulton Street Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the oldest in the city and having the largest membership, is dissatisfied with the action of the Newark Conference in refusing to grant a petition for the appointment of a favorite pastor, and the trustees, stewards and most of the members have rebelled.

Yesterday the church door was opened to the new pastor, Rev. J. H. Johnston, of Stapleton, S. I., but there was no sexton to ring the bell, no organist and no choir. The congregation, instead of several hundred, numbered about thirty. The organ was silent during the services, but three young people volunteered to lead the singing, and one of the old members did service as sexton.

The church is one of the most prominent in the Conference. Rev. Dr. L. R. Dunn was the pastor until a few months ago, when he resigned to accept the secretaryship of the American Sabbath Union. Rev. William E. Simpson of the Columbia Conference, Oregon, who is finishing a theological course at Drew, was then selected to fill the unexpired term. The people became attached to him and urged Rev. Dr. Brice, the Presiding Elder, to have him appointed by the Bishop. The Conference was also petitioned, but the Bishop held it unwise to transfer Mr. Simpson to the Newark Conference and Mr. Johnston was appointed.

The rebellious members say they will withdraw their support from the church and will not attend the services. They express themselves as not antagonistic to the new pastor, but they resent the action of the Bishop and Presiding Elder. Rev. Mr. Johnston says he came to the charge in obedience to a law of the church, that he desired to go elsewhere and that other churches wanted him, but he hopes to reach the hearts of the dissatisfied parishioners.

Are You Right? Or Left Handed?

Theories as to the origin and cause of right handedness may be divided as follows: According to one class of theories, it rests on an anatomical basis and depends on a physical cause which exerts its influence in everyone of us. According to another class, man originally had no preference for either hand, but became right handed by conventional usages, which may or may not have had their origin in some anatomical feature.

For any theory of the first class to be satisfactory it must, first, account for difference in sensation as well as in force or dexterity; second, it must account for the occasional appearance of left handedness; and, third, it must not be inconsistent with the fact that most of those who have their organs transposed—the heart on the right, the liver on the left, etc.—are right handed.—Thomas Dwight, M. D., in Scribner's.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of an eruption in one of the Hawaiian islands, as graphically described in the London Budget, when the crater was filled from five hundred to six hundred feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage of twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant, in two days, flowing for three weeks and heating the water twenty miles distant.

Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames.

Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire—a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which give utterance to many deep-toned mutterings and sullen, confined clamorings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison house; the heavens lurid with flames; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors and gleaming with the reflected contest.

Such was the scene, as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact, indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled

and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with white heat; and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions; the outskirts of the burning lava, as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments, and scattered by the strong wind in sparkling showers far into the country. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth clouds of steam at every wash of the waves.

SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Is it possible to obtain wealth any other way than to earn it, inherit it, or steal it?

Fair wages for workmen that will allow them to accumulate a home can be reckoned at three dollars per day. How long will it take a workingman at three dollars per day, saving every cent of it, to accumulate a million dollars? Answer—One thousand and sixty-eight years, four months and fifteen days.

How many men are living to-day that have been working steadily for one thousand years? Answer—Twenty five thousand in the United States.

Is not the answer to the last question wrong? Answer—Not if the answer of the question before it is right.

If it takes an honest man, working for three dollars per day and saving all he earns, over one thousand years to make a million dollars, then the honest men who are living to-day, who own one million dollars, must be over one thousand years old.

If they are not one thousand years of age can they be honest men and be millionaires?

Who has been robbed of their goods and chattels, their homes and their toil, by these millionaires who have not lived one thousand years?

How does it happen that the gulf between these men who should be one thousand years old and the wretched poor of our cities is so wide and deep?

If these honest one thousand year old men could be separated from the millionaires who are not that old, would the remainder represent thieves and robbers? Would the wretched poor of our land represent the victims of the remainder?

What is the legitimate punishment of highway robbers? Should there be any difference between a criminal that steals one horse than one who steals the value of a thousand? Should smartness or shrewdness be a bar to punishment?

If these questions can be answered satisfactorily to yourself, you are in a fair way to help right a condition that makes such questions pertinent.—Ex.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in a hill. He rises up to-day and flourishes like a ragweed, and to-morrow or the next day the undertaker hath him. He goes forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax-collector pursueth him wherever he goeth. The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity. He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path. It riseth up and smiteth him to the earth and falleth on him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring time he putteth on his summer clothes and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him with cuss words and rheumatism. In the winter he putteth on winter trousers and a wasp that abideth excitement. He starteth down the cellar with an oleander and goeth back, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He buyeth a watch-dog and when he cometh home from the lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth near him until rosy morn. He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the day the parent ancestor goeth under with a fee, arrest and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.—Wichita County Democrat.