

# THE ECHO.

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## MEETINGS.

### CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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JOS. RENAUD, - - - COR. SECRETARY  
JOS. CORBELL, - - - TREASURER  
JOS. PAQUETTE, - - - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to Jos. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

**RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,**  
No. 7628.  
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Next meeting Sunday, Oct. 11, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

**DOMINION ASSEMBLY,**  
No. 2436 K. of L.  
Meets every Friday evening at eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 222 St. Antoine street.

**PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,**  
No. 3852, K. of L.  
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

**BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.**  
Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.  
Address all communications to WM. JARVIS, Secretary, 111 St. Dominique street.

**BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY**  
1711, K. of L.  
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square, at 2 o'clock.  
Address all communications to J. CARROLL, Rec. Sec., 135 Iberville street.

## LEGAL CARDS.

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Pharmaceutical and Dispensing Chemist.  
2123 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
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Sunday Attendance—From 1 to 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.

**LAVIOLETTE & NELSON,**  
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Corner of Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets,  
MONTREAL.

## A SHADOW ON THE CURTAIN.

How a Newspaper Traveler Was Impressed with What One Girl Had to Do.

It was at Port Arthur that I accidentally imbibed a deeper respect for what is called "woman's work" than I had previously been able to acknowledge, though I trust I never lacked a proper appreciation of the labor that goes to the maintenance of the homes of the civilized world. But to the case in point: It was raining torrents, and there was nothing so attractive as to go to my bedroom and relieve myself of my coat and hat in order to more fully enjoy a quiet pipe. The window still offered an elevated footrest, and so it came about that I faced the window and the inky black night without. One spot illuminated the general gloom—a brightly lighted window opposite mine. One other object forced itself upon my lazy view—a woman moving to and fro.

I saw her without seeing her, as she passed and repassed the window. At last her rapid and frequent trips awakened my interest, and then put an edge upon it. I could not see her sufficiently plain to make out her age or figure, or anything more than that she was a woman—or a girl. Scores of times she carried small burdens in her hands, but I could not see what they were.

Most of her voyages around and across the room led her to a place beside the window, where she always paused awhile. Other trips took her to what I thought was a closet immediately across the room and beyond the window. Now and then she shot past the window in the opposite direction, opened a door, the edge of which I could see when it was open, and disappeared within an adjoining room. Now and then a man came and spoke to her and retired. What the shadow pantomime was all about I could not make out.

It must have been the rapidity of the woman's movements that suggested to my mind a life and death state of affairs, for I at first conceived the idea that she was a nurse, that her husband had cut an artery in his leg with an axe in the woods, or that he had burned himself and that the man who came now and then to speak to her was a doctor, insisting upon a still greater speed with the bandages, poultices, lotions and herb teas. But as time passed on that proved nonsense. If twenty men had cut themselves she would not have had so much to do.

I stopped trying to explain the situation and fell to counting the woman's trips to and fro. When I had counted eighty-two crossings of the room I remembered that I knew of a militia company formed of eighty-two men. I said to myself: "What a dreadful thing it would seem to any woman to imagine eighty-two men marching across her carpet! She would fancy the carpet ruined and her home desecrated; yet this woman has caused as much wear and tear as if the militiamen had all called on her at once."

Ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six times she passed behind the window. The room was at least 12 feet long by 10 feet wide. I pulled down the shade and began to undress for the night. Ninety-six times 12 feet is 1,152 feet traversed at the next thing to a running gait, but she had crossed the room at least 100 times before I began to count—at least 100 times. Twelve hundred feet and 1,152 feet—2,352 feet or nearly half a mile. I went to bed.

I got a novel out of my grip. I read for half an hour. I arose and pulled the shade—she was still wagging to and fro, but very slowly now, as if she was tired and relieved of the need to hurry.

I slept until 9 o'clock in the morning, then arose and shaved myself. By hooking my strop to the window catch I made it possible to use it—and I saw the window and the woman. She was again crossing and recrossing the room: The mystery was explained. It was the kitchen of a little tavern. I saw the stove and the work table. She was the daughter of the proprietor, then washing the dishes used in the breakfast she had prepared and served.

In most such taverns in this country she would have considered herself a lady, perhaps, and entitled to be waited upon. In Canada she was quite naturally working for her father, and dreaming now and then of a future husband for whom she would expect to work in the same way. But what work! A break-neck half mile run for supper, with a quarter mile walk at the end. The same for breakfast. Nearly as much labor at luncheon time.

And with a brain still busier than her legs,

occupied with proportions of ingredients in each dish, with watchfulness of every pot and pan, with the needs of the boarders in the other room—those boarders who had done their work when she began to serve their supper. Such is the work of servant girls in the cities and the wives and daughters the country over.—Julian Ralph.

## THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

The Labor Advocate, published in Toronto, has found it necessary to suspend publication, the reason given being that it did not receive support sufficient to warrant its continuance. We very much regret that our contemporary has found it necessary to adopt this course, as its suspension will prove a serious loss to the labor literature of the day. The Advocate was one of the best papers of its kind on this continent, ably conducted, fearless in its denunciation of wrong-doing, and steadfast in its advocacy of the claims of labor, and we are astonished that the workmen of Toronto has failed to appreciate it to the extent it so well deserved. We quote the following from its valdictory, both because of its truthfulness and of its application to the state of affairs in this city:—

It is much to be regretted that the wage-earners are so stupidly blind to their own interests that they cannot see the advantage of having a live out-spoken journal to plead their cause. During the past few years, the rights of labor have been accorded a degree of consideration previously unknown. Owing mainly to the influence of labor journalism, important legislative and municipal reforms bearing directly on the condition of the wage-earners have been carried. In civic matters especially they have secured actual tangible advantages out of all proportion to the very slight measure of support which they have accorded to those who have championed their rights. No one has any right to expect gratitude from them any more than from any other class; for man is an ungrateful animal. But it is discouraging to see the rank-and-file so utterly devoid of an intelligent conception of their own interest as not to realize that permitting a labor paper to die for want of support, will entail infinitely more loss upon themselves in the near future than the small amount necessary to have placed it on a permanent basis. Such an evidence of lack of spirit and cohesion, will not be lost upon the politicians and the capitalists, nor yet upon the daily press. Workingmen cannot expect that other people will show themselves solicitous to serve their interests when they are so careless about them themselves. All that has been gained during the past few years in the recognition of labor's right to fair wages, and reasonable hours by governing bodies—which has added many thousands of dollars to the wages of Toronto laborers—is in danger of being lost. And the wage-earners have no one to blame but themselves.

One cause of this shameful indifference on the part of workingmen to the efforts made on their behalf is no doubt to be found in the fact that the labor question just now is in a transition stage. The old out-worn and discredited trade union policy of strikes and petty restrictions is a palpable failure. Its chances of success have been killed by machinery, the influx of men from the country, and the organization of capital. There will be no more successful strikes on a large scale. Large numbers of the workingmen know and feel this in a vague way, and while they continue to belong to their unions from pressure or force of habit expect but little from them. The old unionism, the method of which was to fight the employer, is on its last legs. The more intelligent and progressive workingmen realize this, and see that every change for the better must come from organization for radical political reforms and public action against monopoly. But the masses are yet blind to this truth. Stupid, prejudiced and selfish, they cling to their fetiches of partyism, sectarianism and loyalty, and resent any attempt to present broader views. They can see no further than the ends of their noses, and their ideas of labor reforms are limited to some petty advance of pay in their own particular trade. They do not know, and do not wish to know, anything of the underlying causes which depress labor.

## DEATH OF PARNELL.

The Great Irish Leader Goes Over to the Majority.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—Great Britain and Ireland were startled this morning by the utterly unlooked for announcement that Chas. Stewart Parnell, the noted Irish leader, had died suddenly yesterday evening at his home in Brighton. It has been well known that Mr. Parnell has not enjoyed the best of health for years past, and it has been noticed and widely commented upon that since the O'Shea divorce developments became a matter of public notoriety, and since political troubles came upon him that the great Irish member of Parliament had grown thinner and that he had perceptibly aged in appearance. But nobody expected to hear of his death and no inkling as to his illness had reached the newspapers. Only at this hour (1 p.m.) has it been possible to obtain details in regard to the death of Mr. Parnell. He died at his home, Walsingham Terrace, Brighton, at 11.30 last night. His death was due to a chill. A physician was called in, with the result that the patient was ordered to take to his bed. This was on Friday last and from that time Mr. Parnell lost strength and finally succumbed. The exact nature of the disease which caused the death of the Irish leader is not made known at present. From the day he took to his bed, however, the state of Mr. Parnell's health has been such as to necessitate the constant attendance of two physicians, but in spite of their incessant and untiring efforts to prolong or save life, Mr. Parnell gradually sank lower and lower, until he expired in the arms of Mrs. Parnell, who is utterly prostrated by the shock experienced through her husband's death.

The last time Mr. Parnell appeared in public was at Cregees, in Ireland, on September 27th, when he delivered a long speech upon the attitude and alleged inconsistencies of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. Upon that occasion Mr. Parnell stated that he was speaking in defiance of the orders of the doctors who were attending him and who had expressly ordered him to keep to his room.

DUBLIN, October 7.—Justin McCarthy was much affected by the death of Mr. Parnell. The news, he said, was a complete surprise to him, for he was not aware that Mr. Parnell had been ill. Mr. McCarthy continued:—"I last saw Mr. Parnell on September 11. He came here to talk over the claims arising from election registrations before the split in the party. He looked tired and jaded and was probably overworked addressing so many meetings, but he was thoroughly buoyant and happy. I believe I am speaking, not only for the Irish Parliamentary party, but for every Irishman, when I say his death will be universally regretted."

"Since Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Parnell has been the most prominent figure in Irish politics. In history he will be worthy to hold a rank only second to the great liberator. While we regret Parnell personally, we also regret the loss to a certain extent through recent circumstances of a career which might have been more magnificent than the one just closed. He is now dead. I hope those who supported him will return to the party and all dissension will cease."

"Before the divorce proceedings," said Mr. McCarthy, "I was a close friend of Mr. Parnell, whom I admired intensely. Mr. Parnell consulted me in regard to the lamentable manifesto and I used all efforts and endeavors to prevent him from issuing it to the public. My idea in trying to prevent him from so doing was that the issuance of the manifesto would make his further leadership of the Irish party an utter impossibility."

Continuing Mr. McCarthy said that those who followed Mr. Parnell's leadership until the last moment had done so purely out of a spirit of personal devotion to the Irish leader, adding: "With the removal of his personality our separation as a party ceases. Home rule does not depend any longer upon any one man. Mr. Parnell himself carried it to that point. His work, so far as it depended upon himself alone, was done. The cause stands now beyond the reach of danger of any kind."

Michael Davitt, who is in New York on his way to Ireland, expressed himself on Mr. Parnell's death as follows: "My feeling about Mr. Parnell now is one of un-mixed sorrow at his sudden death. The occasion demands the expression of deep re-

gret that he should have been cut off at a comparatively early age. We should remember only the good work which he performed for Ireland in a career of usefulness and distinction for his country. His recent, unhappy conduct will, I am sure, be forgotten by a grateful people. It was a sad episode in his political life which will not linger in the memory of Ireland side by side with his great services. His death will put an end to the unhappy dissensions by which the Irish movement has been torn during the last twelve months."

LONDON, October 8.—A despatch from Brighton, sent at 3 p.m., says the doctor's certificate, which has just been filed, states that Mr. Parnell's death was caused by rheumatic fever, resulting in excessive temperature and failure of the heart.

It was eventually decided at the family council held this afternoon that Mr. Parnell's remains shall be accorded a public funeral, and that the body shall be interred at Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, where the dead leader was born.

The funeral ceremonies will be held at the cemetery at Glasnevin on Sunday next. The body will arrive in Dublin Sunday morning and will be placed in state in the City hall and from there the funeral will proceed. The delegation from the members of Parliament who followed the lead of Mr. Parnell to the last arrived at Brighton this afternoon. After receiving the doctors' certificate, giving definitely the cause of Mr. Parnell's death, they adopted a resolution expressing the deepest sorrow at the sudden and unexpected death of their chief, and heartfelt sympathy with Mrs. Parnell.

## How Fine Thread for Lace is Spun.

The flax from which the exquisitely fine thread is spun which is used in the manufacture of lace is largely grown in Brabant, St. Nicholas, Tournay and Cambrai. It is almost all steeped at Courtrai, on account of the superior clearness of the waters of the Lys; and the thread of the finest quality is spun underground in partially darkened rooms, or rather cellars, because the dry air above is apt to cause it to snap. It is so extremely fine that it is felt rather than seen, and the spinner as she works in the semi-gloom closely examines the thread from time to time, and stops her wheel if she perceives the slightest inequality in it.

Dreary, more unwholesome work is hard to imagine. The damp, dark cellars are so arranged that only a single powerful ray of light shall fall upon the wheels. Health and eyesight speedily fail; the hands, perpetually numbed with cold, are soon crippled with rheumatism; and premature old age attacks the worker before youth itself is passed. But the wages are high, and the ranks of these Flemish thread spinners are always full.—Chambers' Journal.

## The Race of Life.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships to every mind which is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his earlier friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his progress.

Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a sting of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows; the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamond stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we outgrow all that we love.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## A Man Who Did Not Live by Bread Alone.

In 1832 it is recorded that a man named Cleudius, a native of Lorraine, a very short, thin individual, used frequently to swallow with impunity pieces of glass, stones, pieces of wood, hay, straws, hares' feet, pieces of linen, cloth and small living animals, including, on one occasion, a couple of mice. Every one is familiar with the magic lantern slide of a man swallowing live mice, but there are few that are aware that such a thing has actually been done. Another man is mentioned who, finding himself hungry, ate a sack of charcoal, including the sack.—London Tit-Bits.