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MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

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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,
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Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Next meeting Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to
J. WARREN, Rec. Sec.,
P. O. Box 1468.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,
No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chabouillez square. Address all communications to
JOHN WILKINS, R.S.,
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PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,
No. 8852, 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, Chabouillez square, at 2 o'clock.

Address all communications to
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A LEGEND OF A HORSE.

TERRIBLE DEEDS OF THE WHITE DEVIL, OF CALIFORNIA.

One day, as the freight train running from San Francisco to San Jose rumbled around a sharp curve just outside of the city of San Jose, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him. Then the unequal footing of the cross-ties and the pace began to tell on the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shrieks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The pilot struck him, ground the life out of him in an instant and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a doornail and the engine had left the rails.

It was Vasquez's horse. The whole country knew it the next day. He was 20 years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the unoccupied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county, free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "white devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange tale that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of California twenty years ago. He hid defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the state of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with a band of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities.

On a dreary August afternoon in southern California the mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroyo Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches, and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse shoved a pistol in the mayor's face, and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile, "Your money, senor."

The mayor thought it was a joke and laughed.

"Quick, quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez."

The mayor laughed again.

"Eef you don't believe me, senor, look." He pointed back to the hill and there appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick," said Vasquez. "I am no fool."

The mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights and put up his hands. He was lightened of his chamois bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold robbers wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The band escaped into the chaparral.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years, and then was caught like a rat in a trap in an adobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his death on the scaffold.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came.

Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez's old trails. Once in awhile a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dared show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one

Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans. If by chance a Mexican pony got out of the corral and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and enlist him. First he had one follower, then two, then half a dozen. No man could tame them, and no man dared attempt to capture them. With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil," and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory, and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil lost his companions. His visits to the vicinity of the little towns became less and less frequent and then ceased altogether. At long intervals a Mexican would ride in with a report that he had seen the White Devil in some canyon among the hills. Even these reports ceased, and few Americans of the latter days in California had heard of him until the freight train had killed the white horse. The Mexicans came for miles to look at him. All of them knew him, at least they said so, and they respected him sufficiently to look at his dead body from a distance.—San Francisco Examiner.

Begging a Profitable Business.

It has been proved, in Paris as elsewhere, that when men or women have once conquered the shame which should restrain them from street begging, the life has a strange attraction, and is besides often much more profitable than the wages of honest work. A gentleman belonging to one of the charitable societies states that, by way of experiment, he once actually dressed in rags and tried his fate as a beggar, with the result of a profit amounting to fifteen francs for that one day. It is probable that notwithstanding his disguise, he had retained enough of respectability in his appearance to seem particularly interesting.

But another gentleman, holding an official post in a government relief committee played the part of aged beggar so successfully that a discriminating policeman turned him away from the door of a church, with the information that he (the policeman) was not hard on beggars, but in this case he would not allow this beggar there, because he "looked like a ruffian."

The compliment caused intense delight but mixed with disappointment at the failure of the experiment, for in a few minutes thirteen sous had been received, which, as the service had not yet begun, promised a good harvest. It is stated that the average day of a professional beggar in Paris brings in from five francs to fifteen francs.—Murray's Magazine.

Growsome Objects.

The National museum does not go in for horrors, but some growsome things are to be found there nevertheless.

For example there are two human heads from the upper Amazon, dried in a weird and extraordinary fashion. The natives on the high slopes of the Andes delight in chopping off the heads of their enemies and preserving them for ornamental and other purposes. Their method is to make a cut with a knife around the lower part of the neck and draw the skin off over the head, taking care to preserve intact the nose, mouth and other features.

Next, the skin is turned right side out, and the lips are sewed together with coarse twine, such as grocers use, leaving a fringe of the string hanging down for a length of two feet from the chin of the departed foe. Finally, the head, thus bereft of its skull, is filled with hot gravel, which makes it shrink. The hot gravel is renewed as often as may be necessary until the head has shrunk to quarter the size of that of a new born child.

The appearance of a head thus treated is grotesque beyond describing. Its face is that of a human being reduced to a scale of a four months' embryo. The features are perfect and the nostrils and lips are as in life, though the color is inky black. Perhaps the lips are knit together so that they may not reply when spoken to, for the custom is to hang these cheerful trophies by their long black hair from the rafters of the family domicile and address to them vituperative jibes on occasions of festivity.—Washington Star.

THE CHURCH AS AN AGITATOR.

Dr. McGlynn Endorsed and the
Land Evil Condemned by a
Pittsburgher.

Rev. Charles Edward Locke preached in the Smithfield street Methodist Church Sunday morning on "The Church as an Agitator." A very large audience filled the edifice. The sermon was a fearless and earnest appeal in behalf of practical Christianity. The text was "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," Luke vi, 26. The speaker said: "Christ does not in this text reprove politeness, courtesy and sauity. A perfect Christian will be a perfect gentleman. It is irreligious to be disagreeable and boorish. In the text Christ discourages any such propagation of gospel truth as would secure the applause of evil men, instead of arousing the indignation of the unrighteous.

"To fill the ideal of a true propagator of truth the church must be an agitator. It must take the initiative in great reforms. Its weapons will be prayer, integrity, the ballot and argument. The fields to be entered are broad, and invite the Christian as an agitator. The church as an agitator must enter business circles. The principles of the gospel only can harmonize the employer and employee. The church must denounce the sweating system, which is outraging underpaid labor. The gospel is to have no time to preach Old Testament stories when New Testament principles need to be emphasized and applied. The church as an agitator should enter politics and demand the obliteration of party lines, when political parties clinging to effected doctrines are the greatest obstruction to men and needed reforms. The right of citizenship is God-given.

"The church as an agitator must enter social circles and reorganize society on the gospel basis. I like that new word which has been recently coined—altruism—it opposes selfishness and avarice and teaches the love of others. The church must reaffirm the truth that all men are created equal, and if some are more highly favored with property and prosperity, they are still on the same level with humanity—that wealth does not bequeath superiority. I am inclined to think that Dr. McGlynn is right and that the ownership of land, whether by inheritance or wise investment or priority of settlement, should not elevate the fortunate possessor above his more tardy and less fortunate brother. The church must ceaselessly and vehemently enforce the vital fact that men are no better than their fellows because more favorably born or more advantageously surrounded.

"The church as an agitator must enter the moral world. If it cannot secure certain long-sought reforms by ballot it ought to succeed by revolution. How long will the crime of intemperance curse the nation? Let the church arise and demand the annihilation of the infamous traffic which is a crime against the home, the church and the State. If it cannot be done by legislation, let it be accomplished by revolution. The immolation of the multitudes of the nation's sons and daughters can be stopped if the Christian church, Protestant and Catholic, stand up to the emergency."

LABOR INSURANCE.

No Workman Sure that a Society
Will Fulfill It's Obligations.

There are several reasons which militate against insurance for pensions by our wage earners. One is want of adequate security. No workman can be sure what a society into which he enters at twenty-one will be able to fulfill its obligations forty-four years later, when he becomes a claimant for a pension. Nothing but a national guarantee can give such security.

Another reason arises from the migratory habits of our working population which render it uncertain whether a man will be able to keep up his connection with any one society during his whole working life. An insurance system of a national character would better than any other meet this difficulty.

But greater hindrance than all is the doubt which arises from the uncertainty of employment. A man may contribute for years and then, owing to depression in trade or other cause, be unable to keep up his payments, and so lose both pension and contributions. No system of insurance will provide an effective means of escape from old

age pauperism, which does not overcome this difficulty.

The plan adopted by the Germans in their new law is probably as effective as any that can be desired. Each insurer is provided with a card divided into forty-seven squares; each week, as he makes his weekly payment, a stamp is fixed to one of the squares, as is done with our postoffice savings bank cards. When the whole forty-seven spaces are filled he has thus made what is regarded as one year's contribution. He is thus allowed five weeks in every year for holidays and broken time. If out of work he simply does not get his squares filled up, and when he comes to claim his pension the number of years during which he has been a contributor is determined by the number of cards he has filled; thus, a period of voluntary or enforced idleness does not deprive him of a pension, but only slightly diminishes the amount he can claim. Nothing but a national system can well overcome this difficulty.—Contemporary Review.

THE BRASSWORKERS.

The International Brotherhood at
Work.

The International Brotherhood of Brassworkers has just finished its second annual convention in Allegheny. There were about 59 delegates present, representing Local Unions in Cincinnati, New Haven, New York, Chicago, Erie, Denver, St. Louis, Louisville, Dayton, Baltimore, Columbus, Canton, Toledo, Lorraine, Philadelphia and other points.

The International Association was formed in New Haven a year ago, and it now represents a total membership of between 5,000 and 10,000. The business consisted of hearing the national officers' reports, the appointment of committees and other routine work effecting changes in the laws of the organization, etc., etc.

The Secretary, C. C. McGlogan, of Detroit, says the organization is on a very encouraging basis now and the prospects for the future are bright. One of the subjects discussed at the present meeting was the scale. The unions regulate the wages in their respective cities at present, but it is the desire to establish some sort of a scale that will make the wages more uniform. As it is the men are paid all the way from \$2 to \$5 a day. The convention also resolved to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

Co-Operative Mining In France.

Mineral rights in France are owned by the general government and leased to operating companies. There are many mines that have been abandoned by their lessees on account of losses. There is quite a movement toward the organization of associations of miners to work these abandoned mines on the co-operative plan, which they are able to do with success, owing to the low cost of administration. An impetus has been given to this movement by the successful operations of a party of miners who took up the colliery that their employers had abandoned after heavy losses.

Natural Time Indicators.

"I never carried a watch in my life," said a New Yorker of fifty. "A watch is a habit, and not a necessary article. No man that carries a watch can be more regular in his habits than I am. I can get up at a certain minute and do so every morning. I can tell the time of day by feeling my face. The beard grows exactly so much, and you can come within a reasonable time of the hour by passing the hand over the chin. Not that it is often necessary, because regular habits soon become second nature and you never think of wondering about the hour. Of course, the man who lives on trains and boats a great deal has to wear a time piece and a time table."

British society is scandalized by a statement made in the Edinburgh Scotsman that a daughter of the Prince of Wales was recently seen lounging outside the pavilion of the Naval Exhibition, smoking a cigarette in full view of the crowd. Officials hasten to deny the truth of the report.

Thursday was the final day of the 23rd annual meeting of the Ontario Rifle Association. The conditions were exceptionally good and the scoring much in advance of other years. The Gzowski challenge cup valued at \$200 for the best team aggregating in skirmishing and volley firing, was won by the 10th Royal Grenadiers.