

# THE ECHO.

Published under the Auspices of Montreal Typographical Union No. 176 in the Interest of Organized Labor.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

No. 6



AN EDITOR'S SORROW.

"Is there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said 'I'll pay, before I go to bed, the debt I owe the Printer.'—Whitby Chronicle.

There may not be, but some we know,  
Who put it off till morning glow,  
And then forget the bill, and so—  
They help to starve the printer.

And if the printer haps to roam  
With bill in hand into their home  
They fade away across the loam  
As fast as any sprinter.

And lo, he knocks an hour in vain,  
And glances through the window pane  
And then he sighs with much disdain,  
"There's no one in the linter."

When his finances are in splints,  
When his affairs have got the squints,  
And for relief he gently hints,  
Do they relieve the hinter?

Nay, nay, fond heart, they do not so;  
They hate to let the money go;  
They say (it fills his heart with woe):  
"He'll have to wait till winter."

## VARIETIES.

Judging from the ludicrous spectacle witnessed daily in the vicinity of the Herald office, about meal time, the proprietors of that paper approve of the policy of "protection."

Husband—Am I never to have my own way?  
Wife—Certainly, my dove; when we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine.

Mr. Dumpsey—Johnny, do people ever say you look like me?  
Johnny Dumpsey—No, pa—not since you got me that big St. Bernard dog.

"Papa, there's something I want to know."  
"What is it, my boy?"  
"Why is the moon called she?"  
"Because it is changeable, my son."

McCorkle—I have discovered the true elixir of life.  
McCorkle—What is it?  
McCorkle—Get sentenced to die by electricity.

Smith—Supposing I should ask you to let me have \$50 for three months, Robinson?  
Robinson—I should want security.  
Smith—What security would satisfy you?  
Robinson (after a moment's thought)—Handcuffs.

"Look at this newspaper," said one messenger boy to another.  
"What about it?"  
"It says that the earth travels at the rate of eighteen miles a second."

"Golly! Well, maybe it's going our way. Let's sit down an' see."

"Doesn't that man know there's typhoid fever in that house?" asked one citizen of another.  
"I suppose not; he goes in as if he wasn't in the least apprehensive."

"Why doesn't somebody warn him?"  
"Oh, he's a detective. Nobody is afraid he will catch anything."

"Is there no liberty in Russia?" asked a New Yorker of Mr. Curtin, our ex-minister to Russia.  
"O, yes; there is plenty of liberty, but, of course, it is not for everybody."

"I don't quite understand."  
"There is plenty of liberty for those who are wealthy and powerful, but this liberty is for the common folks very much like the bank note on which is printed: 'Whoever imitates this shall suffer death or imprisonment.'"

## St. Lawrence Ward

## WORKINGMEN, VOTE FOR

The Man Who Will Not Betray  
YOUR Interests,

# MR. WILLIAM CLENDINNENG

This popular and generous employer of labor is now before you asking for your suffrages to send him as your representative for St. Lawrence Ward in the Local Legislature.

Mr. CLENDINNENG believes in the maxim of a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, and has always acted upon it, as his numerous employees willingly testify.

Do not neglect your own interests by neglecting to poll your vote in his favor.

Rally to Mr. CLENDINNENG'S support on  
Polling Day.

## TUESDAY, 17th JUNE,

and, with such generous support as you can give, return him triumphantly at the head of the poll.

What the electors want is a man of sound sense and with the courage to give expression to his convictions. Such a man is WILLIAM CLENDINNENG, a self-made man, a man of the people, who knows what the people want, as honest as the day and above boodle.

## Work and Vote for Clendinneng!

## AN EDITOR'S WRATH.

There are fiends of the 'cycle and fiends of baseball,  
There are fiends whom it would be a pleasure to mawl,

But the fiend who comes into the editor's room,  
Who eats all the paste, plasters ink on the broom,  
Who clips the exchanges, takes all that is good,  
And muddies the rug as no gentleman would,  
Who pokes our desk up in a terrible mess  
And tortures the sweet office pussy unless  
We come with a club, muttering slowly his doom  
And kick him at once from the editor's room—  
Who tips up the inkstand and drinks the benzine—  
Is the very worst fiend I ever have seen.

Smoke the Union Cigar, Nectar, 5c

## INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION. PRINTERS' HOME IN COLORADO.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 10.—The printers' home will be located in Colorado Springs. The location was made at the afternoon session of the International Union. The entire Childs-Drexel fund, amounting with interest and contributions to \$30,000, was voted to begin work on the home right away, and measures will be instituted to run the building fund up to \$50,000. The plan provides for a board of fifteen trustees, of whom the present Childs-Drexel fund trustees shall form part, the others to be elected. A per capita tax of \$1 yearly to be levied for the support of the Home. An amendment was offered to the law to compel foremen to give a written reason for the discharge of men and require them when they discharge men, if the "case" is restored within sixty days, to give its former holder the refusal of it. A section was reported favorably from the committee on laws, which read:

"No compositor on newspapers shall be permitted to work more than six days per week if a substitute can be obtained."

Miss Taylor, of Cincinnati, moved to amend by making it five days, instead of six. A motion was made to lay the whole section on the table and the yeas and nays called for. The vote stood—yeas, 88; nays, 55, and the section was laid on the table. A resolution to pay travelling printers a mileage was reported upon unfavorably by the committee on laws and action upon that report was postponed.

Smoke the Union Cigar, Picnic, 5c

## CHINESE EXECUTIONS.

Letters from Shanghai give details of a wholesale execution of criminals recently in Peking. The condemned numbered fourteen, and were carried to the place of execution in waggons. They were dressed in red, their hands tied behind them, and a heavy chain was fastened around their necks. They were indifferent as to their fate. At the place of execution an Imperial commissioner read the decree of condemnation. Nine of the prisoners were to be beheaded and five hanged. The former were placed in front of the place destined to receive their bodies. Their faces were painted red, their clothes were stripped from, and each one was forced to dig a grave for himself. The subsequent work of the executioner was speedy, and in a few moments the nine were beheaded and the five strangled. The bodies of the latter were stretched on the ground, and the officers pinned on each a large paper giving the name and crime of the condemned. Later the bodies were exposed to be the prey of birds. An immense throng went to Peking to witness the executions.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

At the forthcoming electrical exhibition in St. Louis it is intended to illustrate very fully the remarkable progress which has been made in the application of electricity for heating purposes. Among other devices there will be ordinary looking flat-irons to which flexible cord is attached, and to which the heat can be instantly transmitted by a slight pressure. Soldering irons with similar connections can be heated without any waste of time, and the usual fire-pot can be dispensed with. Tea kettles, cooking dishes, tin pans and every description of culinary articles can in the same way be placed anywhere, and their contents boiled or baked in the time ordinarily taken in lighting a fire. Portable radiators will also be on exhibition, which can be carried with the greatest ease from one room to another, and which, when connected, will warm the apartment. Supplementing this exhibit will be a number of improved thermostats or temperature controllers, by which the temperature of a room can be absolutely regulated.