

## BRITISH WORKMAN'S BALLAD.

A Song of the Tollers of England  
Which Also Fits This Country.

George R. Sims has written a satirical poem dealing with the English elections and the workmen. The verses form a parody on Kipling's "Tommy Atkins." These are the lines:

I walked in a perocshin with a banner and a band.  
And they said I was a noosance in 'Igh 'Oborn  
and the Strand;  
I spouted at a meeting which was in Trafalgar  
square,  
But they sent the slops to charge me and to  
clear me out of there.

Oh, it's "Demmygog" and "Sochulist," and  
"Damn the lazy lout,"  
But it's "Bless the British workman" with  
the ballot box about.  
The ballot box about, my lads, the ballot  
box about;  
Oh, it's "Bless the British workman," with  
the ballot box about.

I struck for better wages, and they said I was  
a fool,  
And the crafty hagatur merely used me as a  
tool;  
And when the kids was starvin and we hadn't  
sup nor bite,  
They only shrugged their shoulders, and they  
said it served me right.

For it's "Ruin to the country," and it's  
wickedness and crime,  
But it's "Sacred rights o' labor" just about  
election time.  
Just about election time, my lads, just about  
election time;  
Oh, it's "Sacred rights o' labor" just about  
election time.

I'm lazy and I'm 'ulking, and a noosance and  
a cuss,  
And I sits on trade and commerce like a blessed  
inkysun.  
I'm a-draggin down the hempire and a-swell-  
ing of the rates,  
And a 'oray' anded 'umbug what the hupper  
classes 'ates.

For it's "Workingmen are duffers," and  
"They're never worth a groat,"  
But it's "British bone and sinew" when  
they wants your blooming vote.  
They wants your blooming vote, my lads,  
they wants your blooming vote;  
Oh, it's "British bone and sinew" when  
they wants your blooming vote.

## M. T. U. PICNIC.

FIFTH ANNUAL REUNION AT  
OTTERBURN PARK.

Unfavorable Weather no Hindrance to  
the Ardor of the Typo.

Sunshine From Rain Favors a  
Merry Day's Sport.

That Baseball Match and the Ship  
that Never Returned.

The Games and the Prize-  
Winners.

On Saturday morning last there were many anxious faces among the printers of Montreal, at least among that section of them which endeavor to live up to the golden rule of doing unto others, etc., and who believe in the unification of the mass as a source of strength and that an injury to one becomes the concern of the whole. The explanation is easy—it was the day chosen for their annual outing. As the heavy black clouds rolled up and the drizzling rain fell in the early morning, the prospect was anything but encouraging, and those who had the arrangements in hand held a long and serious confabulation over the situation. Indeed, at one time it was almost decided to cancel the train arrangements, but other counsels prevailed, and the decision turned out fortunately, for scarcely had the train started ere Old Sol shone out brilliantly, and by the time Otterburn was reached all the lowering clouds had disappeared and the crest-of-Beloeil mountain, clad in the greenest of verdure, nearly two thousand feet above, was a pleasant sight for jaded eyes to rest upon.

Although only a very small contingent ventured out in the morning train, the time was not allowed to pass heavily. What with dancing, baseball, rowing, etc., there was an abundance of fun; there was only one trouble, and that was in connection with the baseball game. There were too many umpires, and when any of the players got hold of the bat it was with the greatest difficulty he could be persuaded to quit it again as he generally insisted upon his own interpretation of strikes, fouls and catches. The greatest sinner in this respect was the gentleman who warbles so sweetly about "the ship that never returned"; he was not to be caught by sophistry of any kind, constituting himself a perfect authority of the game, and generally succeeded in overruling the decisions of the other umpires, that is, the rest of the players. However, these little hitches don't count where every-

body is looking only for fun and there was no blood spilt over these entanglements. Sides had been picked by Mr. John Donovan and a member of THE ECHO staff, but the latter piled up the runs to such an extraordinary extent that Captain Donovan withdrew his men, or, more strictly speaking, they withdrew themselves, dropping off one by one in a mysterious manner till none were left but the captain who finally dropped from exhaustion through his exertions in endeavoring to fill the positions of pitcher and first, second and third base all at once. Stringent rules were made at the beginning of the game, but it may be recorded as a curious fact they would never work the same way twice in succession. The Echo man had a level head and selected his men, not for their playing abilities, but for their proficiency in chin music, and it was on this account more than anything else, perhaps, that they registered about 150 runs to nil.

When the great body of the excursionists arrived in the afternoon the games were at once proceeded with. The results are herewith given:

Putting the 16-pound shot, open to ama-  
teurs—P. Whitley, 33 ft. 3½ in.; J. Whit-  
tey, 32 ft. 5 in.; J. Storey, 31 ft. 8 in.

Putting the 16-pound shot, open to mem-  
bers in good standing—J. Donovan, 25 ft. 10  
in.; L. Fraser, 24 ft. 7 in.; H. Arthur, 21  
ft. 5 in.

Running hop, step and jump, open to  
amateurs—P. Whitley, 38 ft. 8 in.; J.  
Whitley, 37 ft. 7 in.; J. McGuigan 28 ft. 4  
in.

Running hop, step and jump, members in  
good standing—J. Donovan, 35 ft.; L. Fra-  
ser, 33 ft. 9 in.; H. Arthur, 33 ft.; F.  
Watsop, 33 ft.

100 yards, apprentices two years or less  
at the business—P. Morgan, 1; E. Smith,  
2; J. Bradley, 3.

440 yards, open to amateurs—R. H.  
Chapman, 1; A. Lee, 2; E. Mignault, 3.

100 yards, members in good standing M.  
T. U. No. 176—L. Fraser, 1; R. Williams,  
2; H. Arthur, 3.

100 yards, open to amateurs—P. Whitley,  
1; T. Donnelly, 2; F. McDonald, 3.

440 yards, members in good standing M.  
T. U. No. 176—R. Williams, 1; L. Fraser,  
2; H. Arthur, 3.

50 yards, wives of members in good stand-  
ing—Mrs. Fraser, 1; Mrs. Jackson, 2; Mrs.  
Williams, 3.

100 yards, apprentices four years or less  
at the business—E. Smith, 1; W. Horner,  
2; P. Morgan, 3.

220 yards, open to members in good stand-  
ing of any labor organization—J. Storey, 1;  
P. Whitley, 1; J. McGuigan, 3.

50 yards, young ladies' race—Miss James,  
1; Miss Julia Bradley, 2; Miss Hammond,  
3.

100 yards, members' daughters under 15  
—Jennie Taylor, 1; L. Bradley, 2; J. Brad-  
ley, 3.

There was also a great game of lacrosse  
between the Clippers and Standards, ending  
in a tie. Mr. L. Fraser was referee, and  
Messrs. James Feeney and J. Rogers were  
the umpires. The teams were as follows:

Clippers—J. Gill, Jas. Nolan. — Robert-  
son, — Duggan, John Nolan, E. Nolan, R.  
McEwan, — Sullivan, J. Murphy, — Par-  
ker, — Birchall, — Craven; J. Anderson,  
captain.

Standards—W. Hickey, M. O'Connor, J.  
Nolan, J. Grier, E. Jones, M. Sinnett, D.  
Ross, W. Quinn, W. Galley, R. Robinson,  
W. Dowd, W. Smith; T. Murphy, captain.

The fifth annual outing of the printers  
may be set down as a great success. Many  
familiar faces were missed which ought to  
have been there, and for their absence we  
will charitably blame the threatening  
state of the weather. There was a large  
number of the craft there, however, whom  
it is always a pleasure to meet and rehearse  
old stories of by-gone worthies and to specu-  
late upon the effect of modern innovations  
in the trade. Long may they live to grace  
with their presence the annual picnic of the  
printers.

The committee worked well to secure suc-  
cess, and though the duty is sometimes ren-  
dered unpleasant by petty jealousies, they  
have the consolation that they succeeded  
under many difficulties in giving happiness  
to those who patronized their efforts. The  
names of the gentlemen composing the com-  
mittee were: W. O. Kydd, chairman; J.  
S. McGovern, secretary; David Smith,  
treasurer; John Donovan, J. D. Morrison,  
H. Rush, Jas. Feeney, D. Dalton, H. Wil-  
son, James Wilson and L. Z. Boudreau.

The homeward journey was a merry one,  
and all arrived at their destination without  
any mishap occurring to mar the day's en-  
joyment.

Mrs. D.—Just think, Mary, how terrible.  
The poor man was torn limb from limb.  
Mary—Lor' bless us, marm, and men so  
scarce.

Helmitta, a manufacturing village near  
New Brunswick, N. J., is alarmed over the  
fact that within a week over twenty deaths  
have occurred from a disease that resembles  
cholera, which seems to be epidemic.

## IS IT RIGHT TO PROHIBIT

The Chinese Coming Into  
Canada?

(WRITTEN FOR THE ECHO.)

Through the kindness of a personal friend,  
although living in a country town, I am en-  
abled to see THE ECHO every week. Although  
now nearing the "sere and yellow leaf" of  
life's usual limits, yet more than three-  
fourths of my life has been more or less ac-  
tively engaged in the efforts of the masses—  
both in England and in Canada—to better  
their conditions, politically, morally and  
socially. Hence you will readily under-  
stand my offering a few stray thoughts on  
the subject of the Chinese and Canada's la-  
bor market.

Every nation has its individuality. As  
there are no two persons alike, so there are  
no two nations alike. Geography and cli-  
mate create different circumstances, differ-  
ent feelings and different relations; and it  
may be said of the Chinese that they are a  
peculiar people. They claim to be one of  
the oldest, if not the oldest nation on the  
earth. They have a known history 800 or  
900 years before the Christendom era; they,  
themselves, claim more than 2,000 years.  
They are admitted to be the largest nation,  
being in numbers as much as all Europe put  
together, having a population of about four  
hundred millions. Their language is unique  
and intricate, being one of the most difficult  
to learn; their alphabet consists of about  
40,000 different signs. They have their  
splendid palaces and minarets; they have  
many arts and sciences, and are by no  
means to be considered merely tea gatherers  
and washerwomen. Other nations have  
risen and fallen, while the Chinese have re-  
mained, age after age, growing larger and  
larger in numbers. They have not been ig-  
norant of the arts of war; their great wall,  
built to keep out the Tartar, is a monument  
of their engineering capacity, when other  
nations had but little to boast of. But as  
my province here is not to give a history of  
the Chinese, I will now leave this part of  
the subject upon which columns have been  
written, and ask: Why should we prohibit  
an intelligent, persevering, clever people  
coming to make their home in our midst?  
On the broad principle of a universal brother-  
hood, some will say, we ought not to keep  
them out, but extend to them a friendly  
hand and bid them welcome. Now, there  
must be some manifest reasons why such a  
strong prejudice has been raised against  
them. I think that there is more involved  
in this universal fraternity than at first  
sight appears. To put it in a very simple  
way, you cannot be a brother and friend to  
me unless I am a brother and friend to you.  
The principle and the practice have got to  
work both ways. We are willing to be  
brothers to John Chinaman, but he is not  
willing to be a brother to us. You know  
that only fifty years ago everybody was kept  
outside their great wall, and it was at the  
mouth of the cannon and musket that we  
have been permitted to enter some of their  
once forbidden provinces. Then, again, if  
they would meet us on equal terms our re-  
asons for prohibiting them would not have  
much weight. But as they will not, the re-  
sponsibility lies with them, and not with us.  
We have already hinted as to their coming  
to make a home with us; but they are too  
high-minded for that. They are so  
shrouded in their own superiority that they  
will not even bury their dead outside of  
their so-called celestial city. Their main  
motive seems to be no higher than that of  
a great circus coming into our cities to secure  
and carry away all the money they can.  
Then we ask: How is it possible for them  
to become good brothers and good citizens  
with us with no other inspiration than a  
selfish motive? Then, again, there are the  
reports which we get of the moral, or rather  
extremely immoral status of those who have  
forced themselves upon us. In San Fran-  
cisco and in British Columbia, where they  
have succeeded in getting together in large  
numbers, their corrupting influences are  
painfully felt. It is from these and other  
places that the cry comes to keep them out.  
But the moral influence is not so strong as  
the effect they produce on the labor market.  
Having learned to live cheaply—in a way  
that our own people would not submit to  
for a moment—they offer themselves at  
miserably low wages, and find employment  
with money-grabbing contractors to the ex-  
clusion of hundreds who have a desire to  
raise themselves to a higher level in society.  
But, we would ask: How is this elevation  
possible if we allow, without stint or re-  
serve, such people as the Chinese to come  
and prevent our own people from obtaining  
an honorable livelihood?

An article in the Globe of a recent date,  
in referring to this subject, says: "A few  
years ago protection was a deity revered  
by the workmen of the United States, as  
the source of high wages, continuous em-  
ployment and national prosperity generally.  
But dark days came when the rolling mills  
of Ohio and the iron and steel mines of Pen-

sylvania were overrun by Poles and Huns  
and Italians who were imported free of duty  
and speedily reduced the wages of the  
American laborer to the level of their own.  
On the Pacific Slope the Chinamen lowered  
the standard of subsistence in a similar  
way, until his very name stank in the nos-  
trils of the workers. The Chinaman has  
been forbidden the country, and already has  
been heard the creaking of the hinges that  
will bar out the cheap labor of Europe."  
Now, everybody knows that one of our lead-  
ing principles is to get a fair share of the  
wealth we create. But if we allow the Chi-  
naman or anybody else to come and live in  
hovels and eat food that we would not have  
in our houses, to come into our midst and  
run down wages to a mere existence point,  
I say these are strong reasons why the  
Chinese should be kept back, and while we  
believe in a universal brotherhood, we see  
that there is an immense amount of educa-  
tional work to be done before we reach this  
desired haven. This brings us to another  
view of the subject, and that is: We need  
so much education right here at home that  
for the present we have no time to go out  
and educate the Chinese, and there seems to  
be no other method of protecting ourselves,  
our families and our country but by keep-  
ing them out. We have battle enough to  
fight with our own fellow-countrymen and  
women, for some are blind and some are  
stupid; we can neither wake them nor  
move them to a true sense of their real posi-  
tion, hence it behoves us to keep all foreign  
forces at bay. To some it may be said:  
Lend us a hand! We are weary of striv-  
ing—striving each nerve to win popular  
sense. Why do you all play neutral and sit  
still on the fence when we need your assist-  
ance? Our country is large enough yet for  
millions more; but we want the right sort,  
and we want absolute justice say those who  
toil. It is the orator's theme and the poet's  
dream; the preacher's appeal, the reform-  
ers highest end and aim. All natural and  
religious forces point this way, while the  
voice and work of eternal progress marches  
on to the goal it reaches out to see. When  
joining some labor organizations men are  
subjected to an obligation and a test and  
pledge of honor, and I assert that it is only  
common justice that the Chinaman, when  
he comes to this country, should be sub-  
jected to an obligation not to undermine our  
fellow-workmen in any way. The present  
prohibitory measures passed by the United  
States Government have been forced upon  
them unwillingly, and they are being forced  
upon us in the same way. We say it is  
better to keep them out than to allow them  
to come here and produce enmity and ill-  
will. The Philadelphia Press remarked the  
other day that a Southern mill owner, not  
long ago, who employed colored labor, said  
"we have the best and cheapest labor in  
the market," and the news from Arkansas  
concerning the killing of eleven colored men  
tell how wages are kept low in the South.  
If a colored man asks for more wages he is  
shot. Now, you see it does not matter  
whether colored or Italian, or Pole or Chi-  
naman, as long as they come here to make  
our country worse instead of better, we have  
a right to prohibit them.

JOHN GUEST.

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