

AN ECHO FROM THE DOCKS.

"I hear that some of the printers, with an eye to the interests of those who are yet standing bravely out against a reduction of their already small wages in the dispute with the Herald, are about to issue a Labor Day edition of THE ECHO on an enlarged scale."

"Yes, that's so, Tom," answered Bill Cheeseboard, a stalwart specimen of a holder, who works at one of our ocean liners, "and, what's more, they are going to continue issuing it weekly as soon as the labor element signifies its willingness to contribute to its support, which is a dollar a year, in advance."

"By golly, then," rejoined Jack Hookrope, "they cannot begin their work too quick, and, as the Salvation Army says, 'Open fire right and left at the devil's army and storm their fortresses with red-hot shot.'"

"What do you mean, Jack," says Tom Dunningwood, "by the 'devil's army'? You must be a bit of a Salvationist yourself."

"You never were further away from the mark, Tom, in your life. What do I want to be a Salvationist for? I'm a thorough out-and-out Socialist, and a worker in the cause of labor reform. I don't expect to get my living by chanting and ranting and praying to the Lord with a hypocritical face, as long as a wet day, for the public to feed me. I want to work for my living and get the just fruits of my labor without whacking up with the lazy drone who has sworn against doing an honest day's work."

"Hold on, hold on, Jack; go easy. The boss will hear you, and, as sure as fate, will fire you. His excuse will be that you are a disturber, and, another thing, you are not keeping to the question. I want to know who are the devil's army?"

"It's merely a term of mine, Tom; a title to single out all those people who claim to be straight, orthodox Christians, professing one thing and practising another, going to church on Sundays with a drawn-up face and a Bible as big as a cheese, while all the time they are planning how they will squeeze the workingman's wages and enslave the unwary."

"By Jove," says Bill, "You will be put down as a red-hot Anarchist and a disturber of the public peace if you come out that way. Be more discreet in your expressions, especially around the docks, you know that some of our fellows are only too glad to carry yarns to the boss to curry favor. Can't you see them lounging around the corners waiting for the bosses to bring them into the saloon and whisper in their ears sweet little yarns. From them it goes to the stevedore, and you are spotted, and the first time you lay yourself open in the least you are bounced. Just look at the great strike now going on in New York State where some of our prominent members were made to take a walk for no other reason than that they belonged to labor organizations and expressing themselves as you are doing. It's not necessary to tell the boss your opinion of the unjust social system or to commit yourself. There are plenty to carry him the news, so I advise you, Jack, to be more careful. Let us work more secretly and underhand."

"That's all right enough, Bill," says Jack, "but do you consider that we will make any headway or progress in the labor movement if we keep on plodding with our head under a tub? If our principles are just and Christian-like, why should we be afraid to discuss them publicly and teach others who are ignorant of what is to their interests? It's in the highways and byways, on the docks and up-town that we ought to have our missionaries preach against the rotten corruption that is practised by one set of men against another. What strides would Christianity make if it had not its agents broadcast on the four quarters of the globe, openly and publicly making converts of its cause? I guess we should follow their example and be even ready to make sacrifices in its cause."

"I think you are rather hard on society in general," says Tom, who is naturally of a more contented disposition than the majority of his associates.

"No, no," chimed in Bill, "you do not grasp his meaning. What Jack says is quite correct. He merely wishes to see a fairer and more honest form is used in our social system, and I am of the same opinion, although it's plainly to be seen that we ourselves are to blame for the condition we are in. We are not half organized or half educated. We allow sharp, speculative individuals to step in and reap the reward of our toil. We allow stevedores to compete against each other to be our task masters. They make our wages according to their contract, regulate the number of men to be in a gang, and they have to keep the steam winch going, and, as you have seen, we often get more than abused if there is any stoppage."

"Yes, that's so," says Tom, "but there has to be stevedores; there have always been, and I guess will continue to the end, at least as long as you and I live."

"Is that your opinion? If it is, it's not mine by a long chalk," rejoined Jack, who was waiting to get in his spoke. "The system of stevedores will last as long as we are willing to let them last; just the same as anything else. Mind you, I have no hard feeling against a stevedore personally. It is the system that galls me. It's far from being square and fair for one man to get so much per ton for unloading and loading cargo, and then go to work and hire men to do the work at so much per hour and run the life out of them to get the job done in the quickest time possible. The quicker the gang does the job the more the stevedore makes out of his bargain with the ship owners or agents. But it's vice versa with the men—the quicker they do the job the less they get."

"Yes, by golly, that's so," says Bill, "and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. It nettles one to see and hear bosses cursing and driving men, just the same as you see cattlemen driving cattle aboard to be loaded. I have even seen them brutally assaulted for daring to give any chin to the boss. Yes, and for even daring to ask for their right time after they were enched out of it. There used to be hard times on these docks, some fifteen years ago. Unless a man was a scrapper, I wish you luck, he'd get more than hustled out of his time. Then there were three or four different rates of wages going. A new man, let him be as big as a horse, if he never worked at the ship before, he'd get twelve and a

Gurney Hot Water Boilers

UNEQUALLED

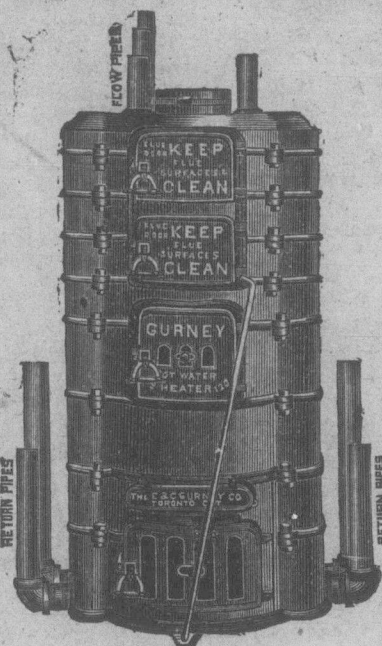
—BY—

Any Other Made

—FOR—

QUICK CIRCULATION!

GREAT SURFACE ECONOMY.



Largest

SALE

—OF ANY—

BOILER

—IN—

Canada

—OR—

United States.

RADIATORS.

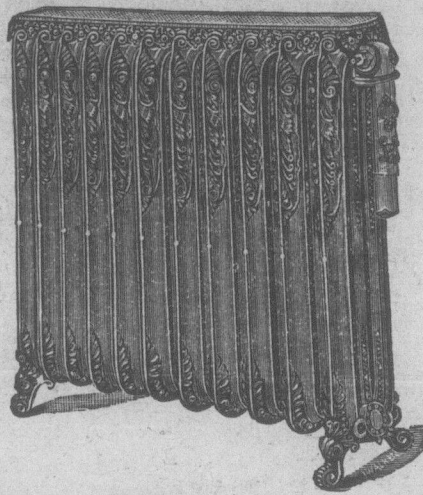
ARTISTIC

—IN—

DESIGN.

QUICKER

CIRCULATION



WITH

Less Water

TO HEAT

THAN ANY OTHER MADE.

Send for Circulars.

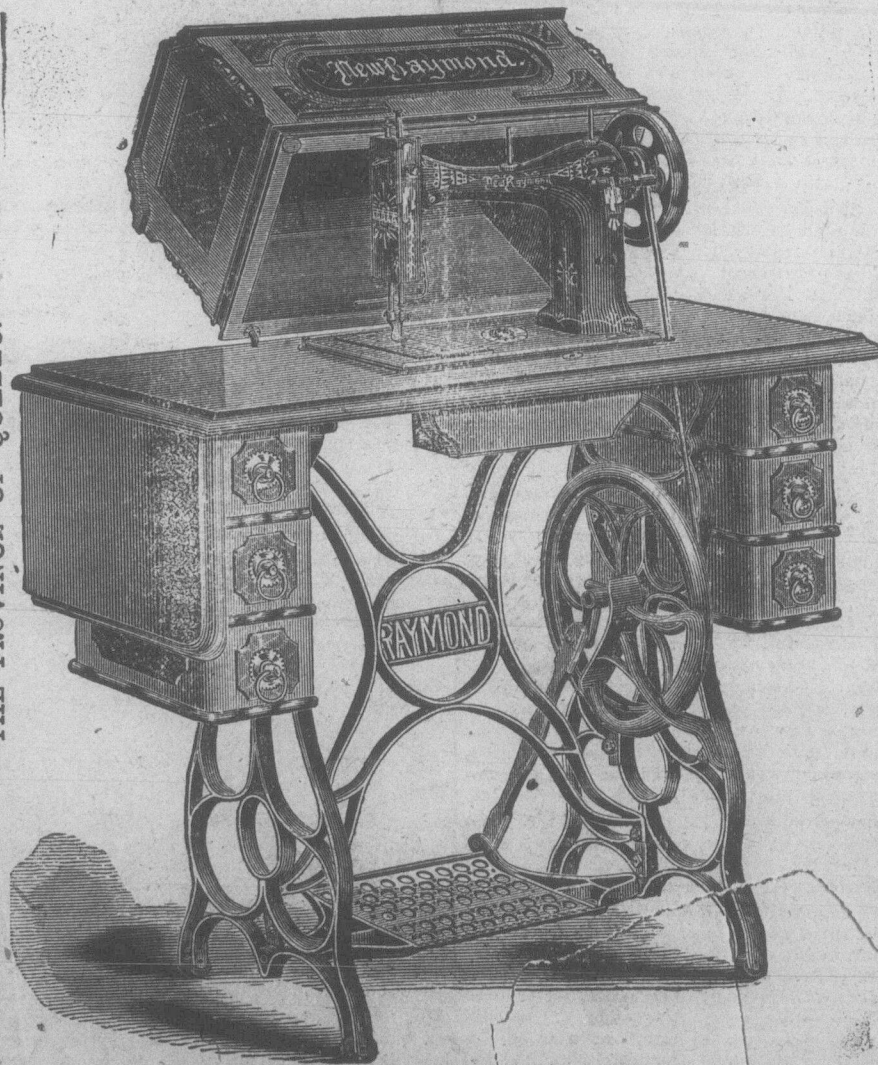
E. & C. Gurney & Co.,

385 and 387 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

FOISY FRERES

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Sewing Machines, Pianos and Organs.



SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE FOR THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF THE FOISY PIANO, OFFENBACH PIANO AND EVANS BROS. PIANO.

HEAD OFFICE:

70 St. Lawrence Main Street,

CORNER VITRE.

Bell Telephone 1644.

Agents Wanted.

half cents an hour, some were getting fifteen, some seventeen, some twenty, and some twenty-five."

"I'd as good times and better pay than than I have now," says Tom. "I had my twenty-five cents all round, and made better time. Now I have only twenty cents, the same as the green horn that comes along to-day or to-morrow. What has your Knights of Labor done to improve my condition?"

"Stop right there, Tom. You can only see out one eye and look at one side of the question. Another thing, you are talking out of the leg of a boot," answered Jack. "You are only studying your own interest, the same as the stevedore is. The principle, or at least one of them, that the Knights of Labor teach is equal pay for equal work, equal rights to all and special privileges to none. What more right had you to receive twenty-five cents an hour down the hold, slinging pig iron, than the man on the wharf, under a hot, burning sun, carrying it away? I guess the man on the wharf hoisted more than you, yet he only probably got fifteen cents an hour. If he came down the hold to be a partner of yours shovelling coal into the same tub, did he not do the same amount of work as you did? I guess if he didn't you'd look sideways at him. Then what right had you to expect more than him?"

"Yes, that's all right," exclaimed Tom, "but what about stowing box meat, lard, cheese, and the different kinds of cargo that we have to handle? What does the greenhorn know about that?"

"My dear friend, Tom, your reasoning is all one sided. Has the greenhorn not to horse as hard as you on the dock in getting the cheese, lard, and box meat along as you in the hold? I bet you, you wouldn't swap places with him?"

"No, I guess not," says Bill.

"But what do you think of the candidates for Mayor?" says Tom, turning the conversation as one of the bosses had approached within gunshot. "I see by the papers that the People's Jimmy is going to be run for the position, as also Dr. Guerin and a few more, also that Jimmy is going to settle the Water Tax dispute when he comes from the salt water, the same as he settled the night schools—that is got them adopted by Mercier."

"That's all rot, Tom; there's where you fellows are in the dark. The Knights of Labor pushed that through, although Jimmy tried to get the credit of it to himself. I heard one of our members tell him so right to his own face, and he shut up. It's not my intention," continued Jack, "to condemn Jimmy for all that, but my opinion is that he is pulling all wires, and if he does not take a tumble may get badly left before long. The trouble with Jimmy is, he thinks he has a patent right to any public position that his ambition leads him to. Of course I speak only as a workman, and view his career as to what he has done in the interest of labor and in the passage of progressive reforms. Jimmy, in my opinion, is a thorough party man, and he goes with the party that drives the most grist to his mill."

"Well, what do you think of Dr. Guerin's claims to the position?" asked Tom.

"My opinion is," replied Jack, "that his principles are broader; that is, I mean that he believes in equal rights to all and special privileges to none. Of course he is an untried man, and that may stand against him."

"I don't think it will by the Labor Party," answered Bill, "for I see that they are busy at work in his interest, that is to induce him to accept the candidature. As for being an untried man in the labor cause that is a mistaken idea. Of course he never assisted much by words or speeches in public, but by his purse, and that's what tries a man. However we will see when the time comes."

"Come along; where is them roosters of mine?" shouts the boss. (Exit conspirators.)

CROWBAR

(To pinch them up a little).

Smoke the Union Cigar Schmer 10c

THE TWINS.

(From the Répos du Travailleur.)

It happens often that the birth of twins brings joy to the family, and that is what happens to-day in the great family of labor, which sees born the same day two fine boys—two newspapers, one called the Répos du Travailleur, destined to die the day of its birth, but leaving behind it pleasant memories. The other, THE ECHO, happier than its little brother, has every intention of living, and has all the qualifications necessary to bring about the prosperity of its family, the family of labor.

If the baby does not receive, in its infancy all that its parents should give it, it will certainly suffer the same fate as its brother, who to-morrow will be no more; but if, as we have reason to hope, it gets the support it deserves, it will grow, become the pride of its parents, and when it reaches maturity, will be able to return tenfold the assistance its parents have given it.

Workmen of Montreal you know the circumstances under which this journal is published. It is not necessary to tell you the story again. You know the result of the Herald strike, thanks to the cowardice of some confederes. It is your imperative duty, therefore, to assist in securing the prosperity of THE ECHO, which we have great pleasure in recommending to the public. THE ECHO will commence its regular publication the first week in October, and will appear once a week with a series of articles from the best writers on the labor question. The subscription to the paper is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance. All communications should be addressed to THE ECHO, P. O. Box 1134.

Smoke the Union Cigar Nectar 5c.

"THE ECHO."

On Saturday, 4th October, it is proposed to issue THE ECHO in regular weekly form. There is no denying that there is room for a publication of the nature proposed, and we believe and hope it will meet with the cordial support of workmen generally, in whose interests it is published. The proprietors and conductors established. The proprietors and conductors have been life-long Unionists and it will be their aim to advocate and enforce the principles of organized labor in the conduct of their journal.