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Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

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1711, K. of L.
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DAUGHTERS OF CANADA.

SIX WELL KNOWN DOMINION LADIES

Who Have Made Their Mark in Music, Literature and Education.

While Canada justly regards the world renowned Albani as her most gifted child, there are other talented young Canadian women who, though not yet so widely known as the great cantatrice, are fast making a name for themselves either in art, literature or profounder studies. Among these one of the brightest, most popular and promising of songstresses is Mrs. Agnes Thompson, who is rapidly acquiring an enviable reputation, not only in Canada, but throughout the United States. She is a pupil of the celebrated Signor Emilio Agrimonte, well known in New York as the founder and conductor of the American Composers' Choral society.

In appearance Agnes Thompson is about the average height, slender and graceful, with a clear complexion, dark eyes and hair and well marked brows. Her neck and arms are plump and snowy white. One of her greatest attractions, however, is the charming smile that lights up her whole face like a beam of sunshine. Her voice is a brilliant, flexible soprano, ranging as high as F in alt, which she gives with clear, soft purity. Though the timbre is joyous and merry, her tone is rich, sympathetic and organlike.

She is equally good in light, merry ballads or songs of deeper, more pathetic import, the expression of which is much enhanced by her mobile countenance. In society she is a favorite both on account of her great gift and her charming and gentle manner.

She is a constant and faithful student, never satisfied, but ever striving toward greater excellence. Her health is almost perfect; she rises at 6 o'clock every morning and, accompanied by her husband, rides for a couple of hours in the country. The rest of the morning is devoted to study and practice, the afternoon to social duties or more often to charitable visits.

One of the most interesting of young Canadian writers undoubtedly is the Indian poetess, E. Pauline Johnston, who has attracted considerable notice in England. Theodore Watts, the celebrated English critic, reviewing a collection of poems, complains in *The Athenaeum* that too little of this young lady's work is given, and speaks of it in terms of highest praise. Miss Johnston is of the Mohawk tribe, and was born at Chiefswood, her home on the Six Nation Indian reserve, Brant county, Ontario. Her father was the late George Henry Morton Johnston, or in the Mohawk language, Onwanonsyshon (He-Who-Has-the-Great-Mansion), head chief of the Mohawks, the proudest and most aristocratic of the Indian tribes. Her mother is an English woman, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol. Her grandfather was the noted John Sakeykenwaughton (Disappearing Mist), a pure Mohawk of the Wolf clan, who fought for Britain in the war of 1812, and was for forty years "speaker" for the Six Nations. The name of her great-grandfather was Tekahionweke, but after his conversion to Christianity, when he was being baptized at Niagara, Sir William Johnston, who was present, asked that he might be called after himself, and this name the family adopted as their surname.

Miss Johnston is rather tall and slender, with clearcut features, dark skin, gray eyes, straight brows, black hair and a soft, musical voice. Hers is a busy, active life, occupied by household duties and church work, for she is an ardent member of the Episcopal church, so that literature engages only her leisure hours. Her best work is accomplished from 10 o'clock in the evening until 3 or 4 in the morning, as then she is most sure of freedom from interruption. Most of her poems have been written at a little desk in her own room, above which hangs a shelf containing copies of her favorite poets, chiefly Canadian and American. She is passionately fond of canoeing, in which art she is an adept, and many of her subjects are thought out during her solitary paddling excursions.

In future Miss Johnston intends devoting her pen exclusively to Canadian and Indian subjects. A visit to Chiefswood is most interesting, as the family possesses many curious and beautiful relics inherited from their dusky ancestors.

Miss Eliza Ritchie's name is better known in American university circles than in Canada, though she is purely Canadian, by birth a Nova Scotian. In 1887 she graduated from

Dalhousie university, Halifax, with the degree of B. L., and the same year obtained a fellowship at Cornell university, where she studied for two years, winning the degree of Ph. D. and was then appointed instructor of psychology and history of philosophy at Wellesley college, Massachusetts.

Like most learned people Miss Ritchie is modesty itself, and can scarcely be induced to speak of her achievements. Her countenance bears the high stamp of intellectuality in every lineament. Her fine, soft, wavy hair is drawn smoothly away from a broad, white forehead.

For the degree of Ph. D. she wrote a most elaborate philosophical thesis, which was afterwards published and circulated in pamphlet form.

Miss Nora Clench, a native of the little village of St. Mary's, at present occupies the position of first violinist and leader of an orchestra at Buffalo. At the age of five she learned to play on a little violin made expressly for her by her father, the late Leon Clench, barrister at law. In the evening her father used to play the flute, accompanied by her eldest sister, while little dark eyed Nora played her tiny violin to her own satisfaction and the surprise and delight of all who heard her. When about fifteen or sixteen years old she went to Germany and entered the Leipzig Conservatory of Music, where she was a pupil of Herr Brodsky, the great Russian violinist. Before she graduated she obtained a special prize, which is given not annually, but only when some particularly brilliant pupil has attained to an exceptionally high standard of excellence. Just before returning to Canada she visited England and gave a concert at Oxford university. The English papers spoke most highly both of her technique and artistic feeling. Her tone is broad, pure and resonant, and her style severely classical and correct.

Miss Clench is an Irish brunette, viz., a fair complexion and dark, deep gray eyes, veiled by heavy lashes. Her hair is black and abundant; in each cheek glows a rich spot of crimson, which completes the brilliant beauty of her face.

Another Canadian musician who studied in Leipzig at the same time as Miss Clench, and has since frequently played with her, is Miss Annie Lampman, the pianist, at present a resident of Ottawa. She is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and inherits German blood from both her mother and father. While in Germany Siloti, the famous Russian pianist, and Krause, the noted German musical critic, took a great deal of notice of her and predicted for her a brilliant future. Krause finally took her regularly for a pupil. During her lessons Siloti frequently visited Krause, and when he left for Moscow he sent her his photograph with an autographic inscription.

Miss Lampman made her German debut in the Prussian town of Halle, Handel's birthplace, and received well merited encomiums from a most critical audience. While in Germany she wrote the "Leipzig Letters" for the *Musical Courier*, of New York. When she was visiting the latter city she had the honor to obtain recognition and commendation from the great Hans von Bulow, who was visiting the city at the same time and whom she met accidentally.

Miss Agnes Knox, the young and talented elocutionist, a fellow citizen of Miss Nora Clench, is a graduate of the Philadelphia School of Oratory. She has just completed a most successful tour of Canada. Wherever she has given recitals she has captivated her audiences, not only by her talent, but also, by her gentle, dignified manner. She is that rare type, a perfect blond, with a mass of fluffy, silver gold hair, blue eyes and a pale, pure complexion.

They Like Fat Girls in Tunis.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she tips the scale at 200 pounds, and to that end she commences to fatten when she is fifteen years old. She takes aperients and eats a great deal of sweet stuff and leads a sedentary life to hasten the progress. Up to fifteen she is very handsome, but at twenty what an unwieldy mass of fat she becomes. She waddles, or rather undulates along the street. Her costume is very picturesque, especially if she be of the richer class. They are clothed in fine silks of resplendent hues of a bright red, yellow or green, and wear a sort of conical shaped head dress from which depends a loose, white drapery. Turkish trousers and dainty slippers, the heel of which barely reaches the middle of the foot, complete the costume.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

MARGARET ACH IFAN.

The Remarkable All Around Accomplishments of a Welsh Woman.

In Welsh lore we sometimes find things of doubtful authenticity; but the readers of this brief sketch may rest assured that it is no fiction. I find it in "Pennant's Tours in Wales," first published in English something over 100 years ago, and lately brought out in the Welsh language. I take it from the Welsh edition. This phenomenal person was born about the year 1696, and brought up at Llanberis, North Wales. Nothing is said of any of her relatives. Mr. Pennant says:

"At the head of the lake there lives a very noted woman, Margaret Ach Ifan, and I was sadly disappointed on not finding her at home when I called. She is the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the daughters of the ancient Britons. At this writing (1776) she is about ninety years of age. In the line of hunting, shooting and fishing in, her active days, she had no equal. She kept at least a dozen dogs of the best breed—bloodhounds, greyhounds, setters and terriers. She would secure more foxes in one year than the other hunters combined would get in ten.

"In boasting she was quite at home and the queen of the lakes. She played finely on the violin, and was well acquainted with the Welsh melodies of her day. She was also a musical composer, and some of her pieces are highly spoken of. She made two harps, on which she skillfully played. She was a good carpenter, shoemaker, tailor and blacksmith. She made her horses' shoes and shod them with her own hands. She built her own boats, in which in harmony with an agreement, she conveyed the copper down the lakes from the foot of the Snowdon.

"She composed poetry, and was a superior vocalist. She had more strength than any two men of her acquaintance. When sixty years of age she was more than a match for the best two wrestlers of the region, and she was never defeated. She received offers of marriage by the score, but after a long time she threw them all aside. At last, however, she smilingly accepted an offer from the feeblest of the lot."

In a Welsh volume in my possession—"Cymru Fu" (Wales of the past), I find the following. Which abbreviated I insert as an addition to Mr. Pennant's account. "One day her little dog Ianto stole the dinner of one of the miners. This so enraged the man that he instantly killed the dog. When Margaret heard of this she went to the miner's lodging place and found him standing with others outside of the house.

"She told him that she was willing to pay for the stolen dinner four times over and that he in return must pay for the dog. The man, who was one of the largest and strongest in the neighborhood, laughed at her scornfully. In a threatening manner he approached her and commanded her to depart or she might share the fate of Ianto. No sooner had he finished the sentence than a tremendous blow from Margaret's fist laid him senseless on the ground, where she left him and departed toward her home."

She died at the ripe age of 102, and it is said that she never, even for a day, was confined to her bed by sickness.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

Women Not Angels.

It is evident that women as we now find them are very far from being perfect and angelic beings. In the matter of pecuniary honesty, while they are far above men, they have hitherto had far less of temptation or opportunity than men. In lawless races, as the English gypsies, where women have great freedom, this distinction does not exist. On the contrary, while the men's range of action in this respect goes no further than cheating in a horse trade, to the women alone is entrusted what is known as "the great trick," by which all the silver of an unsuspecting family is appropriated under pretense of changing it into gold.

There is no reason to suppose that women are not capable of being dishonest, and there is every reason to suppose that whenever they become so the recognized sharpness of the feminine wit will place them high up in their chosen vocation.—*T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazaar.*

The Master Tailors' Association has decided to resort to a general lockout in Great Britain unless the strike in Liverpool ceases within a week.

Some Hygienic Points.

There are a few general principles to observe in the hygiene of a house that it might be well to impress upon young mothers, although the lack of observance which is seen is not due to want of knowledge so much as want of care. Every mother should see by personal supervision that each member of the family becomes habituated to sleep with the window more or less open according to the season. If there are stationary basins in the rooms, or in the adjoining bathrooms, she should enjoin the constant and free use of disinfectants. If any one is obliged to sleep in a room with such a basin a good plan is to throw a damp towel over it before going to bed.

Overheating the house, too, with young children is especially to be guarded against, as it is very apt to cause colds and croup. Watch the daily bath carefully; many cannot stand the daily plunge without ill effect who would be greatly benefited by sponging and vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel. For those who dread the cold the following is a delightful way of taking an exhilarating morning tub; Stand in hot water deep enough to cover the ankles, fill a basin with cold water, sponge off the body rapidly and rub vigorously, putting on warm flannels before drying the feet. In this way the most delicate person will not experience any chill. The great point is the rapidity with which this is done; the whole bath should be two minutes. We close these suggestions by a quotation from still another eminent doctor who has written a great deal on this very subject: "I cannot overrate the necessity for plenty of fresh air and sunshine and perfect cleanliness," he says, "both in the house and about the person, and it is only when these primary rules of hygiene are fully carried out that we can hope to keep the health which is given us."—*New York Tribune.*

Most Expensive Cigar Ever Smoked
The Rothschilds smoke Henry Clay's Sobranos, which cost five or six shillings each. They are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in little inlaid cedar wood cabinets. They also buy three cabinets (42,000 cigars) at a time of Flor de Cubas. Some time ago a Manchester tobaccoist offered some cigars for sale at twenty-four pounds per hundred and found a purchaser at that figure. Twenty thousand Havanas were made especially for Marshal Prim, as a present to Napoleon III, at a cost of 30,000 francs. Each cigar was tipped with gold at both ends and stamped with the imperial "N" in gold. By way of acknowledgment of the gift, the Emperor sent Marshal Prim a pair of magnificent Sevres vases.—*London Truth.*

The Largest Gold Coin.

The largest gold coin now in circulation is said to be the gold ingot, or "loaf," of Anam, a French colony in eastern Asia. It is a flat round gold piece, and on it is written in India ink its value, which is about \$220. The next sized coin to this valuable but extremely awkward one is the "obang," of Japan, which is worth about \$55; and next comes the "benda," of Ashantee, which represents a value of about \$49. The California \$50 gold piece is worth about the same as the benda. The heaviest silver coin in the world also belongs to Anam, where the silver ingot is worth about \$15; then comes the Chinese "tael" and then the Austrian double thaler.—*Interview with a Numismatist.*

AMERICAN OPINION.

Tariff reform, says the *New York Recorder*, is only another name for free trade. Well, protection is only another name for robbery, and as between robbery or free trade the people prefer the latter every time.—*Kansas City Star.*

Reciprocity that consists in taking the tariff taxes off of other nations and leaving them unabated upon our own people is a delusion that will not delude. Justice, like charity, should begin at home, though neither should end there.—*N. Y. World.*

When the taxpayers begin to contribute \$15,000,000 a year in bounties to sugar growers, as they must do next year under the McKinley law free sugar will be at least one-third sham.

Prof. Koch has resigned all the public offices held by him. This step is associated with supposed disappointment over the unsatisfactory results of his discovery of "tuberculosis." The Berlin Academy senate will bestow an honorary office upon him, permitting him to lecture whenever he chooses.