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### A STOKER'S LIFE.

The stokers on one of the great ocean steamers work four hours at a stretch in a temperature ranging from 120 to 160 degrees, says the Popular Science Monthly. The quarters are close, and they must take care that while feeding one furnace, their arms are not burned on the one behind them. Ventilation is furnished through a shaft reaching down to the middle of the quarters. Each stoker tends four furnaces, spending perhaps two or three minutes at each; then dashes to the air pipe to take his turn at cooling off and waits for another call to his furnace. When the watch is over the men go perspiring through long, cold passages to the fore-castle, where they turn in for eight hours. One man, 28 years old, who was interviewed by a reporter, had been employed at the furnaces since he was 14 years old. He weighed 180 pounds, and was ruddy and seemingly happy. He confessed that the work was terribly hard, but "it came hardest on those who did not follow it regularly. But if we get plenty to eat," he said, "and take care of ourselves, we are all right. Here's a mate of mine, nearly 70 years old, who has been a stoker all his life, and can do as good work as I can. Stokers never have the consumption, and rarely catch cold. Their grog has been knocked off on the English and American lines, because the men got drunk too often and the grog did them much harm. When I used to take my grog I'd throw in my coal like a giant and not mind the heat a bit, but when it worked off, as it did in a very few minutes, I was that weak that a child could lift me. Take a man dead drunk before the fires, and the heat would sober him off in half an hour or give him a stroke of apoplexy."

THE K. OF L. CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY—SPIRITED SPEECH BY MR. W. DARLINGTON.

District Assembly 18 of the Knights of Labor celebrated the eighth anniversary of the founding of the Order in this Province by a social entertainment and ball, which took place on Monday evening last in the Victoria Rifles Armory Hall. There was a large audience present, who frequently manifested in unmistakable manner during the progress of the entertainment the pleasure they experienced. Mr. John Goodfellow, Master Workman of Maple Leaf Assembly, presided, and opened the proceedings with a few pointed remarks, which were well received. The entertainment opened with a piano solo by Miss Wheeler, followed in rapid succession by songs, dances and recitations by a number of well-known amateurs. Among those who took part were Miss Mary Kitts and Miss Mabel Fyfe (a pretty little miss of tender years, who recited her lines in a very taking way) and Messrs. S. Lunn, F. Buno, E. Fordham, McGlynn, W. McDonnell, Anderson, P. J. Dalton, Hayes and Pearson. The singing of "Mr. Dunn" was greatly admired. This gentleman is the possessor of a bass voice of good timbre, and his rendering of "Nil Desperandum" would have been faultless had a little more animation been thrown in. He received a well merited encore, which he responded to by giving "Steering Home." The dancing of Mr. Fordham in the sailor's hornpipe and Messrs. Hayes and Pearson in refined Irish jigs was also greatly admired and rapturously encored. Mr. Bruno sang his Dutch melody in excellent style; while Mr. P. J. Dalton's make-up and recitation of "Paddy the Piper" was all that could be desired. The entertainment was brought to a close with a dramatic performance by three members of the Grand Trunk Dramatic Club—"Barney's Courtship"—in which Miss Kitts bore away the honors by her clever acting and good singing in the character of Mollie. She was well supported by Messrs. W. Walmsley and J. Penfold. During the evening Mr. W. Darlington, District Master Workman, delivered the following address, being frequently applauded during its progress:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—When I go to a concert, as a rule I go to enjoy myself, and I presume you do the same. You don't go to hear out and dry speeches, and although I see I am on the programme to deliver an address I will assure you it shall have at least one of the best points of a first class sermon, that is brevity. But it is necessary, on such an occasion as this that I should make some reference to our noble Order and its history in this city. I may say that eight years ago this very night the first Assembly of Knights of Labor in this province (after several ineffectual attempts) was founded. Although not a charter member, I joined the order soon afterwards. For some time the membership was small, but by and by it rapidly increased, and some few months afterwards the first French Assembly, called Ville Marie, was formed. This Assembly has at present, and has had since its formation, some of the best and truest members there are in the whole order. And now, you will ask, what have we done to benefit the working-man? Well, when the order in this city was about fifty strong they had the audacity to inaugurate a fight with the City Council on the Statute Labor Tax question. (Applause.) Some people say this is a "chestnut" because we mention it so often. Well, we admit this; but it was a pretty hard nut for some of the ad-libbed aldermen who opposed us to crack. When you come to consider we had to organize ten thousand men before we won you will agree that we had plenty of work before us. And to-day we are fighting the Council on the Water Tax question—(applause)—and if we have got to organize ten times ten thousand to win we are bound to come out first. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Now, to go back. After the order had been started eighteen months ago organized Progress Assembly in Point St. Charles, and just about this time the Grand Trunk Railway reduced the wages of its employees five per cent., and were about to reduce them five per cent. more, which they eventually did, the result being that the men left their work almost in a body. But what could they do? They were a disorganized mob; they did not know whether they could rely upon each other if they re-

mained out, so they went to work, but with a determination to join the Knights of Labor, which they did. In the space of a few months, although done in a very quiet way, Mr. Carleton, of the General Executive Board of the Order, came on here and had an interview with some of the officials, the result being that the men got back the ten per cent, they had been reduced. (Applause.) Is that not something to the credit of the Knights of Labor? And what did going back to the old rate of wages mean? It meant more home comforts not only for the men but their families, better trade with the retailers, more business for the wholesalers, and more goods to be manufactured. So high wages means good times all round for everybody. The heavy carters have also received good and substantial benefits through the order. They now receive higher pay, less Sunday work, and what they never got before, that is, pay for overtime. The same with the gas stokers, who now receive 25 cents a day more than ever before and with less Sunday work. Again, I ask you, is this not something to be proud of? And I might mention dozens of other branches of trade that has received similar benefits through belonging to the Knights of Labor. And just look at the wonderful effect the order has had upon public opinion. We find the people of the United States almost ready to nationalize their telegraphs and railways. We find it even affecting popes and emperors, for the Emperor of Germany is advocating socialistic measures and the Pope is coming out with an encyclical on socialism, in which he admits that the labor question is the most important question of the day. We also have with us one of the purest and noblest of God's creatures advocating our cause. I mean that true Christian, the venerable Cardinal Manning. Why, we shall soon have all the clergy preaching true Christianity, and what will be more wonderful still, they will be practising what they preach. (Laughter and applause.) Now, my friends, just for a moment I want you to imagine you are on the top of the mountain, viewing Montreal. You know nothing of the present social system; you can see and hear all that is going on for the first time. The first and nearest things to you are some nicely laid out streets with palatial residences; then comes some more a little lower down not quite so costly; then lower still you see Point St. Charles, Griffintown and the riverside. All this part down near the river is dotted over with factories, mills, workshops, and small tenement houses, hovels, stables, and several other things rented for people to live in. And if you knew nothing of how we managed things you would naturally suppose that the men, women and children who were working in those factories and workshops from early dawn till close of day well deserved to live in the fine houses by the mountain after working so hard, and those who did not work deserved to live in small tenement houses, hovels, or anything else, but when some one told you that the workers lived in the small houses and hovels and the drones lived in the fine palatial residences by the mountain, you would naturally exclaim: "What fools those workers are!" They build fine houses and live in hovels; they make the most splendid furniture and have to use twenty-cent chairs for their own homes; they make the most beautiful carpets and very few of them can get a piece of oilcloth. In fact, they simply produce all this good to make life worth living for and then allow a small percentage of the population, called the upper classes, to step right in and confiscate it. Why are five thousand able to take and hold for their own use the production of fifty thousand? The five thousand have the common sense to keep well organized, and five thousand well organized soldiers can at any time defeat fifty thousand of a mob. Now, the question is: When will the fifty thousand have sense enough to organize so that they may have the full fruits of their labors? Let us hope the time is not far distant when the workers will look this matter straight in the face, in an intelligent manner, and follow the example set them by those who to-day rule over them, and organize for their own benefit. If there are any here to-night who do not belong to any labor organization, I would earnestly join us; we are fighting your battle as well as our own, so come and help us. And in the meantime, to organized labor as well as unorganized, let me ask you to aid us at all times by patronizing union made goods, for by doing so you encourage employers to employ union men, and rely upon it that ere long there would be no demand for any but union labor,

and above all, be sure and patronize the labor press, for that is the greatest friend we've got. In conclusion, I may say I believe that if all the workers on this continent were organized, in less than two years there would not be a single millionaire left, neither would there be a tramp. (Applause.)

At the close of the entertainment the hall was cleared for dancing, which was taken part in by over 100 couples, and kept up till an early hour the following morning. The committee are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts, as the entertainment itself and the audience were worthy of the occasion. The gentlemen who had charge of the arrangements were: Messrs. J. Goodfellow, M. H. Brennan (who acted in a very efficient manner as master of ceremonies), John Murphy, — Hannan, M. Pasley, George Maze, W. Gallic, W. Sandlands, P. J. Ryan and L. E. Calaghan.

### MISTAKES OF THE TYPES.

Quite recently a leading London daily concluded its obituary notice of the late Baron Dowse as follows: "A great Irishman has passed away. God grant that many as great, and who as wisely shall love their country, may follow him." Not long ago an American paper gave a curious account of a Western millionaire. This concluded by observing that "he arrived from California about twenty years ago with only the shirt to his back; and since then he has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate ten millions."

A Newcastle paper, again, had the following, the composition, no doubt, of the advertiser: "The Gleaner is one of the truest and fastest boats on the Tyne; her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable, her crew skilful, steady and outgoing, being newly painted and decorated for pleasure trips."

The leading paper in Queensland, a few months ago, in reviewing a book, remarked: "There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguard's works of imagination." But the next issue had the correction: "For 'other blackguard's,' please read 'Rider Haggard's.'" A financial paper had: "I would ask Lord Salisbury, Mr. W. H. Smith and Balfour, who are always telling lies, that by our agitations," etc. The correction afterward appeared—"are always telling us."

A ludicrous effect is sometimes produced by the intermingling of the matter belonging to different paragraphs. In a Lancashire evening paper this curious obituary notice was inserted not long since: "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in the city lately, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent member of the local temperance association." Another Lancashire print has the lines:

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the aperient spring."

A little girl who was with her mother out shopping was promised some picture cards by the clerk. After awhile she whispered to her mother: "Mamma, what will we do if he forgets? Oh, we'll jog his memory, was the reply." When the purchasing was completed both the clerk and the mother had forgotten, and as the latter turned to go she was surprised to see the little girl strike the clerk on the head with her little red parasol. Why, Minnie, what did you do that for? she exclaimed. I was only joggin' his memory, was the reply.

A good story is told of a grey African parrot. It was usually kept in the nursery along with its owner's children, and its greatest delight in life was to see a baby bathed. One day, however, it was somewhat suddenly taken from the nursery to the kitchen, where its cage had not been placed above an hour or so when the whole household was horrified by the parrot shrieking in the most piercing tone, "Oh the baby, the dear baby!" Of course everybody rushed in hot haste to the kitchen. Here they found the parrot, wild with excitement, watching—the roasting of a suckling pig!

Speaking of England, John Rae says: "In the wealthiest nation in the world every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper; one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad; the agricultural laborer and large classes of working people in towns, are too poorly fed to save them from what are known as starvation diseases; the great proportion of our population lead a life of monotonous incessant toil, with no prospect in old age but penury and pauperial support; and one-third, if not indeed one-half, of the families of the country are huddled six in a room in a way quite incompatible with the elementary claims of decency, health and morality."