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## PLAIN SPEAKING.

Rev. Howard Henderson (Meth.) of Cin-  
cinnatti: People now have no such chance  
to grow rich as formerly. Machinery and  
division of labor are developing men by  
confining them to a specialty. Machinery  
has replaced skill. That outrageous injus-  
tice exists which inflicts a chronic want on  
millions cannot be denied. If this fight is  
forever to continue, then human brotherhood  
is a fiction and peace on earth and good-  
will toward men is a myth. The millen-  
nium is a Utopia and Christ a chimerical  
dreamer. No despotism is so galling as  
that based on human necessities. Few la-  
borers now can support a family; they must  
take wife and children into partnership to  
exist. Little children driven to the factory,  
held in ignorance, overworked, makes a  
slaughter of the innocents that shames the  
paltry cruelty of Herod. Children are be-  
ing martyred in mills and mines. A child  
in tending a machine walks twenty miles in  
a day. The father can smile on no despot-  
ism that takes the mother from her babe, the  
youth from the school, the crimson from  
the blood, and all joy from life. The needle  
is bayoneting women. Stitch, stitch, stitch  
is a death-tick. God, who winged birds and  
gave fur to the squirrels, never intended to  
throttle childhood. The hum of hell, in  
singing spindles, makes dismal music.  
Millstones as necklaces are about the  
throats of many millionaires. Bribery  
securing oppressive monopolies, millionaires  
buying their seats in the Senate, must be  
rebutted. The purchasable vote must be  
overthrown, or a corrupt ballot will be the  
winding sheet of murdered liberty.

## MILLIONAIRES' MEANNESS.

### MUST WORK ON SUNDAYS.

### How Prominent "Church Defence" Subscribers Treat Their Men.

In a series of articles at present publish-  
ing in the Glasgow Mail on the lock-out in  
the Scotch iron trade, a special commis-  
sioner, who has made himself thoroughly  
acquainted with the subject, thus writes:  
In last article I dealt with the question,  
"Is Sunday labor at furnace work a neces-  
sary work," and from the opinions of well-  
experienced furnacemen, as well as from  
the present system of working at Wishaw—  
no Sunday work being done there—I de-  
monstrated that such work is not a neces-  
sity. The Hamilton Free Presbytery's  
vigorous action, if followed up by similar  
action from other similar bodies, must  
force the question to a settlement. The  
effects of the long hours and Sunday labor  
system on the men, physically and morally  
considered, is most pernicious.  
It should be borne in mind that through-  
out England 18 1/2 hands are allowed for each  
furnace, while in Scotland only 10 to 11  
hands are allowed. The result is patent—  
the ten men in Scotland are made to do the  
work of eighteen in England. In certain  
parts of England, too, the men have had  
conceded the eight hour day—three shifts  
of men every twenty-four hours—and in  
nearly every part where the eight hours has  
not been granted negotiations are present-  
ly being amicably carried through with the  
view to having it generally applied. Surely  
the furnacemen in Scotland who are will-  
ing to continue working the thirteen hours  
day should get, to say the least of it, extra  
pay for Sunday.

In Scotland the evil effects of the long  
hours are seen in every district in the phys-  
ical degeneracy of the men. They leave  
home early in the morning, taking with  
them in cans a not too nourishing supply of  
food for the day. The work is of a most  
exhausting character. They are exposed  
to extremes of temperature many times  
each day; at one period literally bathed in  
sweat, although partly nude; then when  
the metal is run from the furnaces into the  
"beds" they have to cool it by profuse  
watering, all the while for hours at a time  
standing amid the moist steam, and again  
exposed to draughts of the most chilling  
kind. The consequence is that lung and  
chest affections of a painful and dangerous  
kind prevail to an appalling extent amongst  
the furnacemen.

The exhausting work, the changing tem-  
perature, the miserable, insufficient food,  
the wearying long hours induce—it is im-  
possible to imagine any other result—un-  
natural cravings in the systems of the  
men, and so strong drink becomes a neces-  
sity to them. The temperance party in the  
country, if sincere in their protestations to  
reach these men, must aid them to have  
their hours reduced, else their efforts will  
be worse than abortive to make them  
soberer. Then, to aid the causes named in  
their fell work on the physical constitutions  
of the men, the licensing bodies, being  
wholly in the control of the iron magnates  
in the different centres of iron making,  
license places at the very gates of the  
works, and so the destruction goes on.  
Within the works the arduous and degrad-  
ing conditions create the unnatural desires,  
and the companies complete the ruin by  
allowing the public houses to be set down at  
the entrances. The men are then blamed  
for being a drunken and spendthrift class.  
If the most earnest teetotaler, even Sir  
Wilfrid Lawson himself, trained from child-  
hood to total abstinence, were set to work  
for one short month at furnace work, to  
those who know the conditions it would be  
nothing less than surprising if he would  
not be induced to break his pledge.

The results are immediately indicated in  
the home surroundings of the men, in the  
general squalor and want of comfort, in the  
ill-clad, peevish looking children, and by  
the pale, dejected looking faces and emaci-  
ated forms of wives and mothers. The  
want of warmth and brightness in their  
homes make, as is well known, the men  
seek relaxation and amusement in the public  
houses after their fatiguing day's work is  
done; and so wives and children are  
neglected, and social evils of many kinds,  
which must have, by and by, far reaching  
consequences, are engendered and fostered.  
This is a question for the churches. Reli-  
gion is rapidly losing significance, as where

such demoralizing conditions surround the  
lives of the people it is almost impossible  
for it to exist. These baneful physical and  
moral results imperatively demand the  
attention of all good and earnest men.

The writer has been to the Lancashire  
and Cleveland iron making districts, and  
has wide experience of those in Scotland,  
and from statements of the men, their  
leaders and from personal gleanings, he  
can positively declare that in both of the  
counties named, since the institution of the  
shorter hours' system, the social and moral  
condition of the population has been great-  
ly improved; while in Scotland, from the  
continuance of the long hours, the reverse  
has been evidenced.

If in Cleveland shorter hours have been  
granted to the men, cannot the Scotch  
ironmasters, against whom the ironmasters  
there have to compete, also grant them.  
If in Lancashire the employers can allow  
the eight hour system to rule, surely the  
Scotch employers, if they have any regard  
for the physical and moral well being of  
their work people, can at least reduce the  
hours to 10 per day. The sole claim of the  
men presently, however, is for time and a  
half for Sunday work, or that the work on  
that day should be abolished; and, bearing  
in mind the long hours, the nature of the  
work, &c., and that the day's wages are less  
than rule in England, the responsibility for  
the suffering they are now enduring,  
through the arbitrary action of the com-  
panies in resorting to a lock-out, must  
wholly rest on the companies.

Besides the many injuries to health, &c.,  
which makes pleasure for them at any  
time impossible, which makes them aged  
while yet young, and which makes their  
later years one long drawn-out torture,  
they are subject to a most unfair system of  
contract rules, administered by managers  
and foremen, who hold their places because  
of their utter want of feeling, and who  
apply their powers in the most tyrannical  
fashion. There is no reward for honest  
merit. The time server and tale-bearer  
are only those who obtain advancement.  
Long and faithful service accounts for  
naught: The following case from Lugar is  
a typical one:

A man who had been born in the Bairds'  
houses well on to seventy years ago, who  
began work in their employment, and con-  
tinued to serve them as his father had done  
for upwards of forty years, was treated  
only a month ago as follows: He had been  
unable to work for several years, but his  
youngest son being in the employment and  
residing with him he was allowed to reside  
in one of the works' houses. The son a  
few weeks ago had the temerity to join the  
Scottish Enginekeepers' Association. He  
was at once dismissed the employment  
without notice. The works' doctor, who,  
of course, holds his appointment on the  
goodwill of the Bairds, then visited the old  
man in the second week of September, the  
day before the son was dismissed, and so  
ill did he find him to be that he perempto-  
rily ordered him to be put and kept in bed.  
Next day the son was dismissed, and a  
notice of ejection was at once served on  
the family. The aged wife of the sick man  
went to one of the managers and begged  
that her bedridden husband should not be  
thrust from the house, but was ordered off  
the place. The son would not be re-em-  
ployed, and had to leave the shire to look  
for work, and day after day the factor  
visited the house, ordering the family to  
remove. The colliery doctor next certified  
the old man to be in a fit state to be  
removed, although, as already stated, a  
few days previously he had ordered him on  
the peril of his life, to be kept in bed. This  
worrying and the anxiety regarding his  
youngest son, who never had been from  
home before, did their work. On the 15th  
of last month this long and faithful servant  
of the wealthy aristocratic Bairds breathed  
out his broken spirit. The widow of the  
man referred to has now to leave the house.  
There is no relenting on the part of the  
Bairds' managers, who, it should be stated,  
are great on church defence. How their  
conduct in the case named, which is but  
typical of their life long management of  
Lugar Works, stands in the light of Chris-  
tian professions can be judged.

## A DAUGHTER OF POVERTY.

She was only a shop girl going home from  
her work. Every seat was filled when she  
entered, so she stood leaning wearily  
against the doorway, a drooping, despond-  
ent figure in a threadbare cloak and a last  
winter's hat, yet the face beneath the hat  
was pretty, young and innocent.  
A handsomely dressed man with waxed

mustache marked the weary attitude of  
the wonderful eyes and with his courtly  
bow arose and proffered his place to the  
weary child.

She said, "Thank you," with a sweet  
smile, looking up with her big brown eyes.  
He steadied himself by the strap, as the  
car jolted on, bending over her uttering  
small talk in musical whispers, gazing ad-  
miringly on her fresh, pretty face until the  
blushes came and went and the little head  
under the threadbare cloak was all  
flutter.

That such a grand, handsome gentleman  
should trouble himself about the comfort  
of a poor working-girl—she thought it won-  
derful! He had said, "You look tired, little  
one!" in a tone that was almost caring  
ing.

The car jolted on tumbled, and men and  
women pushed and elbowed their way in  
out at every block; now and then a news-  
boy, crying the evening newspapers, flashed  
across the platform, and his shrill voice  
echoed through the car, rising above the  
babel of street noises without.

She had forgotten that she was tired, that  
her feet were cold and her head aching.  
She had forgotten all things save the pres-  
ence of the gallant Prince Charming, his  
present flattery, his voice, when—

"This is my street," she said coming  
back to realities, and the romance was over.

She worked all day in the cloak factory,  
Stitch, stitch, stitch, all day, until her eyes  
smarted and her fingers were weary. Every  
day and every day just the same, and only  
\$4 a week. At night she went home to a  
small, poor room, to a frugal supper, to be-  
lonely thoughts and her hard-earned slum-  
bers. Sometimes she went to the dime mu-  
seums with one of the girls in the shop  
"of an evening," and sometimes she went  
to her married sister's, over in Second ave-  
nue, where there was a houseful of babies,  
the husband generally out of work and the  
wife always at the door. Sometimes she  
walked home from her work and loitered at  
the shop windows, feasting her eyes on the  
costly fabrics. Poverty is very cruel to the  
young. Nature puts into all human beings  
the love of color, brightness, beauty, music,  
flowers and the poetry of life. Poverty de-  
nies them all.

This girl had grown up in the street  
played in the gutter, suffered hunger and  
hardship, and beating and curses from her  
father until he died at last in a charity hos-  
pital of the "tremens." Her mother died  
when she was a little child, her sister mar-  
ried early, and the girl's life was always  
lonely. In her early youth she went to the  
public school for a few months, and the rest  
of her life had been work, work, work.

The city by night.  
The life of the town moved on; the world  
of Vanity Fair returning from the theatres  
drunken men, noisy with maudlin laughter,  
women with bold eyes; belated pedestrians  
hurrying homeward. There was the rum-  
ble and roar of the elevated road, the horse-  
bells, carriages rumbling by, shouts, songs,  
curses.

Softened by distance into echoes and faint  
lights the noise and glitter changed into  
silence and shadows on the pier by the  
river. The dark waters stretched out into  
the distance, and the lights along the river  
sparkled like myriad fire-flies.

"The water lapped placidly against the  
wooden piles. The shadows of the pier  
lengthened out to the river. A woman  
stood shrinking and mute, on the edge of  
the pier, looking downward.

It was the tragedy of a pretty face.  
She had never had a lover until this hand-  
some, polished man of the world, with the  
fleeting fancy for a poor shop girl, said,  
"love you."

It was Paradise and then despair.  
There are tragedies of death in the deep  
under the stars; there are tragedies of life  
in gilded dens in the glare of gaslight.

She had chosen.  
She forgave him. He had given her the  
one glimpse of Paradise in her barren life.  
She, poor, ignorant, despised, could not  
have expected more—he lived and thought  
in a higher world, which she could never  
reach. He would know that she had loved  
him—see a brief item in the newspaper  
"found drowned," perhaps look on her  
dead face at the Morgue. . . . Perhaps  
think of her sometimes.

She looked up at the stars.  
There was a leap into the depths and the  
darkness, a cry and a silence.