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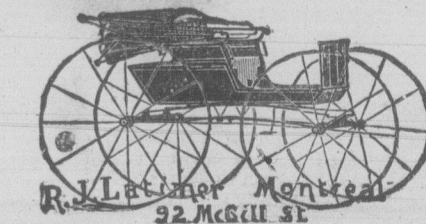
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THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

There is a great deal of force and truth in the saying, "I care not who makes the laws, so long as I have the making of the ballads." The ballads and songs have as much to do in making history as in recording it. Long before the author of "Progress and Poverty" was born, poets insisted on the nationalization of the land, and their songs have kept the idea alive. Many of these songs, in spite of their excellence, have become very rare, and are in danger of being lost. We might instance Col. Duganne's poems, now out of print, although some of his songs were the chief means of getting the Homestead Bill through the U. S. Congress, after years of opposition. We are told how, for years before the war for the Union, repeated efforts were made to get the United States Government to apportion the public lands into homes for the settlers. But every effort failed, until in one debate, Congressman Florence, who favored the measure, excited interest by quoting in Congress the following poem of Duganne's:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,
Saith God's most Holy Word;
The water hath fish, and the earth hath flesh,
And the air hath many a bird;
And the soil is teeming o'er all the earth,
And the earth has numberless lands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
While millions of acres want hands!

"Sunlight, and breezes, and gladsome flowers
Are over the earth spread wide,
And the good God gave these goods to men—
To men who on earth abide;
Yet thousands are toiling in poisonous gloom,
And shackled with iron bands,
While millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"Never a foot hath the poor man here,
To plant with a grain of corn;
And never a plot, where his child may cull
Fresh flowers in the dewy morn.
The soil lies fallow—the woods grow rank;
Yet idle the poor man stands;
Oh! millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"'Tis writ that 'Ye shall not muzzle the ox
That treadeth out the corn'
But, behold! ye shackle the poor man's limbs,
That have all earth's burden borne;
The land is a gift of a bounteous God,
And to labor his Word commands;
Yet millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands!

"Who hath ordained that the few should hoard
Their millions of useless gold,
And rob the earth of its fruit and flowers,
While profitless soil they hold?
Who hath ordained that a parchment scroll
Shall fence round miles of lands,
When millions of hands want acres,
And millions of acres want hands?

"'Tis a glaring lie on the face of day—
'Tis a lie that the word of the Lord disowns—
'Tis a curse that burns and blights!
And 'twill burn and blight, till the people rise,
And swear, while they break their bands
That the hands shall henceforth have acres,
And the acres henceforth have hands."

VARIETIES.

There are 13,000 kinds of postage stamps.
There are 700 German papers in the United States.

An electric lamp on the Isle of Wight can be seen forty-five miles, and a paper can be read by its reflectors fourteen miles.

Dr. Parker, the eccentric pastor of the City Temple, London, is making a crusade against old methods of worship and exhortation. In his sermon, or rather address, on Sunday last he declared that preaching was no longer an effective instrument of the Gospel. The preachers, he averred, were living in a fool's paradise. They were travelling in theology instead of dealing directly with the daily life of the people. Dr. Parker recently invited correspondence from all classes of people for the purpose of learning what the public thought of the efficacy of pulpit ministrations. His remarks were inspired by the result of this inquiry.

Queen Victoria's crown is the handsomest in the world. It was made by the queen's order in 1838, and contains 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 large diamonds, 4 large pear-shaped pearls, 273 round pearls, 4 large rubies, one of which is of extraordinary size; 1 large sapphire and 15 smaller ones, and 11 emeralds. The crown has a crimson velvet cap, bordered with ermine, and weighs 39 oz. 5 dwts. troy weight. In the centre of the crown is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward, the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najero, near Vittoria, in 1367. Henry V. wore this ruby in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

PRAIRIE PHILOSOPHY.

Contributed to the Westminster
Review by Wm. Trant.

And yet (so freakish is prairie philosophy) the great globe itself becomes small again when its people are considered. Wilkie Collins and many others have remarked that the world is not so great but we meet the same faces over and over again. Every traveller knows this to be true. Once in the jungle of Gujerath I and another, chance met, were the only wayfarers at a dak bungalow. On comparing notes about the old country, as Britishers always do in such cases, we discovered we were near relatives who had not met since childhood. Fourteen years afterwards I accidentally met in the streets of Mexico city a person who proved to be equally related to the two of us, but unknown to either. I have travelled on many occasions in the great ocean steamships in both hemispheres, and never once without meeting either an old schoolmate, or an old friend, or an acquaintance of one sort or another. In almost every city I have visited there have been similar rencontres, and the Great Lone Land has not proved an exception. "Comme au sein du grand ocean, un bois flottant en rencontre un autre, ainsi les etres se rencontrent un moment sur la terre" was written a very long time ago. After all, this is not surprising. There are very few persons on the face of the earth, all things considered; and when the large portion that a man cannot meet (say the dwellers in the interior of Africa and such places) is subtracted from them, there are so few left, and these in such a limited space, that all our orbits must intersect somewhere or other. The population of the globe is set down at 1,500,000,000; the number of square feet in the Isle of Wight is 4,181,760,000, so that allowing nearly two and three-quarters square feet to each individual, the population of the whole world might stand easily shoulder to shoulder on the little island opposite Southampton Water. Persons who live in towns forget the plains. The reason there are so few people on the prairie is that there are so many in London.

The vast territories of Canada, too, have been so easily overcome by the surveyor that their limits seem not far apart. Americans are proud of their system of planning their cities in blocks, so arranged that, given the number of the house and name of the street, no inquiries are necessary to find the place required. No. 1000 North Twenty-second street, or No. 1000 Fifth avenue, do indeed sufficiently indicate the whereabouts of particular spots. But imagine an empire stretching from the latitude of Constantinople to the ice-fields of the Arctic Seas similarly "blocked out." Imagine Europe so mapped out that a person in Paris could go direct to a hut in Russia without once inquiring his way. Yet, such is the case in Canada. The whole region has been parcelled out into square and uniform lots, distinctly marked on the following plan:—All the land is divided into "townships" six miles square, the eastern and western bounds of which are true meridian lines, forming eastern and western boundaries of the ranges, while the northern and southern sides follow parallels of latitude. The co-ordinates, latitude and longitude, therefore, are not "imaginary lines," as our geographies teach us, but are indicated by substantial posts, clearly marked, so that he who runs may read. Each township contains thirty-six "sections" of 640 acres, or one square mile each, which are again subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres, that is, half a mile square each. A road allowance is made around each section, making a network of public roads one mile apart. The quarter sections are marked as above indicated, so that, given the necessary description, any particular quarter section is easily found. The whole prairie is furthermore divided by five "initial meridians," which serve as base-lines. The first of these is near the true meridian of 97° 30', about twelve miles west of Winnipeg; the second a short distance west of the western boundary of Manitoba, in longitude 102°; the third across Assiniboia, near Moose Jaw, in longitude 106°; the fourth passes through the Cypress Hills (longitude 119°); and the fifth is the longitude of Calgary, 114° west of Greenwich. Between these meridians, the ranges are numbered consecutively from east to west, while the tiers of townships are numbered continuously from the United States boundary northward as far as they go.

To designate any particular spot, therefore, all that is necessary to know are the initial meridian, the range, the township and the section. Thus, if a person have the proper figures entered in his note-book, he could, unaided by anything but a pocket-compass and some gumption, ride or drive to any particular spot in this vast prairie, without asking any one, perhaps without meeting any one. Let any one start, say at the first initial meridian, and examining the posts as he goes along, make for the S. W. quarter of section 2, township 19, range 5, west of initial meridian 2 (or, as it is written, S. W. of 2.19.5 W. of 2), and he will find at the end of his journey the log shanty in which I am now writing this article, situated at the head of a pretty ravine, leading to a lovely coulee that opens into the grand Qu'appelle Valley, not

far from the picturesque Crooked Lake. Should he have come while I was writing this particular sentence, he would have found the Fahrenheit thermometer hung by my door registering forty degrees below zero. He would have travelled some hundreds of miles, and, perhaps, have counted them by the quarter section posts that he passed. Were it not for these division marks many of us who are lost on the prairies, as we often are, would be unable to find home again. Most men, however, know their own address, and when a man is lost all he needs to do is to wander until he finds a post, pull out his compass, read the signs on the post, and he knows exactly the direction he should take to relieve the anxiety of his friends. One of my neighbors went out for an hour's rabbit-shooting, and was lost for two days for want of knowing this simple fact.

There is great misconception as to the status of persons who select the prairie as a home. The emigrant ships carry such great numbers of laborers from all nations—scum they are often called—and the emigration agents and their publications are so specially concerned about artisans and farm hands that it is often hurriedly concluded no one but such persons become Canadian settlers. There could not be a greater mistake. Outside the small communities specially formed by philanthropic enterprise quite the reverse obtains. An old South African diamond digger once said to me: "Strange as it may appear, it is not the navy but the city clerk that makes the best settlers." There is a great deal of truth in this; nor is it surprising. I cannot imagine a more pitiable existence than that of a London clerk; poor pay, long hours, dreary work, and nearly all the offices of life performed by himself, as he passes his miserable bachelorhood in a lonely garret. He would be a strange mortal indeed who would not throw off his seedy but well-brushed clothes, his shabby gloves, and shabby hat, and, donning the careless costume of the prairie, enjoy the fresh air, the invigorating life, the absence from restraint, the freedom from servitude that are the privilege of the denizens of the plains. It is quite common to meet among Canadian settlers a class of persons the very last that are supposed in the old country to be there. A dean's son, a peer's brother, country gentlemen, persons trained to a professional career, are all to be found among the settlers in the Canadian North-West. In the settlement in which I live one only has been a workingman. He was a stonemason. Two others are experienced farmers. Of the rest two have been commercial travellers, one a draper's assistant, one an article lawyer's clerk, two assistants in business establishments, one a surveyor, and three were clerks. These constitute the settlement. They reside at distances of half a mile from each other, stretching from the east and south of my shanty. In all other directions I have not a neighbor for sixty miles. There is not a doctor within thirty miles away, I have sometimes to place my correspondence under a stone on a trail, mark the spot with a log, and trust to a passer-by who knows the signal. The reason of this fitness for a position for which one would imagine them unfit seems to be, paradoxical as it may appear, their entire ignorance at the outset of their new conditions. They thus speedily adapt themselves to their fresh surroundings, and rapidly assimilate their changed life, as a grain of wheat put into virgin soil grows without tillage. These persons come out with but few preconceived notions, and they take to their work naturally. Your English or Irish agricultural laborer, on the contrary, comes bristling with his English or Irish ideas, both of farming and of living. He endeavors to make all his surroundings bend to these, with the result that he botches his farming, and lives in discomfort. The great difficulty that is being encountered by the crofter emigrants is that they cannot throw off their crofter customs, their crofter methods, and adapt themselves to the freer Canadian life, and the newer Canadian plan of farming. Thus it is that probably few of them—except those that have the pliability of youth—will succeed. When a person leaves an old country for a new one, he must be born again, so to speak, and enter on his chosen career untrammelled by anything that has gone before. His new birth must be "a sleep and a forgetting," in order that his new life shall be a success and a joy.

In no matter will a settler find this so asserted as in the social relations of a prairie settlement. There are no social inequalities on the prairie. There is no bowing to the squire and touching the hat to the parson. Whatever a man's position and conditions of life may have been in the old country, he will find himself treated as an equal in the new one. The stonemason above mentioned worked at his trade in Cornwall four years ago. He is now a justice of the peace, and, although a farmer, may be still hired as a stonemason at the ordinary wages of his trade. It is not so in England, but, as Carlyle would say, "quite the opposite of 'so.'" It is only an M. P. that any one can be in England; J. P. is reserved for "men of position." A friend of mine is a labor representative in the British House of Commons. Not long ago one of his constituents, a wealthy pawnbroker, was desirous of the social distinction J. P., and he applied to the M. P. for assistance in the matter. The high functionary who distributes such honors said, however, that he must draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at pawnbrokers. The disappointed suitor, therefore, received from his representative the following laconic and playful letter: "Although a P. B. cannot be a J. P., there is nothing to prevent his being an M. P.; if, therefore, you will give me your business you can be-

come an M. P., and I can become a P. B." And thereby hangs a tale. To pursue my illustrations: the storekeeper with whom our settlement deals is our representative in the Legislative Council, and the keeper of an hotel is our member in the Dominion Parliament. Some Government officials and a few settlers, who consider themselves high and mighty, have servants, who live apart from them, but they are regarded with scorn; and many a farmer whose hired servants live in his house, and share his table, refuses to allow his daughters to be hired where they are not similarly treated. A Quakeress friend of mine, whose son, describing his day's work in Canada, spoke of a pig-stye he had built, wrote to him, "If thou hadst been content to earn thy living in England by building pig-styes, thou needest not have gone to Canada." In England, however, Mrs. Grundy would not have allowed him to build pig-styes. When I first came out here I was paid the compliment of being elected treasurer and member of a committee for arranging the celebrations on Dominion Day, our one great national festival. My first and principal duty was to carry logs for the other committee men to stake out a race course. People in an old country, with aristocratic traditions, cannot realize the "dignity of labor," as it is realized in a colony; and yet how many persons for pastime do precisely the same sort of work that settlers do from necessity. Every man out West requires firewood, fencing, and logs for building purposes. Tree-felling and wood-chopping are thus almost daily occupations for nearly every man, be he M. P., J. P. or judge. In England such work would be regarded as the calling of a mere woodsman, a person low down in the social scale, earning a few shillings a week; and this in a country, too, where precisely the same sort of work is the favorite pastime of one of its most brilliant statesmen. The settler constructs his own fence, digs and manures his own garden. How many "amateurs" of position do the same things in England for mere amusement? The settler grooms his own horses. How many younger sons of great houses offend the stern parent by discovering a practical love of stable work? In Canada no useful work is considered menial. In England all manual labor is considered menial—when it is paid for. And not only that, but how it is paid for; for instance, look at the difference between sixpence for carrying a portmanteau and the salary of the Under Secretary who carries a despatch box.

In prairie society the crimes and misdemeanors are very little ones. The irrepressible chatter of Mrs. Grundy is responsible for nine-tenths of them. Having little else to talk about, the settlers talk about each other; and as neighbors seem to be a race of beings sent specially into the world to be slandered and calumniated, and to slander and calumniate, it is generally their faults and not their virtues that are discussed. The area of life is so limited that these trivial faults and shortcomings stand out more prominently than in crowded cities. There are no big crimes to talk about, and therefore little sins stand boldly forth. These sins of the prairie, like small virtues, are too insignificant for notice in towns. In large cities persons are not of sufficient importance to have their every action discussed. Thackeray, writing of London, says: "Nobody has time to miss his neighbor who goes away. People go to the Cape, or on a campaign, or on a tour round the world, or to India, and return with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in his own individual speculations, studies and struggles; so selfish does our life make us—selfish but not ill-natured. We are glad to see an old friend, but we do not weep when he leaves us. We humbly acknowledge, if fate calls us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom." Quite the contrary obtains on the prairie. The absence of a settler for a day is an event, and his return with an account of his adventures is anxiously awaited. Every person's smallest performance is duly noted, and even motives are critically scanned. Farmer A.'s pig dies and lips curl with scorn at his mismanagement. Lucy B. has a new dress and Sarah C. a new bonnet, all the way from Toronto, and at once newly decked they visit each of the settlers and discuss the style and the cost. D. had wheat from the Government, and "whenever will he pay for it?" E. drives to the town every week for his mail, which is proof positive he is corresponding with a lady in England; one settler trades with another, and the universal verdict is that he has been taken in. Nay, to smaller matters still does the system extend. F. was so ignorant of farming when he "came out" that he tried to yoke his oxen to the handles of his plough, as being most like shafts he could find on the implement, while G. does not now wear his eye-glass when he is forking manure, and H. has not yet forgiven the order to "send a dozen post-holes" with which he was favored on his first arrival. These last, however, are specimens of humor, for wit is very scarce on the prairie, and the tiniest joke is relished with as much gusto as the little witticisms that fall flat everywhere—except in the British House of Commons. There is one little sin, however, of which the inhabitant of the prairie is perforce entirely innocent. A man cannot assume a worldly position that he has not. His acreage under crop is known, the cost of everything is known, to whom he sells and at what price are known, as also is his expenditure on everything he buys, from his groceries to his tobacco pipe. He can, therefore, be "reckoned up" to the uttermost farthing, and no man can pretend to £500 a year if he has only £100.

(To be Continued.)