

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 39.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

{ SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENTS
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR }

MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

LOUIS Z. BOUDREAU, - PRESIDENT
J. B. DUBOIS, - VICE-PRESIDENT
P. J. RYAN, - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY
D. ROCHON, - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY
E. PELLETIER, - FINANCIAL SECRETARY
JOS. RENAUD, - COR. SECRETARY
JOS. CORBELL, - TREASURER
JOS. PAQUETTE, - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to Jos. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7028.
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Next meeting Sunday, June 28, at 2.30 Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Address all communications to JOHN WILKINS, R.S., No. 222 St. Antoine street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

No. 3852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M. Address all communications to WM. JARVIS, Secretary, 111 St. Dominique street.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square, at 7 o'clock.
Address all communications to J. CARROLL, Rec. Sec., 135 Iberville street.

LEGAL CARDS.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Q.C., M.P.
Armine D. Nicolls.

John S. Hall, Jr., Q.C., M.P.P.
Albert J. Brown.

Chapleau, Hall, Nicolls & Brown,
ADVOCATES,
Barristers, Commissioners, &c.,
TEMPLE BUILDING,
No. 185 St. James Street, Montreal.
Bell Telephone No. 42. P. O. Box 296.

Hon. H. Mercier, M.P.P. C. BEAUSOLEIL, M.P.
F. X. CHOQUET, B.C.L. G. MARTINEAU, B.C.L.

Mercier, Beausoleil, Choquet & Martineau,
ADVOCATES,
No. 76 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY,

ADVOCATES,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.,
Savings Bank Chambers,
180 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
T. J. DOHERTY. CHAS. J. DOHERTY, Q.C.

CARTER & GOLDSTEIN,

ADVOCATES,
Barristers, Commissioners, &c.,
115 St. Francois Xavier St.,
MONTREAL.
CHRISTOPHER B. CARTER, MAX WELLS GOLDSTEIN,
Q.C., B.C.L. B.C.L.

BUSINESS CARDS.

B. E. MCGALE,
Pharmaceutical and Dispensing
Chemist.
2123 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.
Sunday Attendance—From 1 to 2 p.m.
to 6 p.m.; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON,

DISPENSING CHEMISTS,
Corner of Notre Dame and St. Gabriel Streets,
MONTREAL.

AN OLD STORY.

MARY STEWART'S ACCOUNT OF RIZZIO'S MURDER.

One of the most curious documents in the eighth volume of the State papers and manuscripts relating to English affairs in the Venetian archives, which has just been published, is a letter of Mary Queen of Scots to the King of France, giving an account of the murder of Rizzio. "On the 9th of the month, we being at supper in private about the seventh hour in our cabinet, accompanied by our sister, the Countess of Argyll; our brother, commander of Sta. Croce, and others of our domestic servants, because on account of our indisposition, and as the seventh month of our pregnancy was almost accomplished, we had been advised to eat meat, the King, our husband, came to visit us, and seated himself by our side.

Meanwhile the Earl of Morton and Lord Lindsay, with their followers, to the number of 160 persons, occupied and took possession of all the entrances and exits of our palace, so that they believed it was impossible for any one to escape them alive. During this interval of time Lord Ruthven, fully armed, with others of his followers, dared to enter by force into our apartments and cabinet, and perceiving our secretary, David Rizzio, there, with other servants of ours, said that he desired to speak with him immediately. At the same moment we inquired of the King, our husband, if he knew anything concerning this proceeding, and when he answered us in the negative we ordered Lord Ruthven to quit our presence under penalty of being deemed a traitor, and said we would deal with David Rizzio, and cause him to be punished if he had been guilty of any offense.

"Nevertheless, Lord Ruthven, by force, in our presence, seized David, who for his safety and defense had retired behind our person, and a portion of Ruthven's followers, surrounding us with arquebuses in hand and muzzles leveled, dragged David with great cruelty forth from our cabinet, and at the entrance of our chamber dealt him fifty six dagger wounds, at which act we remained not only wonder-stricken and astonished, but had great cause to fear for our life. * * * The Provost of Edinburgh, hearing the tumult raised in our palace, caused the bells to be sounded with hammers, and came to our palace to our succor, accompanied by a large band of armed men, and asked to speak with us and to know how we fared.

"To this inquiry we were not permitted to give any reply, because we were violently threatened by the conspirators, who said to our very face that if we endeavored to speak they would throw us over the wall in pieces, in order to make steaks of us. The King, our husband, then ordered these people to retire. All night long we were kept prisoners in our chamber, with scarcely even the opportunity of speaking with our maid servants."

WHAT EMPLOYERS LIKE TO SEE.

More Competition for American Workingmen Caused by Immigration.

Immigration statistics for the month of March, which cover about 99 per cent of all the arrivals by sea, show an immense increase over the corresponding period of 1890. The gain is 16,422, or nearly 46 per cent. This is a far higher rate than was reached in January or February, and it threatens an almost unprecedented immigration for the year. In the first two months of '91 the increase of immigration came almost wholly from Italy, Poland, Hungary and Bohemia. But in March there was a great gain all around, except as to a few countries, of which Austria proper and Russia, outside of Poland, are the most important. The number of immigrants from Bohemia increased 822, or five fold. Hungary sent about 1,800 more steerage passengers than in March, 1890, a gain of about 85 per cent. Poland sent 3,204 immigrants, against nearly 522 last year, and the number of settlers coming from Sweden and Norway increased 2,100, which is over 75 per cent. Italy's share of the increase was nearly 1,500, and the Italian immigration was 7,963, coming close behind that from the Austro-Hungarian empire and Germany, and actually exceeding the arrivals from the British Isles, usually the greatest single source of immigration received at our ports.

In February the increase in immigration over the corresponding month of 1890 was

about 2,100, or 12.5 per cent, and yet the number of immigrants who arrived from Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Holland and the German provinces of Austria was decidedly less than in February of last year. An increase of 1,200 in the Italian immigration from Poland, 300 from Russia, and 400 from Hungary and Bohemia, chiefly accounted for the large net increase. It will be seen that, as usual, the growth of immigration has been almost wholly from the very countries whose inhabitants are least desired.

At the rate maintained in March, over 600,000 Europeans would settle in the United States in a year, and a very large proportion of this number would be able-bodied laborers coming at once into the most direct competition with American workingmen. It is in the power of the great army of wage-earners to bring about such legislation as will materially reduce or entirely stop this flood of foreign labor, and until American workingmen act accordingly they must suffer the consequences of undue competition with men whose necessities force them to accept almost any wages offered.—Exchange.

Electrical Power.

Electricity is about to be used as a motive power in a mining district of Colorado which has been handicapped heretofore by the great cost of fuel and the difficulty of getting it. There is abundant water power in the neighborhood, but not at the places where power is wanted. It will be an easy matter, however, to use the waterpower for the generation of electricity, transmit the latter by wire to any desired place within a reasonable distance, and there convert it into power. Thus, by the agency of the dynamo and with the aid of water power, mines may be developed that could not be worked if the generation of power depended upon the transportation of coal or other fuel from distant States. This is a happy illustration of the application of inventions to particular uses. Nothing new is to be used, but the projectors have simply found a place where the combination of known machines and processes will yield them the power they require at less cost than local steam-engines.

The Presbyterian Theology.

Those who are so settled in their religious beliefs on the one hand, and those who have no belief at all on the other, can have little idea of the fierce conflicts that tear the breasts of many noble and devout Presbyterians at this time. Only those can understand who have in spite of themselves been dragged step by step through terrible mental contests in changing their religious views. There is no mental conflict so fierce and terrible as this. There is no dissension so heated and bitter, none that engenders such fury of rage and hate as those that grow out of creed differences. Witness the Spanish inquisition, the thirty years' war in Europe, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the war on the Jews in Russia at the present day.

It is not strange, therefore, that anguish, strife and heart burning such as have never been known before in the peaceful Presbyterian fold have grown out of the expulsion of Dr. Briggs from his chair as Biblical professor in Union Theological Seminary. For the first time the General Assembly has exercised its veto power.

Already this terrible strife has resulted in the death of two of the ablest men in the church. Dr. Vandyke died soon after his appointment to a professorship in the Union Theological Seminary from which Dr. Briggs had been dismissed. Speaking in the General Assembly of his death, Rev. Dr. Dickey said with all solemnity: "I believe Dr. Vandyke has gone out of the excitement of this hour. God only knows who more may go that carry it upon their hearts as he carried it."

The utterance was a fatal prophecy. The same day, a few hours later, Judge Breckenridge dropped dead in the Assembly itself, just after finishing his speech against Dr. Briggs. He was able to close his speech with the words: "I have discharged my duty faithfully. I ask you to excuse me from further—." He staggered, sank to the floor, and in a few moments this able jurist and conscientious Presbyterian was dead. He, too, had "gone out of the excitement of this hour." And there seems to be no abatement of the excitement. Others, too, may go before it is settled.

Emperor William has arrived at Kiel, previous to starting on his trip to Holland.

SPUNKY LITTLE FIGHTERS

The King Snake Kills Poisonous Reptiles Irrespective of Size.

The king snake is the wonder of all ophidians, writes a Philadelphia Times correspondent from Fort Davis, Texas. A diminutive specimen, scarcely more than three feet in length, yet the little fellow is so active, so wary and is endowed with such rare pluck that, as his name implies, he is truly and unquestionably the king of the family.

I was out after peccaries, or musk hogs, and sat down under a bunch of chaparral near a stream of water to rest and eat a bit of lunch. While thus employed I was somewhat startled to see a moccasin come rushing through the grass within a couple of yards of me, and go dashing head over heels, so to speak, splash into the water. After him, like a shot, was an elongated streak of bright green. In he went too, and then I knew there was fun in store. The water was a sort of pool, without much of an inlet or outlet, and unless by going across sand and rocks or by coming back on shore again, neither combatant could escape.

Sure enough, after racing and tearing around in the pool like mad, both pursuer and pursued emerged from the opposite side, and proved to be, as I thought, a cottonmouth moccasin and a rather small king snake. The latter was after the other, however, and before the big fellow gave up the race or could throw himself into an attitude of defence the king snake was upon him. The sole and entire power of the latter reptile lies in his wonderful constricting abilities. He has no fangs, no poison, nothing to attack or defend himself with save his coils, but these are so marvelously powerful and so terrible in compressing that nothing in the animal or reptile world, according to size, can begin to compare with him for the especial quality.

No sooner had the moccasin stopped and turned to defend himself than, like lightning, his enemy jumped upon him and proceeded to squeeze the life out of his ugly carcass. Tighter and tighter grew the coils, always arranged so that the big one could not strike, and pretty soon the king's body was nearly lost to view, so slender had it grown from the constriction and so deep was he in the fat flesh of the moccasin. It looked like a green cord wound tightly around the latter's body.

At last the moccasin ceased resistance and allowed his body to hang loose and inert. For ten minutes longer did the king snake hold his grip, then gradually loosened it, but always ready to resume his squeezing should his enemy exhibit any signs of life. Finally, he uncoiled himself entirely, saw that the moccasin was no more, turned his back on the scene and went gliding through the brush.

In some parts of Texas king snakes are quite numerous. In the low lands, and especially in meadows and river bottoms, they are found in great numbers. Nobody harm them, neither whites nor negroes, and even Mexicans seem to understand their good qualities, for they seldom if ever harm one. When soldiers are in camp and find a great many king snakes in the vicinity they know it is a good sign, for poisonous snakes will steer clear of that locality and never visit it while there is one of the royal breed about.

MUTINY ABOARD.

Scab Firemen Suit Themselves on a Sea Voyage.

The North German Lloyd has just gone through a bitter but well deserved experience. The steamship Werra which arrived at New York on Saturday from Bremen experienced something very near to a mutiny from a crew of scab firemen she had on board. A strike is on in Bremen by the firemen against the steamship companies for the improvement of the hard conditions under which the former have to earn their living. The companies refuse to yield, and, finding a quantity of scabs ready to enlist, they did not stop to consider the safety of their passengers by carefully choosing the employees in this important department. Pennies were to be saved, at any rate, and the scabs were taken.

It seldom happens that scabs vindicate their fellow-proletarians, whom they supplant. But this batch did. They led the officers a wild dance from start to finish. Demand after demand was made by the former, and concession after concession was made by the latter,

whose life became a burden on the passage. Hitches were numerous. The officers perceiving their plight, endeavored in each instance to overlook offenses and keep the men in good humor. But matters grew from bad to worse, until one of the fireman point-blank refused to be disturbed in his comfort when he chose to sleep, duty hours or no duty hours, and his six companions stood by him. The officers had no choice but to submit.

Soon as the Werra arrived in port, Chief Engineer Carl Wilhem notified the police. The men, whose names are John Bock, John Toner, Emil Eckmann, Richard Lamsch, John Tietjen, Fred Heuss, and Henry Shaffeldt, quietly submitted to being handcuffed and were taken away.

This can be but a trifling consolation to the company. It is to be expected it may have learned a lesson.

SET UP BY GHOSTLY FINGERS.

A Typesetter's Story of News Getting That Beat the Telegraph.

"In the summer of 1881," said a compositor, "I was running a paper in a little backwoods town in Pennsylvania. The paper was not so metropolitan in its makeup but that I was able to do all the work myself with the exception of the printing. Publication days I called in the services of a half witted fellow, who, under my instruction, had developed into an expert roller. I was the only man within a radius of twenty miles who knew how to set type, and if I had fallen sick the paper would not have come out until I was well again. Naturally I am not a superstitious man, but an incident occurred while I had charge of that paper which I cannot explain, and until it is explained I shall believe that anything is possible in the way of ghosts, spooks, wraiths, etc.

"It was the morning of June 10. I had locked up my forms the night before so that I could begin printing early in the morning. I was pulling the old lever promptly at 7, and at 9 the local list was in the postoffice. Soon after the delivery had begun one of the merchants of the hamlet—a very intimate friend—came into the office.

"How did you come to hear of the death of your brother so soon?" said he. (There was no telegraph station within fifteen miles.)

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "You ought to know what is in your own paper. Have you forgotten that you heard this morning that your brother is dead? Have you forgotten that you set up a notice of it an hour or two ago?"

"Are you crazy?" said I. "I swear that I do not know what you are driving at."

"At this juncture he opened the damp sheet that I had so recently printed and folded, and pointed me to the following item at the bottom of the third column of the local page:

"John Jones, brother of William Jones, was killed at Peoria, Ills., at 5 o'clock this morning."

"My breath was fairly taken away from me. The merchant was right. There was the notice of my brother's death in my own paper, and I had not set it up nor heard of it.

"You are right," said I, "but this is the first that I have known of it. If there ever was a mystery this is it."

"I went over to the 'form.' There was the three line item. The moment I saw the type I was more amazed than ever. It was the type setting of my brother, who, like me, had been bred to the printer's trade. I could tell his work from that of a thousand. He was a marvelously even spacer, and he carried his taste so far that he always put less space after a comma.

"But how were the lines put into the locked form? No item had been taken out. I examined the form closely. Yes, there was some more of my brother's work. To gain the space, leads had been taken from here and there just as he used to take them. He was a great stickler for good looks in a page, and was very fastidious as to where he pulled his leads. It struck me right away that the notice of the death would not have been so short would have gone into details more, but for the fact that my brother did not wish to remove any of my matter nor any lead which could be spared as well as not.

"Though utterly skeptical about supernatural visitations, from that moment I believe that my brother's disembodied soul had made its way hundreds of miles, had entered my office in the early dawn, had set up the notice of his death and put it in the 'form.'"

"Late that afternoon a despatch came to effect that John Jones was killed at Peoria, Ills., at 5 o'clock that morning."—Cleveland World.