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MEETINGS.

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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,

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Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboulliez square. Next meeting Sunday, July 5, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to J. WARREN, Rec. Sec., P. O. Box 1458.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

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

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No. 3862, 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.
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HYPNOTISM RAMPANT.

A VERY STRANGE CAREER.

Men and Women of Brains, Genius and Culture Enslaved by its Art.

Mrs. Oliphant's memoirs of that brainy genius, Laurence Oliphant, portrays with startling distinctness and emphasis the almost omnipotent power a hypnotist has over his victims. Mr. Oliphant was a native of the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, born in 1829. He spent his boyhood on the family estate in bonny Scotland, studied at the Edinburgh University, was admitted to the bar in Ceylon, East Indies, where his father was then Chief Justice. Laurence Oliphant thereafter had a varied career. He tried more than a score of murder cases in Ceylon, hunted tigers and elephants, went to England in 1852, from thence to Russia, and in the following year was Secretary of Legation at Washington, D. C., under Lord Elgin, who later on appointed him Indian Commissioner, with orders to scour the Northwest Territory in Canada. After this expedition he went to the Crimea and served at war correspondent with the army of Omar Pasha. Then he went to Nicaragua with the Great American filibuster, William Walker, who was hung in 1860. Still later he went to the Flowery Kingdom with Lord Elgin, where he became a warm friend of "Chinese" Gordon. Thence he went to Japan as charge d'affaires, where he came near assassination. Thence he journeyed to Montenegro in Africa, took a lively interest in Garibaldi's uprising in sunny Italy, and when thence to Poland to visit the renowned Kosciusko, of whom Thomas Campbell said: "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell." His father dying he abandoned politics and diplomacy, returned to Albion's shores in 1865, wrote a novel, lectured, and after being socially lionized, was elected to Parliament. In 1868 he, with his mother, fell completely under the control of that master devil of hypnotism, Thomas Lake Harris, and a former member of Harris's community down here at Brocton, in Chautauque County, writes thus to the New York Tribune:

"When they reached the community Harris soon gained complete control over both son and mother. Oliphant turned over to the 'prophet' all his fortune, and, after many pleas was admitted into what Harris called 'The Use.' Oliphant was told he had lived so bad life that he must keep apart from others until he was regenerated. He was forced to live in an old mill, do all his own cooking, make his bed, and perform chores, wood-chopping, shovelling manure, and all kinds of rude farm labor. His delicate hands were blistered, but he never complained. He cleaned out Harris's stables, while his mother darned the 'prophet's' socks. Soan the community removed to Brocton, on Lake Erie, where Oliphant's money was used to buy land and establish a big vineyard.

For five years this grand combination of brains, culture and inherent genius endured the most insulting and menial services and then still under the devilish hypnotic power of Harris went to Europe under his orders and instructions. He fell violently in love with a refined, beautiful and cultivated woman named Alice L'Estrange who believed in his religious views, and after a long and determined opposition by Harris who feared his victim was to escape from his toils he married her, but still submissive to Harris, he with his bride returned to Brocton. The wife was ordered to California by Harris and meekly submitted, while her husband was sent to New England on Brotherhood "business." This alleged prophet and disciple of Satan himself, tried to separate the couple permanently, and treated them with great brutality. Finally cruel treatment opened Mrs. Oliphant's eyes to the fraud which Harris was practising, and she persuaded her husband to join her in England. The mother of Oliphant died a victim to Harris. Oliphant himself was convinced that Harris was a scoundrel who had cheated him, and as the worm will turn, he sought legal redress, and succeeded after a hard and bitter fight in making Harris disgorge \$100,000 which he had received from Oliphant when he had him hypnotized, besides the Brotherhood land at Brocton. The member quoted above also says:

"There is no question that Prophet Harris is a hypnotist of greater power than any one who has ever made a specialty of mesmerism, for he controls the intelligent and ignorant with the same skill. He has a magnificent vineyard and orchard in Sonoma county of over 2,000 acres, and he has the finest private

library and collection of paintings on the coast, with the single exception of Senator Stanford's. All this represents the labor of his dupes for thirty years. Oliphant was the only one who ever made him return any coin."

Laurence Oliphant may have been what people now-a-days call a crank, but so, for that matter, were Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley, Richard Frothingham, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips and a score or more of others who joined a somewhat Bellamistic community in Massachusetts long before Edward Bellamy ended his school days. Laurence Oliphant was a strangely gifted man, as his writings and Mrs. Oliphant's memoirs testify, but he was hypnotized. Such devils as Harris should be incarcerated in a mad-house and kept there for no human being who has money, influence, beauty or other charms or inducements to cause one to break the tenth commandment is safe from the devilish power of such fiends as Thomas Lake Harris and his ilk.

Good Results of Factory Inspection

The work accomplished by the Factory Inspectors of New York State since the establishment of the department has been of incalculable service to the wage workers, especially women and children, in the way of securing for them in the cities of the state healthier and safer surroundings and better conditions of employment. Within the past three years, since the laws have been so amended to give the inspectors authority to insist upon the introduction into the factories and workshops of proper fire escapes, ventilation and precautions for the safety and health of the employees, the changes effected for the better in those places of employment have been most satisfactory. The enormous number of factories and places of employment in New York city necessarily involves an enormous amount of work, which the limited number of inspectors employed requires that their visits of inspection be very hasty and incomplete. And yet they have succeeded in hundreds of instances in having most important reforms instituted in the management of workshops. The variety of abuses which they were called on to remedy is well known to all who have given attention to the condition of wage labor in our great cities. The worst of those abuses existed in the tenement districts, where the sweating system is carried on in wretched surroundings, and where no attention is paid, except under compulsion of the law, to any consideration of health, comfort or ordinary decency. Inspector Schaubert says that with the exception of this class of employers there is now manifested a very general disposition on the part of the employers to comply with the provisions of the law. Young children under the statutory age are not so generally employed, nor is the law sought to be evaded, except in rare instances, by false reports of the age. Fire escapes have been put up on thousands of factories where they had not been put until ordered by the inspectors. Sanitary conditions have been vastly improved in hundreds of workshops in which male and female labor are employed, where formerly the surroundings were most unhealthy and degrading. Especially has this improvement been effected in the tenement shops, where the poorer class of non-English-speaking workers are employed, and whose condition a few years ago was often simply shocking.

The expense of this department, by which this wholesome and necessary supervision has been established, has been merely nominal, while the results are manifestly gratifying and encouraging, and should stimulate the working people in every state where such reforms have not been already established to agitate for the necessary legislation.

Modern Witchcraft.

Despite the "march of intellect" belief in witchcraft still maintains its hold in the country. Among the mountains of Virginia there are a number of withered old hags preying upon the fears of the superstitious. Sally is the favorite name of these modern celebrators at the shrine of pale Hecate. They profess to cure obscure diseases, deal in love charms, destroy enemies and discover stolen property by occult means. One has a charm for making cows give milk, which brings her in a goodly portion of cream and shekels. The authorities wink at their practices, and the witches are not only a power but often a terror in the neighborhoods they disgrace with their presence.

THEY WERE EATEN UP

Paul Crampel and his Companions
Devoured by Cannibals.

A startling report was received from Africa recently that the French expedition under command of Paul Crampel had been killed and eaten by cannibals off Matonga. This is not the first calamity of the kind that has befallen explorers of the Dark Continent; but, strange to say, only Frenchmen among the many Europeans who have invaded the Congo region have met this terrible fate. Part of Crampel's mission was to punish the natives who had killed and eaten the commander and garrison at Banqui, the French post on the Mobangi. He left Stanley Falls for the Mobangi in August last, and on arriving re-established the post and wreaked terrible vengeance on the cannibals. He had with him several European officers, a small force of Senegalese soldiers, 200 native carriers and a large supply of trade goods. After punishing the natives he ascended two or three of the tributaries of the Mobangi, and finally started for the "great unknown" in December. In January a letter was received from Crampel announcing that he had crossed the country of the Dupuis and would soon come in contact with the people of Baghirni. The members of the party were all well and making steady progress north.

Little is known of the Matonga natives, but it is believed the tragedy must have happened near the border of Baghirni. Crampel met an interesting people shortly after leaving the Mobangi. Their manufactures were similar to those of the Soudanese. They use asses and cattle as beasts of burden and have guns like those in southern Algeria. He saw curious structures made of bark and built in the limbs of trees, such as Nachtigal described upon his visit to the southern regions of the Soudan. Ladders made of vines connect the buildings with the ground, and the old men, provided with an abundance of poisoned arrows and wooden javelins, constantly occupy these lofty points of observation and give the alarm when strangers appear. Upon the first signal the women and children disappear in the forest, while the men spring behind palisades that surround the villages ready to defend their homes.

This disaster is regarded as a great misfortune by the French, who have been eagerly seeking to extend their African possessions. They wished to attach to their territory one of the great unknown regions, and expected to penetrate even to the shores of Lake Tchad. Crampel was to make treaties with the chiefs on the way to bring their countries under French protection. In order that those treaties might be put into immediate effect a secret expedition was sent out from France early this year to follow in Crampel's footsteps. It was in charge of five white men, who secured at St. Louis, Senegal, all the soldiers they required and enlisted a large force of porters at Loango. This expedition has probably reached Crampel's base of operations on the Mobangi.

Its equipment was in every way superior to that of the pioneer. It was well armed and able to cope with any ordinary force of hostiles. The commander was instructed to make his way peaceably through the country if possible, and only to resort to arms as a last expedient. There is little doubt, if Crampel's expedition has met the fate reported, that there will be a fierce fight with the cannibals.

Crampel was one of the most successful of French explorers. He was a brave and tactful man, a skilled scientist and a good artist. He spent two years exploring the forest regions of the French Congo, and added a great deal to our knowledge of the cannibal tribes.

How Soundings Are Made.

To get correct soundings in deep water is difficult. The best invention for that purpose is a shot weighing about thirty pounds, which carries down a line. Through this shot or sinker a hole is drilled, and through the hole is passed a rod of iron which moves easily back and forth. At the end of the bar a cup is dug out, the inside being coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, a sling holding the shot in position. When the bar, which extends below the shot, touches the bottom the string unhooks, and the shot slides downward and drives the lard coated cup into the sand at the bottom. In that way the character of the ocean's floor is determined.—St. Louis Republic.

Yes, Yes, Yes.

Michael Davitt's Labor World has died, after a loss of nearly \$50,000. It is a luxury to run a "reform" paper. It costs money, for spending which the editor is grateful if he receives any thanks. He can and generally does on wind pudding, and he can "point with pride" to the enemies he has made of his friends by pursuing a course which he knows to be right, but which is inimical to their interest. He is so thoroughly independent that he writes better when he sees scalled reformers patronizing their enemies, in order to conciliate them, giving them the meat and him the bare bone, without even the marrow, as we have seen done by certain organizations in this city. He loves to be patted on the shoulder, and told what a splendid paper he is publishing, that ought to be double the size for half the money, etc., and he does just dote on the workingman who believes in high wages for himself, yet thinks the editor ought to work for nothing. Oh, we just tell you, it is a glorious thing to be reform editor. He's "a bully boy with a glass eye."—San Francisco Star.

A Mad Sculptor's Wonderful Work.

When the young sculptor, John B. Leoni, during a fit of temporary insanity, was held in waiting at the Burlington (N. J.) jail, pending the results of inquiries as to his identity, he obtained possession of a common bar of washing soap and proceeded to astonish the jailers. With the nail of his index finger he began to dexterously carve the soap into the shape of the "human form divine," and within an incredible short time, considering the magnitude of the undertaking and the unbalanced condition of his mind, had produced a wonderful model of an Alpine hunter.

The figure, which is now carefully treasured, is said to be equal to anything ever executed by either Marcon or Vidouquet. It represents a man with his right arm outstretched, the fingers of the hand encircling the neck of a duck, which is as carefully reproduced and as true to nature as the figure of the hunter. The left hand hangs by the hunter's side holding a shotgun, while at his feet lies the figure of a dog wistfully gazing at the game his master holds aloft. Taken all in all it is a most remarkable work of art.—St. Louis Republic.

All on Account of a Hen.

'Twas only a little hen, with a lopped comb and a flushed face, that broke up the pastorate of a able Maine parson. She used to sneak under the fence, you know, just the way hens do always, tiptoe across the grass border with the minutest step and then the elder's garden had to take. Of course it was aggravating. Did you ever watch a hen at this job?

She trips carelessly into the middle of the garden bed; she cocks her head; a careless look comes into her eye; she balances partners with a flip and a scrape to the right, a flirt and a kick to the left, a double shuffle and a grand skirt dance flourish. Then she looks for grub.

Well, that person saw the whole thing for days; same hen, same gestures, and she came in miraculously, astonishingly, through a new hole every day. Then came at length wrath and a girding of the loins; a gun, bang!—dead hen floating upon the placid breast of a river eddy. The current washed the corpse upon the neighbor's strand and then the neighborhood heard the tale. The atrocity was fanned vigorously and the poor parson found that he was not to be an assassin and the leader of the parish at the same time. Therefore his farewell sermon.—Dexter Gazette.

An Old Cure for Diphtheria.

The most successful cure for diphtheria is one of the old woman remedies left over from the last century. Medical science can't tell why it is good, but the fact remains that it cures as many people as drugs do. All the paraphernalia needed is a basin, some hot water and a good sized funnel. The basin must be filled three-quarters full with very hot water—as hot as can be secured—boiling, if possible.

The patient takes the basin in his lap and places the open end of the funnel in the water. Then he blows through the mouth of it. This will send the steam from the water up from the basin to the throat and chest, and he will naturally inhale a good deal of it. After ten or fifteen minutes relief will be experienced, and if the operation is repeated frequently enough a permanent cure will be established.—New York Telegram.