

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENT
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

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. P. 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, MAXWELL GOLDSTEIN,
Q.C., B.C.L. B.C.L.

**P. E. NORMANDEAU
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Commissioner & Justice of the Peace
for District of Montreal,
Conveyancer & Commissioner for On-
tario & Manitoba.
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
90 St. James St. Montreal, Que.**

**TUCKER & CULLEN,
ADVOCATES &c.,
Room 6. 182 St. James street,
MONTREAL.**

BUSINESS CARDS.

**B. E. MCGALE,
Pharmaceutical and Dispensing
Chemist,
2123 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.**
Sunday Attendance—From 1 to 2 p.m.;
8 to 9 p.m.; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m.

**LAVIOLETTE & NELSON,
DISPENSING CHEMISTS,
Corner of Notre Dame and St.
Gabriel Streets,
MONTREAL.**

**DR. GUSTAVE DEMERS
2193 Notre Dame St.,
MONTREAL.**

For Prescriptions, Drugs, Patent Remedies and
Toilet Articles.

OPEN ON SUNDAY.

**LORGE & CO.,
Hatters and Furriers
21 St. Lawrence Main Street,
MONTREAL.**

**E. HALLEY,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
PLASTERER.
Plastering repairs a specialty.
Tenders on Contract Work given.
Address: { 16 Victoria Square.
 { 47 Cadieux Street.**

**DAVID LABONTE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
2101 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL
All Orders Promptly Executed.**

ON
THE

**JOHN KAVANAGH,
DEALER IN
Glass, Paints, Oils and Hardware,
35 CHABOLLEZ SQUARE,
MONTREAL.**

**PHILLIP O'BRIEN & CO.
Custom Tailors,
2231 Notre Dame St.,
MONTREAL.
Fourth Door West of Mountain Street.**

**JUBILEE DRUG HALL
1341 ST. CATHERINE ST.
Branch: Corner Fullum and St.
Catherine streets.
ROD. CARRIERE.
TELEPHONES—6011, 6240.**

**R. SEALE & SON,
Funeral Directors,
41 1/2 & 43
St. Antoine St., Montreal.
Bell Telephone 1022.
Fed Telephone 1691.**

**J. TIGH & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS.**

Always on hand a Complete Stock of New
and Second Hand Household Furniture.
Particular attention paid to Auction Sales
at Private Residences. Advances made on
General Merchandise and returns promptly
rendered.
Auction sales every TUESDAY and FRIDAY
at ten o'clock a.m. and two p.m., at our rooms,
305 St. James street, near Victoria square.

J. TIGH & CO., Auctioneers.

**Brault & McGoldrick
MERCHANT TAILORS,
53 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.**

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Capital is in no need of defense. It will take care of itself. The trouble is that it has taken entirely too good care of itself. It always has been, and always will be, arrogant and oppressive. It has the unquestionable right to handle itself, but it has no right to "boss" labor. It can refuse to be employed at all, if it chooses; it may refuse to employ this man or that one, or this set of men, or that set of men, and as a legal proposition it has the right to pay whatever wages it chooses. In a moral point of view it has no right to pay a man less than he is worth to it, but that is precisely what it does, or tries to do. All wealth is created by labor. Capital creates nothing. All the millions that are possessed by our rich men, have been created by the sweat of somebody's brow. Now, did the man who sweat get his just share of the fruits of his own labor? Not by a jugful. That is not the way the world does business. If it did, if it were just to the laborer, there would not be the present widespread unrest among the masses.

Capital takes advantage of the necessity of poverty. It thinks that because human nature is so selfish, that if the average man can get enough to fill his stomach, he does not care a continental whether his neighbor has anything for his or not, it can get plenty of men to work for whatever wages it chooses to pay; and that is pretty nearly the truth, too. Now we cannot say that we believe in strikes, but what under the heavens are men to do when they are assaulted and outraged by capital? But when we say that a man has the right to refuse to work for another, but that he has no legal or moral right to attempt to prevent anybody else from working for him, we practically put labor in the grasp of capital. Men have the moral right and the legal right to induce men of their class to join in them in a common cause and thus prevent them from working for another. Of course they have no right to commit violence, but if strikers can induce non-union men to quit work and join them, they have the unmistakable right to do it. The masses need nothing so much as intelligent organization.

INDUSTRIAL SLAVERY.

Dr. Henry S. Chase writes to the Western Rural on the subject of the "White Slave." He says:—

I have watched the political events and the social condition of this country very closely since 1835. I was very early in life drawn into the whirl, being fifteen years old when I saw Garrison mobbed in the streets of Boston. This alarming event made me an observer and a worker. Never during the last fifty five years have I seen so sad a picture of industry as the present. Negro slavery was bad enough, horrible enough, and no longer to be endured after 1963. Slavery was demoralizing to the whites as well as to the blacks. It is a question whether the blacks are any better off to-day than they were before emancipation. They are still industrial slaves. Although the Northern States had neither black or white slavery in 1835, yet it was gradually introduced about 1840 and has continually increased in a rapid and more rapid manner until now the North is full of industrial slaves. The cotton mills commenced it. Then the example was followed by the cacao mills and woolen mills, and now it has spread through every department of labor, whether in the mill or on the farm.

In old times the negro could run away. The white slave cannot find a place of refuge and so cannot emancipate himself from serfdom. The negro could die by the bullet, the bound or the swamp. The white slave of to-day finds refuge in suicide. Few negroes emancipated themselves or even tried to. The white slave tries to but are invariably thrust back into long hours, a "bare living" or starvation.

Monopoly to day is as blind, is as bigoted, as cruel, as "pig-headed" as it was before '63. For many years before 1835 there was perfect apathy among the people of the North. Garrison the Liberator awakened the country. Previous to 1880 both the North and the South were steeped in the drunkenness of prosperity. Who has awakened the whole country to the wickedness of industrial slavery and monopoly? Henry George is the second liberator. As the abolitionists of old were everywhere preaching the gospel of freedom "in season and out of season," so the abolitionists of to-day are doing the same thing. In 1853 it looked as though only bullets and bayonets would remove negro slavery. So in 1890 it looks as though "the Australian system" and ballots will abolish industrial slavery by the year 1900.

The former came in ten years and the latter will come in ten years. Look at these monopolies, "protected" manufacturers, mines, telephones, telegraphs, railways, trusts, national banks, etc. The tariff is the mother of some of them, and private ownership of land the mother and the grandmother of others. Every one is a descendant of land monopoly. How proud she is in her assumed queenship of the world. The earth was made for her and not for all people. Land monopoly scorns the doctrine of nature, as uttered a hundred years ago by Jefferson in these words: "The use of the earth belongs to the living generations of the people." Every monopoly is a robbery of the people. These robbers have taken from the wages of the people thirty thousand millions of dollars, and locked them up in the private vaults of twenty-five thousand men. Good men and bad men, it is true. Innocent robbers and criminal robbers. But all are robbers. Our present industrial system is nothing but a system to rob labor. The people are calling a halt to this march of despotism. And they will have it. The people are thinking, and the people think that the fifteen hundred millions of dollars that they now pay yearly into the pockets of land owners as rent ought, in justice, to go into the public treasuries, and thereby pay all the public expenses of the people. Thus could taxation be abolished, of every nature. By the adoption of this measure, now known by the name of the single tax, all speculation in land would be destroyed. This would result in compelling the holders of land, or national opportunities, to improve their holdings, and thereby employ all the labor of the country without regard to quality, for the more laborers the higher the rent and the more used of their labor to pay the rent. Thus has the God of Nature made the law of rent and the law of population to perfectly correlate or harmonize. For it can be demonstrated that the rice of land always corresponds to the number of inhabitants in the State; and it very nearly approximates to \$500 for each man, woman and child. The people begin to ask if a wonderful reign of

prosperity would not be inaugurated for the human race if every species of taxation could be abolished. In homes, shops, pulpits, they are asking if the removal of poverty from the masses will not ther by almost abolish drunkenness. For they say that poverty is a fruitful mother of crime and vice; and the people begin to ask each other if rail-ways, telephones, telegraphs and similar franchises shall not be made to pay a fair per cent. of their earnings into the people's treasury for the "use of the earth" monopolized by them. And when they think further on these subjects they include all gold, silver, lead and other mines and particularly call attention to coal mines. When they think of the kindness of God in storing up in the bowels of the earth fuel needed by the coming generations of men, they cannot believe that any man or combination of men shall own it, or die to the people how much they shall have, or when they shall have it. The labor which produces the wealth of the world is now demanding freedom of exchange in products.

STORIES OF THE STREETS.

Her "Fresh Air" Boy.

"I must go and find him," she murmured absent, as she dabbed more powder on her nose and held the silver-mounted hand-glass to the light that she might see the effect. "I really must go and find the poor child. I suppose," she continued as she drew on her pearl-tinted gloves, "I suppose he looks for me every day and wonders why I don't come to set him up in business—poor, little fellow. Yes, I will go to-morrow. No, I can't. There is Mrs. Cornelia Chin-chilla's luncheon and Belle Bandoline's tea. Let me see! Wednesday I have my riding lesson and there's the nautica, and Thursday—oh, dear! I cannot go this week, but I must try and slip in a day soon to hunt that little fellow up."

So the next week she selected an afternoon to give over to the search for her "fresh air" boy whom she faithfully promised last summer to go and see when she came back to town. But Mrs. Manhattan Fadd gave a luncheon that very afternoon, and it would not do to miss one of those entertainments, so the trip to the east side was once more postponed. She felt guilty as she sipped the marsh-mallows from her orange cup and thought of her "fresh air" boy's continued disappointment. For an instant she saw him again with his pale face, hungry eyes and tow head, as he came rushing out the kitchen door at her aunt's farm-house with his hands full of red-clover tops. He had been singing at the top of his shrill voice.

"She's my sweetheart, I'm her bean; she's my Annie, I'm her Joe," and in a spirit of fun the young lady from New York had taken up the refrain of "Annie Rooney." So delighted was the fresh air boy to find that she could sing "Annie Rooney" that he at once bestowed his bouquet of clover-tops upon her and thenceforth attached himself to her, following her about like a little dog. There was a bond of sympathy between them—they were both from New York and both could sing "Annie Rooney."

"Dick," she said to him one afternoon as they stood in the meadow together, "when I go back to New York I'm coming to see you and I'm going to set you up in business. I will start you in life as a newsboy."

She moved uneasily as she remembered the look that flashed on the boy's face—a look that transfused it—but fresh ideas were served just then, and the boy, the meadow and her promise were forgotten. Weeks later she found herself in a dingy alley on the east side, looking for No. 188. She was a little frightened and more disgusted at her surroundings. "What an idiot I am to bother coming to this frightful place, looking for a boy that may be dead for all that I know," she muttered, drawing up her dainty skirts from the filth of the streets; "188—there it is—horrible place—shall probably have my throat cut before I leave."

Through a narrow passageway, across a dingy court, up a squalid stairway she went. "Is this where the Camwell family lives?" she asked as she tapped on the half-opened door. The room was filled with slattern, frowsy, wild-eyed women, who glared at the wonderful vision that suddenly appeared in the open doorway.

"Yes, ma'am."
"I want to see Dick—Dick Camwell."

There is a bustle—a murmur—and a woman, with eyes swollen from weeping, came forward.

"I'm Dick's mother," she said, "Dick's dead."

"Dead—good heavens! you don't mean it. Why—when?"

"Last night, fever. I presume you're the lady he was allus lookin' fer."

"Looking for—?" "Oh! did he look for me?"

"Look fer ye, ma'am. There hain't been a day since September that the boy didn't look fer ye. 'She'll come to-day, sure,' he'd say an' then he'd go down to the street an' stand there whistlin' 'Little Annie Rooney.' Says to him, 'Dick, why don't ye whistle something else? I'm sick of that song,' but says he, 'No, I shan't whistle nothin' else fer she liked that.' He was allus lookin' fer ye."

She stepped in the low, bare room where he lay on the miserable bed, wasted by his sickness to a skeleton. The tears fell fast as she took the bunch of violets from her breast and laid them in his poor, thin hands. "Forgive me, Dick," she whispered.

The organ-grinder has started in bravely and the strains of "Little Annie Rooney" rang out on the soft air. A smart maid came out from the brown-stone house and handed the amazed Italian 50 cents.

"My lady sends you this if you'll move on and next time you come around don't forget for gracious' sake, play that tune, for she can't bear the sound of it."

A MODIFIED PERMISSION.

The original permission given to man to eat of all the trees of the garden except the tree of the knowledge of good and evil has been greatly abridged by the discovery of actual and fancied, of science. If one be morbidly apprehensive of hurt to his health and readily open to suggestions from those who assume to instruct, the dietary is apt to grow distressingly narrow.

Bread, rice, potatoes, peas, beans, sugar, etc., threaten you with diabetes. Beef is infested with the tapeworm; pork means trichinae, and chicken and fish are even worse.

Strawberries conceal a special poison which produces an irritating rash. Grapes and soft crabs are the efficient causes of appendicitis, a malady which is apt to involve a peculiarly dangerous surgical interference. Dates, figs, raspberries, etc., stand accused of inducing perityphitis.

Tomatoes were condemned by the late Dio Lewis for their cancerous tendencies. Cucumbers and watermelons have a traditionally bad name as givers of colic. Apples have been suspected of diphtheritic intentions. Pie and cheese tend to bring on an uncomfortable obtuseness on the part of one's ancestors during sleep.

Ice cream is supposed to be synonymous with typhoid. Pickles saturate the system with salts of copper. Canned goods are said to be tainted with a poisonous fluid used in sealing the tins. Peaches and almonds have hydrocyanic acid in them, and lettuce is freighted with opium. The ultra-teetotalers denounce pepper and mustard as stimulants to alcoholic thirst.

With liquids the case is no better. The toxic effects of tea and coffee are well known. Milk is dangerous because 30 per cent of our cattle are afflicted with tuberculosis. Beer means Bright's disease, wine induces gout and whiskey is freighted with fusel oil. Water is worst of all. In the city it is charged with lead from the pipes, while in the country it threatens your Peyer's glands with the ulcerations of typhoid fever, to say nothing of its nature as the habitat of the cholera microbe.

Looking over the list one begins to suspect that it is possible to listen to too many advisers in dietary matters and not wise to eat too freely of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That is what your family physician will surely tell you as he sees you down to a square meal and bids you eat what is set before you, without too curiously questioning possibilities most of which are remote. And your doctor, if he be a man of sense, as most doctors are, will set you an excellent example of catholicity and confidence of appetite.

CIVILIZATION?

In twenty-five years of "nineteenth century civilization," 2,188,000 human beings have been killed in wars, which were in the main contracted and carried on by interested parties for the defence of "vested interests," and the perpetuation of social wrongs.