

THE ECHO.

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A BRAVE STRUGGLE.

I've looked on covertly undismayed,
His cold breath on my cheek ;
I've seen him crouching at my bed,
When winds blew shrill and bleak ;
I've watched him crawling to my board,
To snatch my scanty food ;
But never suff'ered him—no, not once—
To scare me where I stood ;
But fought him upright like a man
That only feared disgrace ;
And hit him hard and laid him low
And scorned him to his face !
I've struggled, sure of victory,
In pride, although in pain,
With soul serene and head erect,
And so I will again.

VARIETIES.

A good many dough heads are still found among the upper crust.

An Irish theatrical manager recently advertised for a broth of a boy to make a "supe."

A man whose store is in the basement can always sell his goods lower than anybody else.

It's a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.

"John, I am going to raise your rent," said a landlord. "Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

At the mouth of a Cornish mine there is this piece of advice: "Do not fall down this shaft, as there are men at work at the bottom of it."

"Doctor," said a careful wife to the practitioner, who was cutting open her husband's shirt, as he was in a fit of apoplexy, "cut, if you please, along the seam."

"You say he called you a donkey?" "Yes." "What did you do?" "Nothing." "Well, if a man should call me a donkey, I'd kick him with both feet." "Certainly, any donkey would naturally do that."

Funny item in funny paper: "If a building catches fire in its upper story, it may burn down; if it takes fire in the basement, it may burn up." Naturally, then, if a fire starts about half way between basement and roof, it will burn sideways, and finally go out by the fire escape.

Two swells quarrelled, and one expressed himself thus: "Why, do you mean to call me a liar?" "No, sir," said the other, "I should not like to call you a liar, or any gentleman a liar. At the same time, if I met you walking with Ananias and Sapphira, I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

There is in St. Louis a German advertiser who goes altogether by Webster, and who makes no allowance for any word being plural. A new compositor in the office used the word "costs" in one of his advertisements, and was paralyzed when the proof was returned to him with the final "s" marked out, and a marginal notation stating that there was no such word as "costs" in the dictionary.

A man went into a crowded store to buy some stockings for his wife. "I want striped ones," he said to the clerk. "We have very few stripes, sir," the clerk replied; "they are not so much worn now." "Are you sure! I will demonstrate the fact to you." Then he leaned over the counter and shouted: "Rats!" "See?" he added. "Yes," said the customer, "give me plain colors."

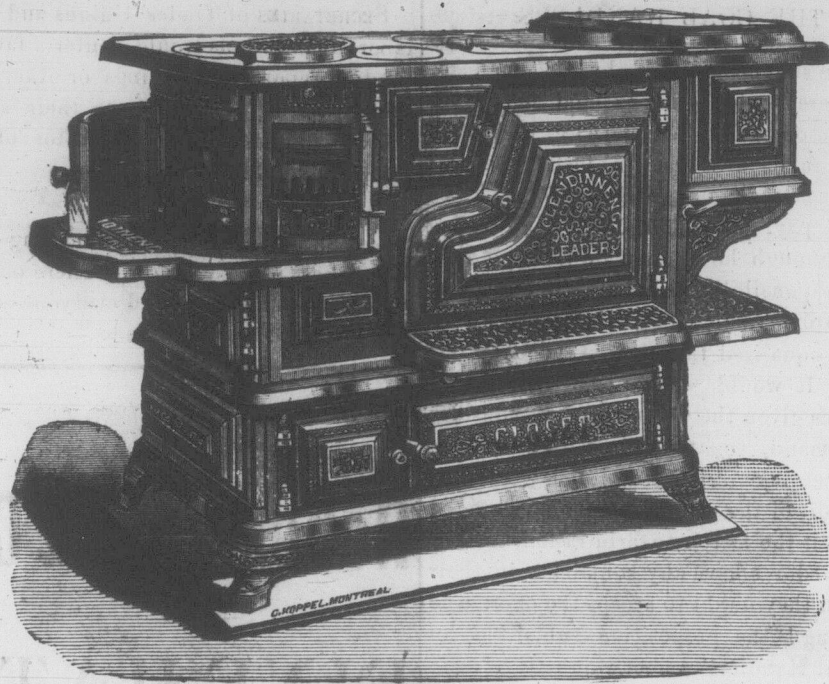
Unnatural and illogical as it seems, quickness of thought and ignorance of grammar now and then go together. The result is often amusing and sometimes picturesque.

Teacher—Now, children, I will give you three words—boys, bees and bears—and I want you to compose a sentence which will include all three words.

Small Boy—I have it.
Teacher—John McCarthy, you may give us your sentence.

John McCarthy—Boys bees bare whin they goes n swimmin'.

"C" LEADER.



W. CLENDINNENG & SON,

IRON FOUNDERS AND STOVE MANUFACTURERS.

SAMPLE AND SALEROOMS:

524 Craig Street, 319 St. James Street,
1417 St. Catherine Street, 2495 Notre Dame Street,
Corner of Inspector and William Streets.

OUR GOODS CAN BE SEEN AT THE ABOVE PLACES.

Office Works and Foundry: 143 and 179 William St.,
MONTREAL.

GEORGE B. SADLER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
2138 Notre Dame Street,
MONTREAL.

RONAYNE BROS.

Have at present an immense stock of LIGHT SUMMER SHOES
in Calf, Kid, Patent and Tan Color Leather. Newest
Styles and Lowest Prices.

CHABOILLEZ SQ., - MONTREAL.

HOW A CAT STOPPED THE HOE PRESS.

Those adjuncts of the modern day newspaper establishment, cats, have long been fabled for their voracity and mischief-making propensity of getting into forbidden places. "Ben," the brindle mouser of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, recently outdid any of his predecessors, however, by stopping the press. Unfortunately, for himself, he accomplished this feat by losing his own life. There was no 4 o'clock edition of the paper, and, instead, patrons received the 5 o'clock edition. It was all caused by a scared cat's escapade. "Ben" was just a year old. He is said to have been named after one of the pressmen. "Ben" (the feline) was a great ratter, and kept the press-room clear of the rodents which otherwise preyed on the folders' paste and the glue used in producing the gum rollers. His favorite spot for an afternoon nap, "between editions," was on a board alongside of the four-cylinder Hoe press.

The forms were placed on the press and the five pressmen assumed their places, prepared to "feed the sheets" to the press, and the engineer started up the machinery. "Ben," roused from his dreams of possible encounters with rats, sprang to his feet and tried to make a short cut across the lower foot-board to the other side. Various tapes carried cat and unprinted sheets of paper together downward and then upward. There was a quick, sudden jar that shook the great press. The ink rollers seemed to spring from their journals, and were twisted by the obstacle they had encountered. Then a more distinct jolt followed as a mass of paper emerged between the main and smaller cylinders, and there was ejected by the flies on the opposite side of the press a very much flattened out edition of poor "Ben," about a yard long and looking like a diminutive floor rug. The shock threw off the driving belt and stopped the press. The forms had to be lifted from the cylinder and carefully scrubbed to remove the adhering fur and pieces of "Ben." It was also found that the inking rollers were bent. As a result, the *Bulletin* missed an edition.

In speaking of the event, the business manager of the paper said: "This is not the first cat that lost its life in that press. Twenty years ago another cat went to sleep inside that big cylinder, and after trying to escape was beheaded. The gore ran over the paper and ruined the entire edition. One of the proprietors had a rat-terrier which chased a rat under the press one day and got on the belt. This canine was whirled around the belt and killed. During the war I worked as a night pressman on the *Inquirer*. We used to print off one side and then wait a couple of hours to print off the second. During the interval, between running off the first and second sides, a rat got into the big cylinder to gnaw a bone. When the press started he tried to get out, but was caught by the tapes and carried around the cylinder and mashed as flat as a pancake. He spoiled a number of sheets of paper. We had to pick out the remains from the type with needles, and it was a frightfully tedious job, I remember."—"Garden," in *Artist Printer*.

NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

The Fete Dieu procession will be held on Sunday morning, leaving Notre Dame church after the last mass at eight o'clock.

A broken electric wire set fire to a board fence between Foundling and Youville streets about 1 o'clock on Thursday. The Salvage corps turned out and quickly extinguished the blaze.

A letter has reached the Chief of Police from the police authorities of New Westminster, B.C., asking for the whereabouts of one Morrison, a gardener in Montreal. One of his relatives died at New Westminster, leaving considerable money and real estate for him. The will only mentions "my brother Morrison, a gardener at Montreal."

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left the city, via the G. T. R., on Thursday afternoon. The royal party had a good send-off, and before going the Duke expressed himself to Acting-Mayor Stephens as being highly satisfied with his short sojourn in the city, and with his reception by the people. The party are enjoying a few days' fishing at Sir George Stephen's salmon fishing quarters on the Metapedia before leaving for England.

Two accidents, one of which proved fatal, happened on Thursday on the steamship Tynedale, from Newcastle, which is unloading bricks at the East End wharves. At about 10 o'clock a laborer named Peter Hansy had his leg broken, and was taken to the Notre Dame hospital. About 2 o'clock a workman named Wm. McNauman, who lives on Plessis street, fell down into the hold, a distance of about 40 feet, and was instantly killed.

The Montreal Rifle Association hold their open competition at the Cote St. Luc ranges this afternoon when the open match will be shot. It is open to teams of five previously named members of any rifle team or battalion, at 500 and 600 yards, ten shots at each range. The prizes are \$15, \$10, \$7.50 and \$5. There are fifteen individual prizes in this match. Besides this there is also an extra series with unlimited entries, with six prizes and an aggregate match in which the highest scores in the other two matches are to count. There is only one prize in the aggregate, a silver cup valued at \$25. The matches are governed by D. R. A. rules. There should be a good turn out of riflemen.