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PRAIRIE PHILOSOPHY.

Contributed to the Westminster
Review by Wm. Trant.

It must be confessed that when such little and common faults are a community's great crimes—wearisome and repulsive, though they be to orderly minds—yet life is almost Arcadian, and, indeed, Pyrrha and Strephon, Phoebe and Amadis, and Phyllis and Lydia, though rude in manners, and rough in attire, are seen as near perfection as can be expected in this wicked world. The whole life offered is one of innocence and pleasure, and it requires quite an exertion to mar the one or spoil the other. It were strange indeed were it otherwise. Nature smiles around. There are flowers which, if not as profuse or so brilliant as in Mexico or Ceylon, are yet bright with colors so luscious that they seem as if they could never fade, but be forever unchangingly bright; there are sunsets as gorgeous as ever Turner painted or dreamed of, or as melting in loveliness as any the Mediterranean can boast; there are autumn tints that bid the gazer stand spell-bound in reverence; there is the awful silence of winter, and every bough a mass of crystal jewels, with the glitterance of the aurora.

Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise,
and the still brilliance of stars shining with a lustre unknown in many lands. Above all there is charm of solitude, of quietude, the holding sweet converse with Nature, and with her alone. There is no one to trouble us, no one whom we may trouble. For companions is there not a party by the name of Horace? Homer, though dead, yet speaketh; Corneille is handy, so are Goethe and Shakespeare. The hum and shock of men do not disturb prairie life. It would be strange, indeed, if the tempter could find success in the wilderness. Indeed the Devil would die for lack of sustenance in regions where it is difficult to harbor wicked or selfish thoughts. The man that cannot be righteous on the prairies without exertion, is indeed a lost creature. The very pleasures of the settler have the virtue of not being useless. The inhabitant of the prairie is never idle, because his idle moments are not idly spent. The slow and stately "promenade a cheval" in Rotten Row has no charm on the plains. The settler does not ride to see or to be seen. He enjoys the inspiring and invigorating gallop (often bare-backed) of several miles across country (often pathless), and what does it matter if he be in search of stray cattle, or to "round up" a herd of ponies. PISCATOR and VIATOR, in their silent occupation resulting in so little, are not known; but a jolly fishing party, encamped for a few days by the side of a lake, think none the less of their sport because it supplies all of them with a chief dish at every meal for a fortnight. Shooting carefully preserved pheasants, too tame and too heavy to fly, would be voted "slow"

in the North-West; but the prairie chicken, the partridge, the wild duck, teal, sand-hill, crane, the wild goose, and the pelican afford abundance both of sport and food (keeping well all winter when frozen); while the ermine, the black fox and the bear yield their skins before the repeating rifle, either for use or profit.

There is one thing from which the settler is almost entirely free, and that is politics. The Atlantic and the Pacific separate him from the East and the West, and the affairs of other countries interest him only as ordinary news, while the doings of the United States are but little more regarded. Even the politics of the Dominion do not excite him, so far as he is from the turmoil of cities. One reason of this may be that there are no "burning questions" in Canada. The constitution is settled on such a wide basis that there is nothing to wrangle about on that head, and the "sweeping measures of reform" that periodically agitate England, are unknown in its greatest colony. Canadians are under the British flag, it is true. I saw one over the citadel when I landed at Quebec, but I have not seen one since; and beyond supplying the staple of a peroration to a speech or the refrain to a song, its existence is hardly known. The Queen sits on her throne, and, it is said, rules over the prairie. But the throne is such a long way off! Even her viceroy, living a thousand miles away, is seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so far off is he, and so small does he appear, while the monarch he represents shines like a little star, invisible to the naked eye. There are persons in the Canadian towns that discuss Monarchism and Republicanism; but the man on the prairie does not bother his head about what is to him such a trifle. There is no House of Lords to trouble his soul, and no hereditary preferences or privileges to vex his spirit. The Home Rule question does not concern him, because he already enjoys whatever blessings it may possess, and he leaves it to other countries to obtain it, if they wish it, as best they can. There is no clamoring for the disestablishment and disendowment of a State church, because there is not a State church to clamor about. The liquor question is settled on a temperance basis, and though the law is occasionally evaded, yet the evasions are not nearly so many as are those of the licensing laws in England. Even the cruelly oppressive tariff, with its absurd custom dues, has failed to arouse the settler. The high price of sugar does "raise his dander," but the shoe must pinch tighter before he realises the great advantages of unfettered international intercourse. He admits the wisdom of other nations buying cheaply from Canada; but his eyes are not yet wide enough opened to see that it would be equally wise of Canada to buy cheaply from other nations. It is, however, beginning to be recognized that there must be reciprocity between Canada and the United States; but there is a timidity that holds the protectionist back from even that step, because he is not too optuse to see that if once the position be conceded to the nearest nation, there is no reason under the sun why it should not be conceded to all other nations. Thus it is that reciprocity with the States means free trade with all the world. This is the hope of one party, the dread of another, if the mild excitement the question has caused may be said to have created any party whatever. In the meantime, the settler is under the delusion that he is paying no taxes; and until he awakes from this Lethe-like slumber, free trade will not become a "burning question." As to the Land Question, which is the coming question of the day in all other countries, it is in the dim and distant future as regards Canada, and must still be of shadowy form for some centuries to come. A man who can have 160 acres of land for nothing, on simply paying an application fee of £2, is not likely yet awhile to trouble himself about land nationalization. He may have an abstract idea that there should be no private property in land, any more than in the ocean or the atmosphere; but so long as there is no landlord to interfere with the fruits his land yields to his labor, so long as he can drive his cattle, his herd of ponies, his flock of sheep, to graze gratuitously on the prairie, he is not likely to exercise his mind about Fourier, Wallace or Henry George. The Canadian settler is secure in the privileges here indicated. He knows that a man cannot reap what he has not sown, or garner what others have gathered. In Canada, the class of persons who toil neither do they spin, and are yet arrayed in the splendor of Solomon in all his glory, has not yet sprung into existence. Perhaps it never will. "The land for the people" is a significant, indeed an ominous, cry in old countries. In Canada it does not exist, because the land is already for the people, at least, for those who will toil.

Great sale of dress goods now going on at S. Carsley's.

It is asserted that in Paris no fewer than thirty thousand women earn their living by the manufacture of artificial flowers. The rose is the test of proficiency which the workshops demand; whoever can counterfeit a rose being supposed equal to the imitation of any flower whatever. In this, as in other branches of industry, there is usually a division of labor; the bud, the foliage and the mounting being done by different persons. At present many flower-makers are out of work, owing in part to the competition of other countries and in part to the fact that artificial flowers are not universally in fashion.

THE WONDER OF WONDERS.

Typesetting by Machinery Attained
at Last.

The following, abridged from the New York World, will be read with interest, more especially by professors of the "Art Preservative." After giving in detail an account of the various attempts to compose type by machinery, it says:

Well, after all these preliminary experiments, partial successes and partial failures, which we have cited, there has been produced, not on paper, but in metal and in successful daily operation, a composing machine which has showed itself by the most critical practical tests, prolonged to what might be thought an unnecessary length, to answer the most exacting requirements as regards ease, speed and certainty of operation, freedom from stoppages by derangement of parts and beautiful appearance of the matter produced.

This machine, called the Rogers Typograph, has what is well known in all English-speaking countries as the Remington key-board. The operator touches the key for the required character, the proper matrix is released and slides down an inclined wire guide until it reaches its position opposite the casting box. When the line is filled, by touching the letter-keys and space keys, exactly as in the Remington typewriter, a pressure of the foot justifies and spaces the line by rotating all the spaces, which are compensating twin disks, until the matrix line is just full. The line is cast by the machine itself, and the frame which carries the matrices is tilted back by about the same motion as is used in the Remington typewriter to raise the carriage to inspect the work. The frame is dropped as the Remington carriage is dropped and another line is set. The matrices are suspended on wires attached to a frame, and are released one at a time by touching the proper keys; but no matrix ever leaves its guide. The operations of justifying, aligning, casting, releasing and depositing the type-line on the galley take about five seconds in the foot power machine, but if the machine is driven by belt, carrying about one-eighth horse power, three seconds suffice, during which time the operator is "getting his line" from the copy, so that the working of the machine is practically continuous. The spacing may be by the spacing disks alone, the thinnest portions of which are thinner than a three-to-em space, so that closer justification can be obtained than by any other method; or ordinary three-to-em spaces may be interspersed by the machine if desired.

The melting pot will hold and keep melted about thirty pounds of metal, requiring about eight cubic feet of gas, costing a cent an hour, or an amount of gasoline costing even less. The operation by foot-power is not fatiguing and the speed only about 10 per cent. less than where power is used. The speed of the machine is limited only by that of the operator, as is proved by the fact that from memorized matter over 7,000 ems of minion an hour have been set in 16-pica em measure. The eight-page section of The World of September 28, pages 23 to 30 inclusive, was, with the exception of the advertisements and heads, set up with the Rogers Typograph by three operators, working in turn, eight hours at a time, in 4 days 23 hours and 35 minutes, in which time the proof was read, corrections made, heads set and the type placed in chases and made ready for stereotyping by the same operators at a total cost of \$67.22, the operators being paid at the rate of \$27 per week (the regular scale for time work on morning newspapers set by the piece in this city). This work, had it been done by hand, would have cost, including time, making ready and proof-reading, \$175.01, or more than two-and-a-half times as much.

Associated with Prof. Rogers in the development of the Typograph has been Mr. Fred E. Bright, an inventor of considerable reputation before he entered in the new field opened up by the Typograph. The foreign patents of both Messrs. Rogers and Bright are owned by the International Typograph Company, of Cleveland, of which President Thomas W. Palmer, of the World's Fair, is president. This company recently sold its Canadian patents for \$400,000 in money to the Dominion Typograph Company, which has established a large factory at Windsor, Canada. The Dominion Company has orders for

OVER THREE HUNDRED TYPOGRAPHS from leading newspapers of Canada. A committee appointed by the Canadian Parliament to examine into the subject of typesetting machines reported recently in favor of the Rogers Typograph as the best system, and the machines are to be introduced this winter into the Government Printing Office at Ottawa. This establishment, by the way, is said to be the finest Government printing office in the world. It is fair to assume that a reasonable amount of practice and familiarity with the machine will reduce the cost as above stated, over 25 per cent. The length of line and the body of the type bar may be altered in twenty minutes and the machines converted in that time from minion to nonpareil, or to any other face for which matrices and casting boxes have been provided. The machine takes up only 4 x 5 feet on the floor, and stands

about 4 feet 6 inches high over all; its weight being but 450 pounds. Its running makes less noise than that of a Remington or Caligraph typewriter.

The wonderful simplicity of the Typograph, and the preparations which have been made during the past two years to produce it in quantity and cheaply, will enable the builders—the Rogers Typograph Company, of Cleveland—to put out above five machines a day after next January, and this output will be largely increased. The company has now in hand orders for over nine hundred machines.

The machines are put out at a uniform rental of \$1 per day for each working day, or \$300 per year for weekly papers, for which price the Company agrees to keep them in repair.

The World, which already leads all other newspapers in the number and speed of its power presses, has adopted the Rogers Typograph, and has ordered for its immediate use one hundred of the machines; or enough to enable it to do over 50 per cent more composition than at present, and by keeping its forms open somewhat later, giving the news-reading public the benefit of the change.

SINGULAR PRE-NATAL AFFLICTION.

If anything could be added to the much which has been said and written upon the duties and responsibilities of parents to their offspring, no more forcible argument in favor of the strictest temperance, than is contained in the following from Hall's Journal of Health, could be presented:—

"The infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N.J., though but large enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. The parents were very exemplary young people, but some months after their marriage the young husband lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance.

"One winter evening he went from his home ostensibly to watch with a sick member of the village lodge. The trusting wife discovered at nine o'clock that her husband had forgotten to purchase meat for breakfast, and she went to the market. As she passed the hotel the sound of a man's voice in song came to her ears. She listened but a moment. There was no mistaking her husband's voice, and scarcely knowing what she did she looked in at the bar room window and saw her husband there in a state of beastly intoxication. The effect upon her may well be imagined.

"Some time after this a son was born to the parents—a fine, healthy infant, bright and comely. Several months later, when the child began to walk and talk, they took him to the family physician. The little one could not walk without staggering in a most unseemly and ludicrous manner, and could not lip baby words without a strong hicough and hesitation. The doctor, averring that it had seen such symptoms in an adult he should have pronounced them due to intoxication, and nothing else, with little difficulty he obtained an account of the unfortunate maternal impression that provoked the peculiar malady with which the child is afflicted. No line of medical treatment could be of use in such a case, and reluctantly the physician gave up the infant boy to endure his strangely miserable life.

"There is nothing like catalepsy about the case," the doctor explained. "There is no healthier child in town. As near as I can explain it, the child has muscles and nerves in that condition of action which its father showed when the mother's impression of his intoxication was received. There are no fits or convulsions, though a tremor is always present. In spite of this fact there is no mental weakness. There is no co-ordination in the movements of the lower limbs, and the hands are almost as bad off. His gait is heavy and insecure, a regular drunken reel or stagger. As to his speech, it is not only incoherent and rambling, but he has all the phenomena of exhilaration or excitement characteristic of the earlier stages of intoxication. His ideas seem to flow rapidly, and all of the senses are wonderfully acute, but there are the muscular tremblings and the actual shambling gait of the drunkard.

"It is a hopeless case; impossible to cure. That boy, if he lives, will have the continued appearance of drunkenness and it cannot be helped. He is drunk, naturally drunk, and though he may become a great scholar, he will never outgrow this malady."

It is a very rare case, and among its features is the odd fact that alcohol in any form and in any quantity acts on the child like a poison.