

The Echo.

ALL LABOR IS SACRED.—Carlyle.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25th, 1890.

"COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS."

A week or ten days ago the Honorable Peter Mitchell of the Herald and his factotum, Mr. St. John, were jubilant. They announced editorially that the Herald news-room had been filled with a staff of competent (?) non-union men, and they would, therefore, be able in the future to give the public a readable newspaper. Peter himself was so overjoyed that he had to send the glad tidings by telegraph to some of his friends in New Brunswick, which they in turn communicated to the St. John, N.B., press. Peter was so confident in the integrity of his rats that he even stopped their free dinners, free beer and free cigars. And it was just here that Peter made the fatal mistake. If he wanted fidelity he should have continued treating. In a recent number the Echo predicted what the result would be when these outcasts from the ranks of organized labor got down to hard pan, and it came sooner than we anticipated. No sooner was their beer allowance stopped than these social pariahs began to "kick," and kick they did to some purpose. On Monday evening of last week, shortly after commencing work for the night, thirteen of Mr. St. John's pets threw down their sticks and walked out of the office. This was a sore blow to the Herald managing editor as it completely shattered his dream of procuring men who would not kick over the traces however much they were put upon. But even rat labor revolts at the idea of setting intricate tabular work at the same rate as straight matter. Thus they left the paper in a ditch out of which it has not yet succeeded in crawling, for it again presents the woebegone appearance it did the first week of the lock-out. And what guarantee is there, even supposing Mr. St. John should procure additional hands, that they will not serve him in the same way? Can any reliance be placed upon them? The men now working there are underselling in the labor market, and they would just as soon turn round and sell Mr. St. John. Every man among them has his price. They could be bribed to go either road, and the only question is, is the game worth the candle? Of course the Herald kept all this to themselves. They were afraid to let the public know how they had been fooled by the "reliable" men whom they had petted and feasted day by day, and so they kept silent. Notwithstanding their silence, however, this fresh troubled leaked out, and during the past week the Herald has been the laughing-stock of the good citizens of Montreal, the great majority of whom have no wish to see labor degraded and underpaid. The popular verdict is "served them right."

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

The thirty-eighth annual session of the International Typographical Union sitting in Atlanta, Ga., have completed their labors, and the results on the whole are satisfactory. The Printers' Home has been settled, and we may now look to see the completion of this benevolent project in the near future. The gentlemen selected as trustees are well known in the profession as trustworthy and progressive, and we have no doubt they will carry on the work to the satisfaction of the trade. The International stands in the foremost rank of labor organizations at the present time, and its deliberations are always of interest to the craft at large. One of the lady delegates, Miss Taylor, of Cincinnati, has earned the eternal gratitude of the subs by her persistent

advocacy of the six-day rule. It is a just measure, and one which we heartily approve. There are some men mean enough for anything, but the party mentioned by Miss Taylor must be the very essence of meanness. She mentioned a man employed in the office where she worked who had labored continuously for sixteen years, seven nights a week, and actually set type in the office the night on which his wife died! All honor to the lady for the unselfish interest she takes in the welfare of others. Boston is chosen as the meeting place next year, and it is in order for Montreal to hustle and secure the honor of a visit in 1892.

THE HERALD LOCK-OUT.

It was at one time hoped during the past week that the locked-out compositors of the Herald would have been able to return with honor to their former situations, but this belief has been rudely shattered by the emphatic refusal of the proprietors to consider a series of propositions placed before them on behalf of the men. The proposals of the men were reasonable and such as would have done the Herald credit in accepting. It is clear now, therefore, that they are dead-set against organized labor in every shape, and more particularly against the fraternity of Union printers. It would be well for the working classes of Montreal to bear this in mind when they are about to bestow favors, remembering, according to the old Scotch adage, that "every little makes a muckle." Until such time as the proprietors of the Herald come to a settlement with their late employees that office will remain closed to all honorable men, and to those who practice and hold dear the principles of Unionism. By their conduct during the continuance of this dispute the locked-out men have shown an example of loyalty to their cause which is the admiration of all. The end seems as far off as ever, but the men are just as determined, and await with unabated confidence the ultimate issue.

Did the foreman of the Herald not know how to get that bank statement into the first column? If not we will send an apprentice to teach him.

If the make-up of the Herald on Saturday is a sample of the workmanship of the new foreman, he should go into some good office and learn his trade.

WHAT do the advertisers of the Herald think of the paper on Saturday? Whole pages of the day before, without a change, except in the date line.

WHAT do the stockholders of the Herald company think of the way their property is being ruined by incompetent men? Soon there will not be enough type left to get out a paper.

EATON'S Advertiser has the following and it does not require a binocular to see who it is driving at:—

The Corporation wisely decided to deny the request of the proprietor of a Montreal paper to be allowed to store several tons of "boiler plate" on Victoria Square. The newspaper men's intention was to provide for emergencies, in case his "comps" should take it into their naughty heads to strike at some future time. By the way, "boiler plate" has become a potent factor in newspaper difficulties, and the printers should insist on its being relegated to that bourne from whence no rat-assisting boiler plate e're returns.

"MULTUM IN PARVO," writing from Hamilton, Ont., draws attention to the difference in rates and the methods of working adopted by a newspaper office in this city. We have no doubt his statements are true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, but we are of opinion that it would be injudicious

to publish his letter at the present time. The system he describes is a premium offered to slavery, and its continuance means physical ruin and moral degradation to the man. What can be thought of a man who hangs around the office waiting for it to open in the morning, swallows a lunch disinterred from his vest pocket about midday, and has to be driven out of the office at night by the foreman, all the time with his nose in his space box? Yet "Multum in Parvo" says this system of working is encouraged in the office in question.

WE ARE IMPROVING.

Rev. David Utter, of Chicago, said in a recent sermon: "Taking the world as it is, I can see some force in the claim of those who insist there is as much savagery in the world to-day as ever before. The war spirit is present, manifesting itself in new channels. But just as the old war spirit died away by great combination, so better intelligence will correct the evils complained of. Hence I hail with pleasure the combinations of employees as the dawn of a new era. Just now they combine to coerce their employers to do what they want done. My sympathies are with them. The capitalists can take care of themselves. I am glad to see that there is no longer a disposition on the part of working people to resort to violence."

HOME BY ONE O'CLOCK.

The devices that men employ to fool their wives as to the hour at which they reach home when out with the "boys" are numerous, but a newspaper man hit on a new one not long ago. It is queer that the same trick has not been adopted with enough frequency to have become popular. This man has a clock in his house which strikes "1" at the half hour, and when he has a night off he gauges himself to get home a few minutes before some half hour. If it is 4 o'clock he waits until about 4.20, and then goes bustling in, making noise enough to wake up the dead. The sleepy wife throws the covers off her head and says: "Oh! is that you! What time is it?" The husband replies carelessly: "Time? Nearly 1, I guess; I don't know exactly, my dear." By this time the clock strikes "1" and the wife is satisfied. Long before the hour of 5 is reached the wife is again asleep, and she never suspects her lord and master has played it on her.—Chicago Herald.

OVER-PRODUCTION.

There is no such thing as over-production absolutely; relatively there is. To illustrate. There may be more iron rails in the market than railroads want or need to make all necessary repairs or additions to their roads, but if railroads were built over all the area that is not covered by railroads or that need them, there would not be, with all the surplus rails in the market, iron rails enough to build a tenth part of the roads that could be projected. But in the merchandise that enters into direct consumption there is never such a thing as even relative over-production, although such a thing is possible. Manufacturers say there is an "over-production," and shut down their shops and throw people out of employment. Then a strange anomaly appears. People go barefooted because there are too many shoes; naked, because there is too much food; cold, because there is too great an output of coal.

There is not over-production, but improper distribution. Give the producer the just products of his labor, the extra pair of shoes, the suit of clothes, the necessary food, and the surplus will be exhausted as quick as a snow-drift in June.

THE DANGER THAT THREATENS THEM.

With the hungry wolf licking his bloody chops before almost every door—with chattel mortgage sales of almost daily occurrence in all our principal towns, with the best bushel of potatoes, the best calf and the best colt laid daily on the altar of the usurer's claims—these powers of money, these creatures of the people, these insatiable corporations, step into our conventions and seize the sacred ermine and the lawgiver's power solely in order to stifle future legislation and hold their grip upon the purses of the people. The ballot box is the people's sacred ark of the covenant of God. Its seizure by these powers means its destruction. Mere thieves might be let off by society with only mild condemnation, and no great harm be done. Buccaneers and pirates might foil the clutches of the law, and society be only temporarily the worse. But when pirates and buccaniers seize the very source of the law, and the very fountain-head of justice, with the fell design of perverting them to their own uses and maintaining themselves in power, liberty must cover her face with her mantle to hide her tears, and the last hope of the people sinks in a sombre cloud. O, for a pen of fire, that we might write words that would burn into the people's hearts, to warn them of the danger that threatens them.—Lincoln (Neb.) Alliance.

FLAT-BOTTOMED BOAT

For Sale. Spoon oars; good condition; price \$6. Enquire 76 Charron st., Point St. Charles.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN

Wednesday, June 25th.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Handsome 42 inch Bordered Chambrays in all the newest shades.

SHOT BROCADES.

Brocaded Chambrays in new colors. Novelties in Fancy Chambrays.

CHECKS.

Stripes, Plaids, Brocades.

FROSTED.

Novelties in Fancy Chambrays.

SCOTCH PLAIDS.

Plain Chambrays in new shades.

ART SHADES.

Soft finished lawn for dresses in all the newest high art shades.

NOVELTIES.

Many novelties represented in this department.

A BARGAIN LINE.

Plain and Checked Chambrays, 7½c per yard.

S. CARSLEY.

SATEEN DEPARTMENT.

FRENCH SATEENS.

VERY RICH.

French Sateens, the newest modes from Paris, in all qualities.

CHOICE SELECTION

of Persian designs, in light colors.

ENGLISH SATEENS.

A large stock of the newest patterns and shades in English Sateens just received from England.

CAMBRICS.

Handsome Delaine Pattern Cambrics.

PRINTS AND SATEENS

Handsome Sateens, 10c, 11c, 12c yard. New Pattern Prints, 6½c, 7½c, 8½c, 10c. Choice English Drillettes, 12c yard.

S. CARSLEY.

S. CARSLEY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777

Notre Dame Street,

MONTREAL.