

WILL SHE KISS ME AGAIN?

She kissed me! Dear "Mate;"
Her head on my breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest,
And the holy emotions
My tongue dared not speak,
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.

She kissed me! Dear Ida;
And my breath, and my will
In delicious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life held for poor "Clito"
No temptations, no charms—
No vision of happiness
Outside of her arms.

She kissed me! My love;
In a bliss so divine,
I reeled like a drunken man
Foolish with wine.
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come, while my lips
Were yet moist with her breath,

She kissed me! My own;
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Shall our lips taste no more
That exquisite delight!
Would she care if my breast
Were her shelter as then?
And if she were here now
Would she kiss me again?

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Matrimony is a success so long as the husband and wife like to read their old love letters to each other.

The happy father of twins telegraphs to his brother as follows: Immense joy; we have got twins; more later on.

A rich man married a pretty girl,
And a milliner had she.
And in a year that milliner
Was the richest of the three.

Chemist—Here's the only remedy in the world for a cold. Customer—I've tried it, I don't care for it. Chemist—Then here's something just as good.

A placard posted through a country town once announced the opening of the Theatre Royal under the management of Miss newly decorated and painted.

What is your objection to Charles, papa? said Maud. He plays cards, said papa. But so do you. You played with him last night. I know it—but he won.

Robert, dear, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into the cellar? Why, I don't know my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life.

John, what's the matter with the clocks? This one just struck two, while the one up stairs struck three. They are keeping the score between them. It is just five o'clock by my watch.

Is Miss Winterbloom in? No, sir. She told me to say that she waited for you until half past four. But I told her expressly I wouldn't be here until five. Yes, sir; so I heard her say.

Gentleman—You don't mean to say you call this flavorless stuff oxtail soup, waiter? Waiter—Yes, sir. Gentleman—Then take it out and let the ox dip his tail in it two or three more times.

Mr. Hardup—Why didn't you send that tea and sugar and things I ordered yesterday? Polite Tradesman—Well, sir, I find there is a slight honorarium due on the last three consignments.

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose sent last Christmas, says: You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly.

Photographer—Can't you assume a more pleasant expression than that? Just think of your best girl a few minutes. Young Man (sadly)—It wouldn't do any good. She refused me about a week ago.

Aunt Jane (pointing to a star shining through the clouds during a rainstorm)—That star you see up there, Johnny, is larger than this whole world. Little Nephew—Then why don't it keep the rain off?

Ah! love, I would like to listen to you all night, said Quasimodo before he wed Mrs. Q. Six months afterwards he chanced to stop out fifteen minutes after the appointed hour, and then his wish was gratified.

Friend—So you have married your house-keeper? Don't you know that she has been robbing you for years? Old Smartness—Of course I know it. That's why I married her. I am trying to get my money back.

Jones—There has not been much suffering this winter, thanks to the mildness of the weather. Smith—Hasn't been much suffering? Great Caesar! you ought to talk to my wife. She has had only one chance this whole winter to show off her new seal-skin jacket.

When the Clock Ticks Loudest.

After she had kissed him on her return from a visit to her relatives she asked: Well, John, how did you get along without me and the children?
Not very well, he replied. The next time you go away I'll shut the house and go to a hotel.
Oh, you don't like to be alone here? she queried.
No, I don't, he returned. The house is overrun with rats.
Rats! she exclaimed, why, there isn't a rat in the place.
Oh, indeed! he said, didn't I hear 'em? Didn't I hear 'em nibbling and scratching away all night? Didn't they keep me awake half the time? I hadn't more than got to bed the first night when they started in with their scratch, scratch, scratch.
They were mice, John, she explained. I've occasionally had a little trouble with mice.
Well, it's very strange I've never heard them before, he said. And that clock—
Where is it, John? she asked, looking about the room.
It's in the front parlor, he replied. The thing nearly drove me crazy. Why, the first night when I settled down for a quiet smoke it acted like a fire alarm. There wasn't a sound in the house, but the first thing I knew the old thing was ticking with a distinctness that pretty nearly made me insane. After it had forced itself on my attention fifty or sixty times and made me so nervous that I could hear noises in all parts of the house I put it in the kitchen and shut the door.
Did that do any good, John? she asked with a slight smile.
A little, but not much, he returned. I could still hear it. I wonder what is the matter with it, I never heard it make so much noise before.
Perhaps, John, she suggested quietly, it is because you were never alone in the house at night before. I've known it do the same thing when I was alone at night. It never ticks so loud as then, the mice never scratch so hard as then, there are never so many unusual noises as then.
He looked at her pretty sharply as she busied herself putting things to rights again, and then—well, he doesn't stay out so late now. He tries to get home, as he puts it, before the clock begins to tick.

All He Asked.

Laura, said George, with an eager, restless yearning in his gaze, may I ask a favor of you, dear?
They had sat in the darkened parlor for hours, in the eloquent communion of soul with soul that needs no articulate sound to give it language.
But something impelled George to speak. The longing that surged up from his very heart must find expression in words. Therefore he had spoken.
What is it, George, she whispered.
It may involve some sacrifice on your part, darling. But believe me, Laura, it is for the best.
What is it, George? she repeated, in a voice that trembled as if with a vague foreboding of coming disaster.
You will believe me, dearest, he said, with an agitation becoming every moment more uncontrollable, when I say that I am driven to ask it by circumstances over which I have no control, that I have pondered long over it, and am not acting from hasty impulse?
Yes! Yes! the beautiful young girl exclaimed, with quivering lips. What is it you ask, George? What is it?
Darling, he said, and the wild, imploring look in his face thrilled her to the inmost depths of her being. I wish you would sit on the other knee awhile. This one is getting horribly tired.

Matrimony Geographically Described.

A funny man, says an exchange, who asked "where is the state of matrimony?" received the following answer: It is the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and stay out at nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a north passage to paradise. The climate is rather sultry until they pass the tropics of housekeeping when squally weather sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state consult the first pair of blue eyes you chance to meet.

First Swell—There goes Miller, the richest man in town. What a pity the old fellow has no daughter! Don't you think so?
Second Swell—I don't know. Why? First Swell—Because she would make such a good wife for me.

Now boys, two cabdrivers start at the same time, the first one hundred yards in front of the second, but the second drives ten yards more in every minute than the first. Where will they meet? At the first public house, sir.

The Tomb of Paul and Virginia.

Many who have read that sweet and simple love story, "Paul and Virginia," do not believe that it is really founded on facts. Yet such is said to be the case. Thomas Wilkinson, an Englishman, who has resided in the Island of Madagascar for 30 years, says Paul and Virginia were characters of flesh and blood, and not mere creatures of the novelist's imagination. However, it is not denied that the facts in history were embellished artistically by the author of the story. About 500 miles east of Madagascar is situated a small island, 30 miles square, known as Mauritius. When it was first found by white men there were no traces of former possession of any people. The Dutch first settled the island, and it became a productive spot in raising sugar. Then the French took possession of it and finally the English obtained control. Now Mauritius is inhabited by the Dutch, the French, the English and a horde of Chinese laborers and black slaves of the sugar plantations. On this island is seen to-day the tomb of the unfortunate lovers Paul and Virginia. It is a well authenticated piece of history on the island that these two lovers belonged to two well-to-do French families there. Virginia, who was beautiful, and young, and artless, was sent to France to be educated. While there her hand was sought by a wealthy and titled Frenchman, but she refused his offer and remained true to the simple swain, Paul, of Mauritius. She started home on the ship St. Jehan, but the vessel was wrecked in a hurricane when in sight of Mauritius, and her lifeless body was washed ashore. Among the relics of this event there are kept several pieces of the broken timbers of St. Jehan on the island, and the marble tomb of Paul and Virginia is held in high reverence by the inhabitants as a monument to their enduring love.—Chicago Herald.

The Longest Period a Man Has Worked Continuously.

Hermann Boerhaave, a Dutch physician, scholar, and scientific author, who was born in 1668 and died in 1738, has left it on record that he was once so absorbed in his studies that he passed a period of six weeks continuously devoted to work. During all this time he existed without sleep. Edison is one of the most indefatigable workers the world has ever seen. He frequently works for forty-eight hours when absorbed on one of his new productions, and then will fall asleep in the workshop and sleep soundly for twelve or fourteen hours at a time. On the occasion of making the first carbon incandescent lamp, Edison and his assistant worked three days and nights continuously before it was completed and inserted in the lamp. The story is thus told by Edison:—"The carbon of the first lamp was made of a spool of Clark's thread. All night Batchelor, my assistant, worked beside me. The next day we worked all day and then all night again, and at the end of that time we had one produced carbon out of a spool of Clark's thread. Having made it, it was necessary to take it to the glassblower's house. With the utmost precaution Batchelor took up the precious carbon, and I marched after him, as if guarding a mighty treasure. To our consternation, just as we reached the glassblower's bench, the wretched carbon broke. We turned back to the main laboratory and set to work again. It was late in the afternoon before we had produced another carbon, which again was broken by a jeweller's screw-driver falling against it. But we turned back again, and before night the carbon was completed and inserted in the lamp. The lamp was exhausted of air and sealed, the current turned on, and the light that is to be the light of the world met our eyes for the first time in all its beauty." On the very night of his wedding, Edison took one of these fits of work, and forgetting his newly-made wife and everything else but the work on which he was engaged, continued at it for over forty-eight hours.

What is the Difference.

A certain king by the power of the sword and the superstition of his followers, fell upon a defenceless people, and took from them their lands, cattle, and all their possessions.

A certain fancier, by the power of his wits and the selfish ignorance of his followers, quietly when among a certain people, and by careful and shrewd management, with rents, interests and profits, kind words, long hours and short pay, soon became the owner of all their lands, houses and all their goods and means of employment, then told them it would profit him nothing to hire them longer, and turned them out to starve.

A certain pugilist overpowered a certain traveler and took from him all his possessions, and left him a beggar among strangers.

What is the important difference between the above three methods and their results? One operates by the sword, another by his wits, and the third by his muscle.

Is there any difference in the result?
Is there any difference in the morality of these three methods? Are we not morally bound to oppose all schemes by which one man can have power to take from another his

food, clothing and shelter? Should the needs of life be left as a gambling stake for the shrewd ones to capture, and hold at their own sweet will from the multitude? This is the rising question of the age; and in it we shall have the pro and con of the two great parties of the future.—The Dawn.

The Pinkertons.

There are in this country a uniformed and armed company of men numbering 32,000, known as the Pinkerton detectives, kept and paid for the express and determinate purpose of quelling strikes, riots, and—to protect corporations. The uniform of this bedizened army cost \$960,000, at the rate of \$30 each. Their rifles and revolvers \$960,000 more at the same ratio. The average pay per month is \$40 each, which enables this army to live fairly well on \$1,280,000 for 30 days, and \$15,460,000 will about supply them annually—\$17,000,000! Who pays out this money? That is a soft nut to crack. English and American capitalists have leagued together to oppress American workingmen, and when they resent such encroachment of capital—such tyranny—the Pinkertons are on hand to settle the discussion with bullet and bayonet. The people have permitted alien ownership of land, and the very money that supports this army of detectives is ground from the people by foreigners, and American plutocrats are so allied that the Pinkertons are applauded every time they fasten the mouths of those who are making 'bricks without straw' when they cry "It is wrong, it is wrong!"—National Economist.

Tom—Why, Charley, how beaming you look to-day! What has happened to cheer you up so? Charley—I've been courting a girl for a long time, but she would never admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me; but last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me.

Oh! the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor,
Over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her wee dimpled chin to her pretty feet.
Now rising aloft like a bee in June, now sunk to the wall of a cracked bassoon;
Now, flute-like, subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snoring of Elizabeth Jane.

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