

"ENGLAND, HOME AND BEAUTY."

TO IZIE.

A veil of years and heaving sea
Has hid fair Albion from my sight,
Yet, Izie, in a dream of thee,
I saw her beauties all last night.
Beneath thy smiles and in thine eyes
I saw my love lit island skies.

I lived my boyhood hours anew,
I wooed their smiles, inhaled their sweets,
I sipped their wines of love and knew
Their wanton wiles, their blissful feats.
Amid these scenes I walked with you,
'Tis hard to whisper now,—adieu.

The lay of the lark calls me back to the glen,
And the mind loves to dwell on these silent
hours when

The eve's sun tinted the purple hills,
And gilded the limpid streamlet's wavelets
Wooing and kissing the frolicsome rills,
As they danced over shallows and cavelets.

How I watched with delight as they sallied
along

Crested with silver foam, gilded anon
Soft music arose from the chaos among,
Enchanting the air as it lingered upon.

I listened entranced to the soft, rippling lay
Borne on a zephyr wind, transient delight,
I lingered there till folds of night
Till over the valley it melted away
As a beam of sunshine at the advent of
night.

The cuckoo's note came on the breeze,
And spent its sweetness in the dell,
I climbed anon the autumn trees
To hear the thrush in sweetness tell
The happy woods her soul's delight,
I lingered there till folds of night
Were drawn by nature's hand around
Which lulled to sleep all woodland sound.

A barque waits on the ocean gray
I sail for thee, my home to-day.
THOMAS WILLIS NENDICK.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A dead sure thing—man's mortality.
A sponge bath—One taken on credit and
never paid for.

The scholar who takes first prize in arith-
metic is only a figure-head.

A great many deaf and dumb people are
given to make off-hand remarks.

There is always a moral influence associ-
ated with the piano. If it isn't upright it
is square.

What makes a woman marry? asks an
article in the North American Review. And
we answer, man.

Questions—What have you been doing up
in the country? Critic—Oh, just fishin'
and lyin' around.

Maud—Is it true you are in love with Mr.
Bullion? Clara—Mercy, no! I'm only en-
gaged to him.

My son, define ambition? Well, it's al-
ways feeling that you want to do something
that you know you can't.

The man who lets his wife split all the
wood may mean well, but he shouldn't be
allowed to do all the talking at prayer
meeting.

Mrs. P.—They say that Mr. Hay, who
used to sing so much, has lost his voice. Mr.
P.—I shouldn't think he'd offer much of a
reward.

Spacer—What shall I say in this obituary
for Ginsling, the bartender? Editor—Work
in about his having a smile for every one.

Figgs—I have no more use for signs; I
found a four leaf clover yesterday. Diggs—
Well, what happened? Figgs—I fell in love
with four grass widows.

Asker—I see young Shallerbov wears a
moustache now. Did he raise that during
his late ocean voyage? Tasker—No, but
he raised about everything else.

Schamburg (to Jacob)—You was a liar und
a schoundrel. Do you hear dot? Jacob (to
Schamburg)—I hear you already, und I
dinks you was talking to yourself.

Mistress (benevolently to her maid in an-
ticipation of a compliment)—What would
you do if you could play the piano as well as
I can? Maid—I should take lessons.

The Missus—You oughtn't to leave the
floor in such a condition. Why don't you
take your chips with you? Carpenter—Who
do you take me for—the Prince of Wales?

Kicks—So you think the ministers prac-
tice what they preach? Hicks—Why, yes;
they preach sermons, and if you lived near
one you could hear him practicing it a week
beforehand.

She (fishing for a compliment)—Do you
think my voice needs cultivation? He
anxious to pay her a compliment)—Not at
all, not at all. Cultivation couldn't im-
prove a voice like yours.

Dashaway—I hear that you upset your
soup on Miss Palisade's dress at the dinner
last night. Stuffer—Yes, and I was fear-
fully put out about it. You know it isn't
polite to ask for soup twice.

A high personage on visiting a small coun-
try place, asked: How is it that all the
children go barefoot in this neighborhood?
Beg your pardon, sir, exclaimed a woman
present, they were born so.

I hear that Mrs. Barlow is disputing her
late husband's will. Why, I thought he left
everything to her? So he did, but she never
let the old man have his own way. It's a
matter of principle with her.

Yes, sir, I was in Omaha for two weeks,
and I never saw a single man eat pie with a
knife. I am not much surprised. I am well
aware that the West is full of well educated
though poor young men who—Oh, that was
not it. Where I boarded they had no pie.

Miss Straightlace—Do you see that poor
blind beggar woman on the corner, Maude?
How pitiful it is to see her sitting there in
the crowd with that card, "I am blind,"
suspended around her neck. Miss Follibud
—Yes, it is pitiful; but, Ethel, what a de-
lightful chaperon she would make.

A New Fish Story—Truth Stronger
than Fiction.

Mr. Angler—It sometimes occurs that, in
trout fishing particularly, all the known arts
of the piscator will fail to lure the wary
game, and in one instance I remember hav-
ing to try a very unsportsmanlike recourse.

Mr. Listener—Yes? What was that?
Mr. Angler—I was fishing one day in the
Sprain brook and discovered in an old pool
an old trout that must have weighed seven
pounds. I tempted him first with all the
artificial bait at my command, from gray
hackle to flamingo flies, shook a button off
my flannel shirt into his eye, offered him
strawberry on a hook and a forelock of my
red head—firted all the known brands of
worms in front of his suggestive mouth and
wasted all my lunch on him in the way of
decoy and when I was just about to give it
up in despair a thought struck me. Acting
upon it I went to a neighboring farmhouse,
borrowed a two quart syringe used for the
demolition of insect pests, walked back and
drew all the water out of the pool, and walk-
ing into the exhausted reservoir picked my
seven pound speckled bauble.

About Stage Kisses.

The very startling question was put to a
popular and pretty actress at a jolly supper:
Do you ever rehearse stage kisses?
The young lady smiled and replied that
she always did.

Not repeatedly, she said, but just once. I
don't care to be surprised by a peculiar sort
of kiss on the night of a performance, so I
always have an actor show me, beforehand,
just how he is going to do it. There's noth-
ing in acting that I dread so much as a kiss.
No, I am not a prude, and do not suffer
from the actual contact of a polite and good
looking fellow's lips, but there are more
chances of disaster in a stage kiss than in
almost any action in the drama. In the first
place it is apt to disturb my make-up. Then
the actor may be a nervous man and pull
away at my wig, if I'm wearing one, or he
may clutch me so tight that when he lets
me go I lose my balance and get laughed at.
My worst stage experience resulted from a
kiss. It was in a scene of immense pathos
while I am hanging about my lover's neck
who is being taken to prison. The actor
who played the wooer was an awfully nice
fellow, and not in the least disagreeable to
hang to. I did so with extra tenacity on
the night in question and I noticed that he
tried to free himself of me. But I clung on
tight and glued my face to his. Let me go,
he gasped, and tried to drag back, but I
pressed my face still closer, determined to
get a lot out of the scene. Suddenly, as I
was rapturously kissing him, he sneezed.
Oh, what a sneeze it was! It seemed to start
from his boots, and I bounded away from
him, dazed by the shock. Then I heard a
roar of laughter in the audience and saw my
lover rushing from the stage with one sec-
tion of his black moustache missing. There
was another speech before the act should
have ended, but the stage manager did not
wait for it. He rang down the curtain, and
then informed me that I had better return
the actor's moustache to him. When I
reached my dressing room I found a big
piece of the false moustache sticking to my
chin. I had not kissed it away. The actor
lost it in the sneeze.

Truth Botted Down.

Jester—Notwithstanding Job's afflictions
he must have been a man of equable tem-
perament and always possessed a good cheer.

Quester—What makes you think so?
Jester—Merely because he was never out
of humor.

He Hadn't Read Evarts' Speeches.

I say, Bill, said one summer philosopher
to another, as they lay beneath a spreading
tree, did you ever turn your attention to lit-
eratorator any?

I should say so.

What's the biggest sentence you ever run
across?

Ten years, was the unhesitating reply.

Knock-Down Argument.

An eminent lord chief justice, who was
trying a right of way case, had before him a
witness—an old farmer—who was proceed-
ing to tell the jury that he had knowed the
path for sixty year, and my feyther tould I
as he heard my grandfeyther zay—

Stop! said the judge, we can't have any
hearsay evidence here.

No! exclaimed Farmer Giles. Then how
dost know who thy feyther was 'cept by
hearsay?

After the laughter had subsided the judge
said: In courts of law we can only be guided
with what you have seen with your eyes,
and nothing more or less.

Well, replied the farmer, I ha' got a bile
on the back of my neck, and I never seed
'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's
there, dang 'un.

This second triumph on the part of the
witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence
about the footpath which obtained weight
with the jury, albeit the judge told them it
was not testimony of any value and the far-
mer's party won.

She Proved Herself an Apt Scholar.

Maria, said Mr. Jones, upon one of his
worrying days, it seems to me you might be
more economical. Now, there's my old
clothes; why can't you cut them down for
the children?

Because they are worn out when you are
done with them, answered Mrs. Jones. It's
no use making over things for the children
that won't hold together, smart as you are.

Well, I wouldn't have cupboards full of
things mildewing for want of wear if I was
a woman, that's all, grumbled Jones. A
penny saved is a penny earned.

That was in March. One warm day in
June Mr. Jones went peering about the cup-
boards looking for something he couldn't
find, and turning things generally inside
out.

Maria, where's my light dust-coat? he
bellowed.

Cut it down for Johnny.

Ahem! Well, where's the brown one I
bought last summer?

Clothes-bag! mumbled Mrs. Jones, who
seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at
that moment. Just made it into a nice one.

Where are my shepherd's plaid trousers?
screamed Mr. Jones.

Cut them down for Willie.

Heavens! groaned her husband; then in
a voice of thunder, where have my blue and
white braces got to?

Made a beautiful baseball belt for Harry,
said Mrs. Jones.

Maria, asked the astonished man, in a
subdued voice, would you mind telling me
what you have done with my silk hat—you
have not cut that down for the baby, have
you?

Oh, no, my dear, answered his wife, cheer-
fully, I've used it for a hanging basket. It
is full of nice plants and looks lovely.

Great Scot!

Mr. Jones never mentions economy or
suggests cutting things down—he has had
enough of it—quite cured, in fact.

Chinese and Japanese in New York.

I saw a well dressed young woman on the
street the other day above whose tall, finely
molded form was the unmistakable head
and features of the Mongolian, only slightly
modified. She was evidently the result of
the mingling of types, and by no means un-
pleasing in appearance. The most curious
thing was her height, which was remarka-
ble for a woman of the Caucasian race and
doubly so in a Chinese. Her hair was black
and coarse, her complexion the usual opaque
yellow, only a little lighter in tone than the
hue of the average Mongolian, while the
features only differed in being more finely
cut, except the mouth, which was the deli-
cate, sensitive mouth of the Anglo-Saxon of
good blood.

A pair of liquid, pathetic dark eyes gazed
out of this strange face, and the whole en-
semble was so peculiar that everyone turned
to look at her as she passed. Scarcely a
block further on I saw a curious little party
boarding an up town car. A Japanese gen-
tleman and his little girl, both in European
costume, while the wife was bareheaded and
attired in every respect as the ancient Jap-
anese customs for women direct. Even in
New York the sight is very unusual, and
most of the passengers were craning their
necks, regardless of good breeding, in order
to get a look at the self-possessed little lady
wrapped in her voluminous green kimono
with her hair rolled against a small scarlet
cushion and stuck full of pins, and her slight
body wound round with a wide sash of
bright rose pink and gold.—New York Cor.
Detroit Free Press.

The strike of steelworkers at the Alleg-
heny Bessemer steel works of Carnegie &
Co., at Duquesne, for recognition of the
Amalgamated Association ended on Wed-
nesday in a victory for the firm.

The entire force of yard switchmen, day
and night, on the Big Four road, at Spring-
field, Ohio, 88 in number, went on strike on
Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, and the
local trains are tied up. The strike was oc-
casioned by the refusal of the company to
advance the wages of the men to the Cincin-
nati scale.

The striking millmen at St. John, N. B.,
met on Wednesday, and after hearing the
report of the delegates commissioned to in-
terview the mill owners resolved to main-
tain the strike unabated until the nine hour
system was restored.

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