

MY LOVE.

I love my love with a love so strong That no weight of iron could bend it, Nor the wear of years, nor the fiercest blow, Nor the scythe of time could rend it.

I love my love with so great a wealth That, though placed in the poorest dwelling, My blessings great I'd daily count, And my riches be ever telling.

I love my love with a love so bold That my lips with pleasure linger On her velvet cheeks and ruby lips, Nor fear to sorrow bring her.

I love my love with a love so deep That the deepest mine could not hold it, Nor the fathomless sea could not, I know In its bosom broad unfold it.

I love my love with a love so vast That this world will not contain it, And it soars above to the God of love, And He, too, will maintain it.

And He will guard my love of loves— Blest Friend and Elder Brother— Now wist ye who she is—my love? Why, she's my precious MOTHER!

—Margaret Douglas.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.

We have been asked if in the water which flows in Wall street, there are any fish? There are—suckers, chiefly.

Jack Rounder—Isn't Miss Belle a beauty? Miss A—Yes. But, you know, beauty is only skin deep. Jack Rounder—Well, I'm no cannibal. That's deep enough for me.

Things one would rather have left unsaid—A lady thanked a gentleman for a very complimentary remark he had made in a newspaper article about her ability as a writer. Oh, he replied, that was all a joke. I never dreamed the editor would print it.

Nupop—Maria, I believe that baby knows now what it took Sir Isaac Newton a life of thought to find out. Mrs. Nupop—How absurd! What do you mean? Nupop—Just notice how he tilts that bottle to gravitate the milk his way.

Hanks—How did Closest manage to get his men to withdraw from the Knights of Labor? Banks—He quoted Scripture to show that members of that organization could not go to heaven. Hanks—What was his text? Banks—And there shall be no night there.

Old Lady—Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs? Physician (after careful examination)—I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition. Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?

Have you fixed up my will? said the sick man to Lawyer Quillins. Yes. Everything as tight as you can make it? Entirely so. Well, now, I want to ask you something, not professionally, but as a plain, everyday man. Who do you honestly think stands the best show for getting the property?

One of the professors of the University of Texas was engaged in explaining the Darwinian theory to his class, when he observed that they were not paying proper attention. Gentlemen, said the professor, when I am endeavoring to explain to you the peculiarities of the monkey I wish you would look at me.

Wit of the Youngsters.

Father, in bed with son of six years. Father—Well, I suppose I must get up now to get the daily bread. Son—Don't you trouble, papa, the baker will bring it.

Small boy, who has been present at a discussion of domestic matters—I suppose some hens lay cooking eggs and some lay fresh eggs.

Saint like little girl of five—I wish I had wings like an angel, I would fly straight up to heaven. Matter of fact young sister—Silly gell, silly gell! Go up to ceiling—come down bump!

Small Lisper (speaking of school fellow)—No, I don't like Tommy Hall. (Musingly) I fink I'll ask him to tea, and then we'll fight.

Little girl (looking at hair on new baby's head)—Oh, nurse! It's got whiskers on its head!

The Lawyer and the Robber.

A lawyer awoke at midnight to find a robber standing beside his bed and already in possession of his jewelry and money.

Why, man! cried the lawyer, after a closer look, are you not the robber whose case I pleaded in court only a few days ago? The very same.

And my plea was so effective that the jury acquitted you? Yes.

And, alas! you now come to rob me, your benefactor!

Business is business, replied the robber. I hired you with cold cash to plead my case,

I must now rob to get back what I paid you.

But I'll send you to prison for this. Perhaps, but I hope not. This time my spoils will enable me to employ even a better attorney than you are. Good bye, old fel—see you later!

MORAL.

Business should always be done spot cash.

A Story of Dickens.

Howard Paul tells an amusing story of Dickens, with whom he was on intimate terms. In the days when he and his wife were giving their entertainments, Mr. Paul had as manager a man named Dolbey, whose lack of business ability was as marked as was his enormous appetite. Mr. Paul struggled along as best he could with his manager, but he was vastly relieved when Dickens chose Dolbey to manage his readings on his second visit to the United States.

When Dickens returned to London from his American tour, Mr. Paul asked him how he liked Dolbey's managerial services.

He is a treasure, a perfect treasure! replied the great novelist, enthusiastically.

Mr. Paul was almost taken off his feet with astonishment.

Wha-a-what? he managed to gasp. A treasure? With all due respect to your judgment, Mr. Dickens, I never found him anything else but a nuisance.

Ah, but my dear fellow, there is a difference, replied Dickens. You engaged him for his head, whereas I engaged him for his stomach. Why, man, he was invaluable. Those hospitable Americans were forever asking me to eat or drink with them. All I would have to do would be to make some excuse and follow it up with, But here's Dolbey, my manager, who I am sure will be delighted. Why, Dolbey's cast iron stomach and colossal capacity saved my life. I've come back strong as an ox, and Dolbey's a wreck—a total wreck. I wouldn't have been without him for a thousand pounds.

A Sad State of Affairs.

A committee has been investigating the sweating system of Chicago, and the result is shown by the following extract from their report: The condition of the places visited was terrible. Overcrowding, long hours and low pay was the rule. Girls of ten years of age were found to be working ten and twelve hours a day for 80 cents per week. Ten girls were found, none being over ten years of age, who worked ten hours a day for 75 cents to \$1.20 per week. In a DeKoven street den were found a half a dozen men working eighteen hours a day for from \$4 to \$9 per week. At 168 Maxwell street were found ten men that worked sixteen hours a day each and received \$6.50 to \$9 per week. In the same place were six girls working from twelve to fourteen hours a day, whose weekly pay was \$3. One child was found in the house that worked for 75 cents per week. At 455 South Canal street a girl was found who declined to tell what she received, fearing that she would be discharged, and a discharge meant starvation. At 69 Judd street the wages of the men were found to be from \$5 to \$9 per week, and one child there received \$1 per week. The women worked fourteen hours a day.

Capital and Labor.

The causes of poverty are manifold. Intemperance, vice, idleness, improvidence, ignorance, inherited weakness of mind or body, are among them. More potential than all these, and oftentimes their antecedent cause, is human avarice—the vilest passion that ever cursed the race. This it is that compels women to toil in cramped and stuffy rooms in the city of New York for sixteen hours out of twenty four, for the miserable pittance of fifty cents, making handsome garments for their more fortunate sisters to wear. This it is that presents the spectacle of the most wretched and ill-paid labor in all England—female labor at that—working in the production of cheap bibles to be sent to the heathen. It is avarice that forces poor wretches to crawl on their hands and knees in the bowels of the earth for wages that scarcely suffice to keep body and soul together. It is avarice that offends decency and humanity with the sight of half naked and almost unsexed women tugging at the coke ovens owned by Pennsylvania millionaires. It is avarice that crowds the great factories of New England and the Middle States with little children, and fills its coffers with gain literally ground out of their pinched and stunted bodies and their starving souls.

When this "good old gentlemanly vice," as Byron called it, has been made thoroughly disreputable—when wealth that has been coined out of the miseries of the poor comes to mean social ostracism for its possessor—the greatest part of the poverty that now afflicts the world will surely disappear. The unjust laws, the inequitable system of distributing the products of labor which now bears so heavily upon honest industry, are simply manifestations of human selfishness

and illustrations of man's inhumanity to man. And these laws, this system, will not be changed as long as selfishness is crowned with wealth and power, and popular applause, and the world continues to worship blindly at the shrine of financial success. Samuel E. Morse.

The Selfishness of Unions.

"People sometimes talk of selfishness of trades unions. But there is all the difference in the world between the selfishness of a capitalist and the selfishness of a great labor organization. The one means an increase of selfish luxury for one man or a single family. The other means not luxury, but increase of decency, increase of comfort, increase of self respect, more ease for the aged, more schooling for the young, not of one but of ten thousand families. Others may call this selfishness if they please. I call it humanity and civilization and the furtherance of the common weal."—John Morley, M. P.

Protection and Free Trade.

"Protection or free trade" is simply an issue between capitalists who have opposite interests. Manufacturers want protection so that they may keep the home market to themselves and sell their goods as dear as the buying power of the people will permit, while paying the lowest wages which unrestricted competition between the workers may force labor to accept. Importers want free trade because they deal in foreign goods which, for some reason that they do not care to consider—whether it be natural advantages or cheaper labor—can be sold here at a less price than similar articles of domestic production. Both parties to the controversy look for profits. Neither minds for a moment the condition of labor, except to lower it with a view of greater profits. Why, then, should the workmen, oppressed by protected capitalists, vote for or against protection? And why should workmen oppressed by free trade capitalists vote for or against free trade? Is it not plain that they should all unite against capitalism which oppressed them under any fiscal system that either side of the capitalistic contestants may force upon the other side.—The New Era.

Conservative and Reformer.

Motions to reconsider are in order. Mankind seems to be digging for roots. While some delve with the grubbing hoe, others are busy with illumination and cry out: "Turn on the light!" It is funny to watch Conservative and Reformer. They are very ungenial bed fellows. Conservative snuggles down in his feather bed, draws his velvety blanket under his chin, closes his eyes and murmurs dreamily, "I'm drowsy. What a delicious night for sleeping." But Reformer is restless—sleepless. Hour after hour he turns first one way and then another, until finally Conservative loses patience and growls, "For God's sake be still! I can't sleep a wink." "Selfish dog!" answers Reformer. "If you can only keep warm yourself you are satisfied, if all the rest of mankind freeze." And he gently draws his feet up until his knees are upon his breast, and before Conservative suspects his purpose, gives a vigorous kick and sends the cover into the middle of the floor. "Now, confound you; shiver a little while you are fixing the bed again!" he says, and gets ready to begin tossing and tumbling again.

The Owners of London.

The owners of London include all sorts and conditions of men, from the dual ground landlord and the more or less wealthy leaseholders down to the shareholders in a building freehold land society and the owner of a single tenement. The great bulk of the rental of London, however, belongs to comparatively few people—not more than 5,000.

Amongst these large owners are the Ecclesiastical Commissioners (especially in Paddington, Notting Hill, and Lambeth); the seventy-four City Companies (especially in the City, St. Giles', and St. Martin's); the Government, through the office of Woods and Forests (especially near Regent street, Regent's Park, and on Holborn Viaduct, and through the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851, at South Kensington); various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge (notably Magdalen); the three great endowed hospitals of St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas', Guy's (especially at Southwark and in the city); and the great charitable foundations (such as Christ's Hospital and the Foundling Hospital).

Next to these public or quasi-public owners come the great private ground landlords. The Duke of Westminster (Belgrave, Pimlico, and the Grosvenor Square district), the Duke of Bedford (Bloomsbury, the Covent Garden district, and Amptill Square), Lord Portman (West Marylebone), Lord Cadogan (Chelsea), Sir W. Carr-Gomm (Rotherhithe), the Duke of Portland (East Marylebone), the Marquis of Northampton (Clerkenwell), the Duke of Norfolk (south of the

Strand), the Marquis of Camden (Camden Town), Lord Southampton (Tottenham Court Road and Kentish Town), Sir Spencer Mayson Wilson (Hampstead), Captain Denton, M. P. (Pentonville), the Tyssen-Amherst family (Hackney), the Eyre family (St. John's Wood), the Curzons (Mayfair), Lord Salisbury and others.

As to the smaller owners of London their number is very great, being estimated at 150,000 to 200,000. The annual rental of Greater London is now about £40,000,000 sterling, being £32,000,000 for inner London and £8,000,000 for the outer ring.

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 financier, by the power of his wits and the selfish ignorance of his followers, quietly went among a certain people, and by careful, 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, clothes 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.

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