

THE STRIKER'S WIFE.

The following verses were written by one of the miners out in the recent great strike in the coke region and gives evidence of much feeling and no inconsiderable degree of literary ability:—

Arise, arise; my dear husband,
The day is beginning to dawn.
You said you must start early—
In a minute the tea will be drawn—
'Tis the last we have, my good husband,
But myself and the children will pray
For our merciful Lord to assist you
To get a job some where to-day.

I know you are nearly disheartened,
You have traveled the region in vain,
And the bosses they all seem determined
That work here you shall not obtain.
I don't know what they've got against you,
You were steady and worked every day,
And all through the strike you were quiet,
But "steadfast;" that's all they can say.

I'm not sorry because you were loyal
And stood like a man for the right,
Though 'tis hard to be hungry and home-
less

With no brighter prospect in sight,
And five helpless, innocent children
Depending upon us for bread,
And I can't even mend their clothing
Because I've no money nor thread.

No bread, no credit, no money, no thread;
Oh, God! Will they never relent?
Are we doomed like the children of Ishmael—
Forever to live in a tent
To appease the vile wrath of the supers
Who consider their triumph complete?
But perhaps, like the rebels at Shiloh,
They yet may be forced to retreat.

To stick to the union, my husband,
Though blacklisted, hungry and poor;
For the sake of your honor and manhood
Our hardships we'll try to endure,
And much though I love you my husband,
I would rather ten times see you die
Than serve those tyrannical scoundrels
As deputy, blackleg or spy.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The end of a long strike—a home run.
Every man has his price, but brides are
given away.

The fellow who lives on his wife must
frequently put up with poor wittles.

When some men discharge an obligation
you can hear the report for miles around.

Girls in country post offices are mail
clerks, although they indignantly deny it.

It is when straws are made up into hats
that they show which way the wind blows.
When a sick man refuses to send for a
doctor that is a sign that he still clings to
life.

That was a considerate reporter who, in
writing of the demise of a spinster of eighty,
said: She died at an advanced youth.

You cry, pet, because I'm leaving you to
become Lady Oldsacs? No, don't. It's
because all the titles will be bought before
I grow up.

First man (to newly married friend)—
Well, how do you like married life? Second
ditto—I like it very much indeed, when my
wife's out.

Teacher—Johnny, does a hen lie an egg?
Johnny—No, ma'am; the grocery man lies;
the other lays. One is fresh and the other
isn't.

First fly—Are you going to the picnic?
Second fly—Where? Second fly—In the
next room. There's a bald headed man
asleep in there.

When the poet wrote, I'll hie me to thy
bower, love, he must have imagined he was
playing euchre with his best girl and held
the joker.

Waitress to Landlady—Oh, madam, Mr.
Spitfire has left the table in a rage. Land-
lady—I'm glad of that. It's the first thing
I ever knew him to leave.

We must draw the line somewhere, mut-
tered the leader of a vigilance committee as
he looked for a limb to throw the rope over
preparatory to putting an end to a horse
thief.

He who courts and gets away,
May court again another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still
May go to court against his will.

A moral debating society in Connecticut
is at present earnestly engaged on the fol-
lowing question: If a husband deserts his
wife, which is most abandoned, the man or
the woman?

She—An unfortunate alliance, that of
Miss Quickly's, wasn't it? He—May be,
but he was just her kind. You said, you
know, that she wanted a husband bad, and
she certainly got a bad one.

No, Harry, I am sorry; but I am sure
that we could not be happy together. You
know I always want my own way in every-
thing. But, my dear girl, you could go on
wanting it, after we were married.

Robbins—They say, Jobbing, that that
young chap who is paying attention to your
daughter is a rising young lawyer—Job-
bins—Guess he is. I know the tradesmen
all say he never comes down.

Parental Misgivings.

Father of Eleven Daughters (prowling
about with lighted lamp)—There's one of
the girls that hasn't come in yet.

Mother of Same—I think you are mis-
taken, William. They're all up stairs.

I know what I'm talking about, Eliza-
beth. There's only ten wads of gum on the
back of this bureau.

What They Said of Him.

Mr. Sharpley—Well, Johnny, what do
you think of me?

Little Brother—I dunno. Pop says you
are good for nuthin'.

Mr. Sharpley (chagrined)—Oh, indeed;
and what does your sister say of me?

Little Brother—Oh, sis says you're good
for the oysters after the show.

A Thoughtful Spouse.

I've a great notion to go and jump into
the river, said Mr. N. Peck at the end of a
little domestic discussion as he picked up
his hat and started out.

You come right back here, said his wife.
If you intend any such trick as that just
march up stairs and put on your old clothes
before you start.

A Dreadful Feeling Man.

After a railroad accident in a New Eng-
land State a poor farmer's wife was taken
out bleeding and unconscious. The doctor
and a kind woman were working over her
when her husband came in and stood a mo-
ment, looking on in disturbed silence. His
cheeks were drawn in, his eyebrows lifted,
his hands in his pockets. Presently, with
some effort, he cleared his throat to speak,
and, as the doctor looked up, he asked:

Ye didn't see a new tin dipper lyin' round
where ye picked her up, did ye?

He got no answer from the indignant doc-
tor and presently strayed out again in search
of his dipper. Meanwhile his wife opened
her eyes and at once asked for her husband.

He's safe, said the doctor shortly.

She felt his curt tone and, faint as she
was, she divined what it meant.

He's a dreadful feeling man she said, but
he don't never say much.

Getting Even With a Fresh Drum-
mer.

Down at a hotel in — no, well, we will
not call names, for it would be mean, but
anyway in a hotel in Kennebec County,
there is a very pretty waiter girl who grabs
your soup plate before you have finished,
takes your order with a supercilious air—in
short, is just like all waiter girls, except that
she is unusually pretty.

Of course she gets any amount of atten-
tion from the guests and of all sorts. The
other day an observant guest noticed the
apparent embarrassment, disdain or vexa-
tion that at intervals floated across her fea-
tures at various remarks addressed to her
by diners. So he asked:

Aren't you annoyed by some of these
rather too smart young men?

Oh, yes! Some of the fresh drummers
make me tearing mad sometimes, but I get
even with 'em and don't you forget it!

Do you mind telling me in what way?

Oh, I spit in their tea on the way in from
the kitchen.

The Hard Part of Growing Bald.

I don't mind so much growing bald, said
the submissive man, as I mind having
every friend and acquaintance giving me
cartloads of advice free of charge. Who was
it that said that what one could get for
nothing wasn't worth much? Every man I
know has a remedy for my baldness, differ-
ent from every one else's remedy. Every
one is a sure cure, of course. Meanwhile I
am calmly sitting down and growing bald.
It's a pity that a man can't even grow bald
in peace.—New York Tribune.

Advantages of a Cross-Eyed Clerk.

During the rush in trade a large firm in
Boston employed as an assistant clerk a
young man who was exceedingly cross-eyed.

The especial duty assigned to him was to
act as watchman and prevent the pecula-
tion of all sorts of fancy articles that were
lying about the counters for exhibition at
that time.

One day a half grown boy came into the
store, and after looking around, pricing first
one thing and then another, among which
were some very nice socks, he finally started
to go out of the door.

At this moment the new clerk touched
him lightly on the shoulder, and inviting
him to come to the back part of the store
said to him politely: Oblige me by giving
me at once the socks that you have in your
back pocket.

How do you know I have any socks in my
back pocket? demanded the boy in a bold
tone.

I saw you put them there, said the clerk,
very gently.

The boy looked up in the young man's
face in utter amazement. Are you looking
at me now? he asked earnestly. Do you see
me this very minute? he asked, still more
earnestly.

Of course I do, replied the clerk.

Good Lord, mister, cried the boy, with a
bleaching face, here's your socks. And with
a bound he was out of the back door, over
the fence and away, having learned a lesson
concerning all seeing eyes which it is to be
hoped he may never forget.—Dry Goods
Retailer.

A Cement Which Resists Acid.

In some branches of industry a cement
which is proof against the influence of acids
is absolutely essential, and such a substance
can be prepared by melting together one
part of India rubber with two parts of lin-
seed oil. This should be gradually incorpo-
rated with three parts of white bole, so as
to form a plastic mass. This, when heated,
softens but very little. Though it does not
easily dry upon the surface, when once set
it is not affected at all by hydrochloric acid,
and but very little by nitric acid. Its dry-
ing and hardening is materially promoted
by mixing with one-fifth of its weight of
litharge or minium.—New York Commer-
cial Advertiser.

How a Chinese Druggist Prescribes

The Chinese druggist and his clerks wear
the same haughty and secretive airs which
so become their Caucasian co-laborers.
Should an ailing fellow-countryman call at
the establishment to have his pains relieved
and his ills cured, he merely steps into the
store. The druggist's knowledge of Mongo-
lian diseases enables him to diagnose at
once where the seat of the suffering man's
ailment lies. The wise and all discerning
pharmacist shrugs his shoulders and mut-
ters a word or two.

A clerk steps up to a box and draws forth
a dried snake, coiled and held in that posi-
tion by skewers. He passes it to an attend-
ant, and while the patient is counting out
his two dollars the snake is reduced to a
powder and put in a paper package. The
sufferer goes his way with a gleam of hope
in his eyes, for every Chinese knows that
snake powder is a determined foe to rheu-
matic pains.—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Chivalrous!"

An exciting story of the rescue from
drowning of a Japanese, by an Englishman
whose life the Japanese himself had set out
to save, is told in a Japanese paper, The
Kobe Shimbun. The Englishman was a
resident of Tokio. Being on his way to Yo-
kohama, and finding no ferryboat, owing to
the swollen state of the river, he determined
to swim across with his clothing in a bundle
tied on his head.

The daring attempt attracted a crowd of
sightseers, one of whom, observing that the
stranger was apparently in difficulty,
plunged in and swam to his rescue. The
Japanese was a good swimmer, but the
waters ran swiftly, his strength gave out,
and he was carried down stream. Then
arose a cry from the spectators, for they
saw that the Japanese was going to sink.

By this time the Englishman had almost
reached the opposite bank, but when he
heard the cries of the crowd he turned
about, and seeing the drowning Japanese,
he again faced the current, and coming up
with the drowning man caught him with one
arm, and swimming with the other hand he
brought him ashore amid the cheers of the
crowd.

How chivalrous was the action! exclaimed
the Japanese journalist in conclusion. His
name we know not, but he has our highest
admiration.

Irish Moss.

Among the many useful things which ab-
solute privation has been the means of mak-
ing known to the world is carrageen, or
Irish moss. The virtues of this seaweed,
now so largely used as a basis for muclla-
ginous drinks and cough emulsions, were
for many years known only to the very
poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish
seacoast, who were driven to its use by the
pangs of hunger.

Finding that when boiled it produced a
thick, nourishing and not unpalatable jelly,
they for a long time used it as food before
becoming gradually aware of its beneficial
effects in diseases of the throat and lungs.
After a time this discovery led to its medi-
cinal use in other and richer lands.

Boiled with milk, or even with water, and
carefully strained, it forms a most nutri-
tious and soothing diet for invalids, espe-
cially for those who suffer from chronic diar-
rhoea or other complaints which are attend-
ed with great irritability of the mucous
membrane lining of the stomach and intes-
tines. The jelly may be sweetened or fla-
vored in various ways, fruit juices, either
canned or in a natural state, and coffee or
chocolate, as prepared for the table, being
preferable to any of the flavoring extracts,
both for taste and healthfulness. For inval-
ids it is always best to use the least amount
of sugar which will make it palatable.—
Harper's Bazaar.

Birdie McGinnis—Do you really love me,
Gus, as much as ever? Gus De Smith—In-
deed I do. You are and always will be, my
future wife. I swear it. Then Birdie, who
doesn't believe in futures, went off mad.

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