

**PHUNNY ECHOES.**

The toper's nose proves him to be an artist in still-life.

People who are always wishing for some other kind of weather are getting it this year.

While a woman seldom understands herself let her alone for seeing clear through any other woman.

A proposal, mused Van Jenkins, amounts to a man's saying: Wilt thou? interrogatively and a girl's putting it imperatively.

How much is he worth? Nothing. Why, I thought he had a fortune of a million? So he has, but he isn't worth a cent himself.

Judge—I understand that you prefer charges against this man? No, sir; I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for.

What is the first step, Mr. Soake, in learning to paint the town? A course of drawing, sir. Correct, and what do we draw? Corks, sir.

Strawber—I heard that you made an hour's speech at the debating club. Was it well received? Singlerly—Well, I know they cheered me when I sat down.

Mrs. Jellup—I understand your daughter's marriage was a brilliant one. Mrs. Chicago—Delightful. She got a divorce within a year and alimony of \$20,000.

Boss—Never mind, old fellow, you'll be at the top of the ladder, some day. Hodcarrier—And what if I am? It's as hard work to lay brick as it is to carry a hod.

Your son has been graduated? Yes. Now the question is, will he be able to make his knowledge useful, to impart it to others? I guess so. He has begun to impart it to me.

De Smarte—Why do you insist in buying your clothes at installment houses? De Sharpe—They always try to give me stuff that will last at least until all the payments are made.

Where to go this summer is not nearly so important as how to find a six dollar a week boarding house near enough to a five dollar a day hotel to enable you to utilize its music its note paper and its envelopes.

Brown—Miss Summit is a remarkably well informed girl, don't you think? Miss TattleWhy, no! She can talk about books and all that sort of thing, but she knows next to nothing about baseball and tennis.

He—How prettily the moonlight falls upon the sea and on the beach? She—Yes, but don't you think it is even more beautiful still among the boulders south of the hotel? It had occurred to her that he, too, might be bolder over there.

Dr. Perkins Soonover was called on to attend Hostetter McGinnis, who complained of a pain in his chest. That's dyspepsia you've got, said the doctor. What does that come from? Dyspepsia? That comes from the Greek.

Was the subject of your commencement essay, Beyond the Alps Lies Italy? as you suggested, inquired her papa. Well, I did use that idea, admitted the sweet girl graduate, but I modernized it into Over the Fence is Out.

**A Sweetheart in a Tight Place.**

The late Dr. Wightman, one night sitting up later than usual, sunk in the profundities of a great idea, imagined he heard a sound in the kitchen inconsistent with the usual quietude and security; so, taking his candle he proceeded to investigate the cause. His foot being heard in the passage, the housemaid began with earnestness to damp the fire, as if preparing for bed.

Ye're late up to-night, Mary. I'm just rakin' the fire, sir, and gaun to bed.

That's right, I like timeous hours. On his way back to the study he passed the cool cellar, and, turning the key, he took it with him. Next morning at an early hour there was a rap at his bedroom door and a request for the key to light the fire.

Ye're too soon up, Mary; go back to your bed yet. Half an hour later there was another knock and a similar request in order to prepare the breakfast.

I don't want breakfast so soon, Mary; go back to your bed.

Another half hour and another knock, with an entreaty for the key as it was washing day. This was enough. He rose and handed out the key, saying:

Go and let the man out.

Mary's sweetheart had, as the doctor shrewdly suspected, been imprisoned in the coal cellar, where, Pyramis and Thisbe like, they had breathed their love to each other through the keyhole.

**The Value of Education.**

Old Hownow—So you're through college? Young Smilax—Yes, just graduated.

Hownow—Well, what are you going to do?

Smilax—Well, I hardly know; I've had two offers; one to go in a law office for two years at \$3 a week and the other to play third base on the League team for \$3,000 for the season.

**A Mouse in Her Stomach.**

Oh, dooher, dooher, Oi've got a mouse in me stomach, wailed Mrs. Mulroney, an Irish woman living on South Sixth, in the City Dispensary, this morning.

The woman was as white as a sheet of paper, and though she was trembling in every limb there were no signs to show that she was suffering from alcoholism. She was evidently in great agany and gradually Dr. Priest induced her to tell what her trouble was.

She said that three days ago she took a drink of water from a piece of hose attached to a hydrant. She said that something solid had passed down her throat and that she was sure it was a mouse.

An' the dirty baste won't kape quiet, dooher, she continued. Oi've done everything Oi could to make him aisy. Shoor, an' Oi've fed him chaze, an' the divil knows what, but it don't be satisfying him.

It's all right, Mary, said Dr. Priest. I'll give you something to fix the mouse. It'll make him lively for a minute and he'll tare around in your stomach for a second or two and then he won't bother you any more.

Dr. Priest then took two small powderes and dissolved them in separate glasses of water. He then handed the glasses to Mrs. Murphy, who drank them in quick succession.

Ooh, Glory to God, what a ruction, she exclaimed, after a few minutes had elapsed, as she rubbed her hand over her stomach. Ooh, the sivin divels of Tipperary, but the mouse is getting it now.

Suddenly the pain seemed to cease and Mrs. Murphy, exclaiming that the mouse was dead, left the dispensary with a smile on her face big enough to form a wall around St. Louis.

A queer old woman, remarked Dr. Priest, as she took her departure. Of course she didn't have a mouse in her stomach, but she believed she had, and that, for her, was almost as bad. I gave her a portion of two seidlitz powderes and let them mix and fizz in her stomach. That's what caused the ruction and made her believe that the mouse was being killed and was making a desperate fight for life.

**Sad Results of Heredity.**

Heredity is made responsible for many crimes and offences. If a man steals a horse he will sometimes excuse himself by declaring that his grandfather stole a mule. Never be a grandfather if you can help it, for you don't know to what extent you will be made responsible for the peccadillos of your descendants. Heredity played a curious part in a Kentucky domestic affair recently. A Blue Grass heiress was woo'd and won by a fascinating young Spaniard, who claimed to have not only castles in Spain but chauteaux in other favored localities. He had the blood of the Hidalgos in his veins, and his Castilian lineage dated further back than castile soil. He was a very proud man, like his ancestors, so proud that he wouldn't send to his noble sire for money, but just borrowed it of any one who would let him have it. Two days before they were married he induced his betrothed to sell her Old Kentucky Home and give him the proceeds, \$80,000, which he pocketed. Two hours after the wedding he obtained from her a power of attorney to draw her money out of the bank—\$40,000—and a few days after he eloped with her 17 year old cousin, and she has seen nothing of her proud Castilian since. He left a note saying that he couldn't help falling in love with her cousin, for he was "a passionate Spaniard. There was where heredity came in. Then "Cousin Lulu" left a note pinned to her pillow, asking the deserted and pillaged wife not to judge her too harshly, "for you know I belong to a family that would die for the object of their love." All the result of heredity, you see.

**Obeying Orders Literally.**

Mistress—Bridget, I can't get into the parlor.

Bridget—Sure, it's meself knows that; an' ye won't, fur I have the key in me pocket.

Mistress—Open the door immediately!

Bridget—Will you go in if I do?

Mistress—Certainly, I will.

Bridget—Then you don't get the key.

Mistress—Open the door immediately! What do you mean?

Bridget—Sure it's by your orders! Ye said, yesterday, Don't let me come down stairs in the mornin' an' see any dust on the parlor furniture. So I just puts the key in my pocket an' says I, Then she won't!

**Almost Bursting With Talent.**

Great Architect—Good morning, Mr. Suburb. Think of building another house?

Mr. Suburb—No; I called to inquire if you wouldn't take my son as a student in your office. With the right training he will be a fine architect some day.

Has he shown any marked talent for architecture?

Talent? He's overflowing with architectural talent. I wish you could see the hencoop he put up for me last week.

Humph! What is there remarkable about it?

He designed it for a \$10 hencoop and it's cost \$150.

**AN AFRICAN DANDY.**

**Tippu Tib the Richest Man in Inner Africa—His Influence.**

Tippu Tib, the great Central African, will soon be in Arabia again, his birthplace, for is a native of Muscat. He is on the way to revisit the land of his fathers. He was the son of a half caste Arab, and his mother was a full blooded negro slave. In point of ancestry, therefore, many of the Arabs whom he has controlled as a master does a slave, look down upon him.

He is a man described by Cameron as an African dandy, and of whom Stanley said that he was the finest gentleman he had ever met in Africa. By pure intellectual superiority Tippu Tib, after he went to the lake regions as a trader, gradually gained the supremacy over all other traders, until a large tract of country, extending from Kassongo, on the Upper Congo, to Stanley Falls, acknowledged him as its ruler. He has supreme influence over all the Arabs in the district he governs, and if so disposed he can be of much assistance to the Congo Free State in its efforts to suppress slave raids.

For several years he lived at Stanley Falls, where he accumulated an immense quantity of ivory, much of which has been taken to the coast by caravans of 1,000 to 3,000 men. His home, however, is at Kossongo. At Stanley Falls he lives in a mean little hut, apparently caring nothing for its discomforts, though he is rich enough, if he chose to live in one of the finest houses in Zanzi' bar.

Though in his dealings with white men he has been courteous, obliging and generally faithful, Tippu Tib in the past has caused an enormous amount of suffering to the helpless natives of Central Africa. He has made slaves of thousands of them, and this has involved the destruction of many villages and the slaughter of many helpless natives. No one supposes that he is actuated by any motive than that of self-interest.

He has now agreed to stop slave raiding in the territory he controls, only because he sees that it is his interest to do so. He is a very shrewd man, and finding it useless to oppose the advance of the whites, he has decided to co-operate with them, knowing that it is to their advantage to give him abundant opportunity to carry on his trading enterprises.

It is hoped that this able man, who is by far the richest person in Inner Africa, may be made a valuable agent in carrying on the civilization work now in progress on the Upper Congo and in the lake regions.

**Women in Australia.**

Women appear to be making great progress in many directions in Australia, and it is not to be wondered at, seeing that the fact, the nicety and the social discretion which are the distinguishing characteristics of the sex find there such a field for exercise. Lady Martin, the son of a judge in Sydney, is the daughter of the late "Billy Dong," a convict, who in his day was celebrated, and who long after he had become rich and respectable, could not abraid his coachman without the latter's turning on him with, "Why, sir, I once went to see you hung. You were reprieved only just in time."

A highly respected Australian, Mr. Daly, a memorial to whom was recently unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's, London, was a convict's son and married a convict's daughter, and one of Sydney's leading lawyers is the son of a lady now dead, who went out as a Red Rover girl. The "ladies," by the way, who were shipped in the Red Rover, murdered the ship's doctor on the way out. So that, taking one thing with another, considering how careful one has to be in one's talk and what blundering speeches men must be always making, it's not surprising women come to the front in Australia.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

**Eccentric Matches.**

A child detests soap. How it would amuse a child to behold a number of matches rushing away from soap! Place some matches in a basin of water in the shape of a star. Take a piece of soap, cut into a point, insert it into the water in the middle of the matches, and lo! they will fly from it in every direction as if in horror. If you wish to bring the matches together again you will treat them as you would children, with a lump of sugar. Dip the sugar in the water and little bits of wood will come swimming to it as though they yearned for a sip of its sweetness.—Once a week.

**Money in Chewing Gum.**

Gathering chewing gum near St. John, N. B., at the present time is considered even more profitable than anything else farmers' sons can turn their hands to. The demand is large and a high figure is assured. When it is known that last year one druggist alone sold 200 pounds of spruce gum a fair idea of consumption and demand may be had. For a really choice article the price to the picker is 75 cents per pound.

**BEDDING!**

PATENTED FOR ITS PURITY.

Increased facilities for purifying and dressing Bed Feathers and Mattresses of every description at the **SHORTEST NOTICE. A PURE BED IS NECESSARY TO HEALTH.** Where can you get it?

**ONLY AT TOWNSHEND'S. PATENTED FOR PURITY.**

Beds, Mattresses and Pillows of every kind at Lowest Possible Price.

(ENGLISH BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS CHEAP! CHEAP!) Patentee of the celebrated Stem Winder Woven Wire Spring Bed, for many years in use at the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL and other large institutions.

**J. E. TOWNSHEND,**  
No. 1 Little St. Antoine st., Corner St. James st. Only.  
ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.  
BELL TELEPHONE 1906. FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2224.

**J. P. COUTLEE & CO.,**  
Merchant Tailors,  
(Sign of the Large Scissors and Triangle)  
1516 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
(SECOND DOOR FROM CLAUDE STREET),  
MONTREAL.

**GRAND SACRIFICE NOW GOING ON.**  
OVERCOATS, PANTS, &c., Ready-made and Custom made to order, selling below Wholesale Prices.  
Having determined to sell only for Cash in future, I intend selling goods on the merits at ROCK BOTTOM CASH PRICES ONLY.  
NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

**THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY**  
AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1891:

3rd and 17th JUNE.	1st and 15th JULY.	5th and 19th AUGUST
2nd and 16th SEPTEMBER.	7th and 21st OCTOBER.	
4th and 18th NOVEMBER.	2nd and 16th DECEMBER.	

**3184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740**  
**CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.**  
Tickets, - - - \$1.00      11 Tickets for \$10  
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,  
81 St. James st., Montreal, Canada.

**P. GALLERY,**  
(LATE OF GALLERY BROS.)  
**PLAIN AND FANCY BREAD BAKER,**  
252 RICHMOND STREET, MONTREAL.  
Having built a new and improved Bakery is now prepared to serve the public with the Plain and Fancy Bread at the LOWEST PRICES. Orders sent to above address will promptly filled.

**FIRE INSURANCE.**  
**EASTERN ASSURANCE CO.,** } CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.  
OF CANADA. }  
**AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF** } ASSETS OVER  
WATERTOWN. } \$2,000,000.  
CITY AGENTS: THOS. McELLIOTT, J. D. LAWLOR, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDOUGAL  
**C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent.**  
42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL

**NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ECHO.**  
One Dollar a Year. 769 Craig Street

**R. SEALE & SON,**  
Funeral Directors,  
4 1/2 & 43  
St. Antoine St., Montreal.  
Bell Telephone 1022.  
Fed. Telephone 1691.

**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
(ESTABLISHED 1803.)  
Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000  
Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000  
Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in the principal towns of the Dominion.  
Canadian Branch Office:  
**COMPANY'S BUILDING,**  
107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL  
E. D. LACY,  
Resident Manager for Canada

**TRY**  
**Dr. Barr's Corn Cure,**  
25c a Bottle.  
PREPARED BY  
**Dr. GUSTAVE DEMERS,**  
2193 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

**DR. NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION**  
Is undoubtedly the BEST of  
Cough Remedies. **25c** Bottle  
**DR. CHEVALLIER'S**  
**Red Spruce Gum Paste**  
The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations.  
25c a Box.  
**LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, Chem**  
1005 NOTRE DAME STREET.

**LORGE & CO.,**  
Hatters and Furriers  
21 St. Lawrence Main Street,  
MONTREAL.