

The Monthly Echo.

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The Editor and the Burglar.

Once upon a time a country editor awoke in the night to find a burglar hunting through all the pockets of his clothes.

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" asked the editor, rising upon his elbow.

"I am in search of money," replied the burglar, as he turned the last pocket inside out, "but, alas! I fear I have got into the wrong house. I have found nothing but a bit of lead pencil and a ticket to a magical gift show. With your permission I will retire as I came."

"One moment," said the editor, "I do not think you are a subscriber to my paper. Allow me to call your attention to its superior features. All the local news—a carefully selected miscellany—impartial editorial discussions of the leading questions—a household department that will delight your wife—a religious department that will direct the wayward steps of the wicked to the straight and narrow path—no objectionable advertisements inserted, and only \$2 a year, strictly in advance. I shall be glad to enter your name on my list. You doubtless know that every man should support his local press."

"I am glad you have called my attention to this matter," said the burglar, "and I will subscribe. Here is \$2 and my address on the bureau. You are a man of business."

"Yes" replied the editor, "I never miss an opportunity to push trade."

"Nor I, either," said the burglar, "and therefore, I will steal the \$2 I have just paid you for subscription."

And pocketing the bill the burglar climbed out of the window and slid down the lighting rod.

"Dig him out! Dig him out!" said the wife of the man who got buried by a caving well; "he's got at least six dollars in his pocket."

Making a Start.

"I am on my way East and have about three hours in which to see Detroit," said a stranger yesterday to a policeman on Jefferson avenue.

"I want to begin right. Now then, you of course, have the finest Fire Department in the country?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Ah! Exactly—exactly. And the best police force?"

"Yes,"

"Just as I expected—exactly. This is of course, one of the healthiest cities in the world?"

"It is,"

"Ah—yes. You have a noble river at your doors?"

"We have sir."

"Exactly—I presumed as much. You have churches and schools for all, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly—of course. Taxes are low, the local government efficient, and law and order prevail in all directions?"

"Yes."

"I suppose so—yes. The city is improving, and is certainly to become a great metropolis?"

"That's what we think."

"Of course—of course. You have pure air good water and freedom from epidemics?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly—exactly—just as I supposed. They said the same in Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, Indianapolis and Milwaukee. If you will now have the kindness to direct me to a five-cent barber shop I will enjoy a shave and then see the city. With the start you have given me I can not fail to do you justice."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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