

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A man in California is so mean that he wishes the landlord to reduce the price of his board because he had two teeth extracted.

Barber—Pretty short, sir? Customer—Well, yes, I am. Just put it down on the slate, will you? Much obliged to you for speaking of it.

Husband—I think I will run up to Saratoga for a week, just for a change. Wife—Will you take me, John? Husband—No; I am going for a change.

Ma, what is this coal pool I read about in the papers? asked little Johnny. I'm sure I don't know, was the reply, unless it is where the miners go in swimming.

Grandpa, said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snoring after dinner nap: if you'd give your nose a spoonful of paregoric don't you think you could put it to sleep to?

I don't want my mother to marry again, said a little one at breakfast. Why not? was asked with some surprise. Because, said he, I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another.

Grocer—Anything more I can sell you? Kind father of three—Well, let me see. I've got a quarter's worth of bread and ham, for you see I like to provide well for my family. Now give me a drop—say a gallon of rye for myself.

Mrs. Spook, when her pastor called the other day, hastened to find a Bible for him to read. She could only find a few soiled leaves up in the garret, which she handed to the pastor, remarking: "Why, really, I didn't know we were so near out."

Do you think, young man, he said, that you will be able to take care of my daughter, Flora, in the style to which she has always been accustomed? I think so, sir, answered the young man confidently. She refused to go to the picnic with me last week because she said she had nothing to wear.

I want to get a dog's muzzle, said a little fellow entering a hardware store. Is it for your father? asked the cautious storekeeper. No, of course it isn't, replied the little fellow indignantly, it's for our dog. The storekeeper has resolved to be more guarded in the future when he asks customers questions.

Hello, my little mon, said a gentleman from a window in the second story of a mansion to a little urchin passing by, who was gazing up with apparent wonder; I guess you think there is a little heaven up here, don't you, bub? Well, yes, sir, I should, if I hadn't seen the devil stick his head out of the window.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before? Young woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course! Lawyer—Please state to the jury just what suit it was. Young woman (with more confidence)—It was a nun's veiling, shirred down the front and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match. Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court!

A negro preacher said to his congregation: My brethren, when the first man, Adam, was made, he was ob wet clay, and set up agin the palin's to dry. Do you say, said one present, "dat Adam was made ob wet clay and set up agin the palin's to dry? Yes, sah, I do. Who, den made de palin's? Sit down, sah! said the preacher, sternly; sich questions as dat would upset any system ob theology.

A Dutchman turned to a negro boy and asked him: Boy, do you think a nigger has got a soul? Oh, yes, I reckon they've got souls, said the boy. Well, boy, do you think you will be allowed to go to heaven? Yes, sir, I 'speak I will. I 'lows I'll get in. Now boy, whereabouts do you think they'll put a fellow like you in heaven? I dunno, sir; but reckon I'll get in somewhere 'tween de white people and de Dutch.

Ethel and Egbert were bidding each other a good-bye the other evening, when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out, and left the two young people in sudden darkness. Weren't you awful afraid, asked Ethel's dearest friend the next day, when Ethel was telling the story, to be left alone in the dark like that? Yes, dear, I was, confessed Ethel, frankly. Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfectly helpless I was.

I love you like anything, said a young gardener to his sweetheart, pressing her hand. Ditto, said she, returning the pressure. The ardent lover, who was no scholar, was sorely puzzled to understand the meaning of ditto. The next day being at work with his father, he said: Father, what is the meaning of ditto? Why, said the old man, this is one cabbage head, ain't it. Yes, father, Well, this 'ere's ditto. Drat it! ejaculated the indignant son, then she called me cabbage head!

The Colonel's Hat.

Colonel Bangs is very bald, and in order to induce his hair to grow again he is using a "Hair Vigor" upon his scalp. A week or two ago he was summoned as a jurymen upon a case in the Circuit Court, and, upon the day of the trial, just before the hour at which the court met, he remembered that he had not applied the vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew upstairs, and into the dark closet where he kept the bottle, and pouring some fluid upon a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mishap the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was hot vapor, but the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs decorated her shoes. However, Bangs did not perceive the mistake, but darted down stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the court room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone. He felt a little uncomfortable about the head, and he endeavored to remove his hat to discover the cause of the difficulty, but to his dismay it was immovable. It was glued fast to the skin, and his efforts to take it off caused him frightful pain. Just then he heard his name called by the crier, and he had to go into court to answer. He was

wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment. As he sat there with a guilty feeling in his soul, it seemed to him that that high hat kept getting bigger and bigger, until it appeared to him to be as large as a medium-sized shot tower. Then he was conscious that the lawyers were staring at him. Then the clerk looked hard at him and screamed, "Hats off in court!" and the Colonel grew crimson in the face. "Hats off!" yelled the clerk again, and the colonel was about to reply when the judge came in, and, as his eye rested on Bangs, he said, "Persons in the court room must remove their hats." Bangs: "May it please your honor, I kept my hat on because—" Judge: "Well, sir, you must take it off now." Bangs: "But I say I keep it on because I—" Judge: "We don't want any argument upon the subject. Take your hat off instantly!" Bangs: "But you don't let me—" Judge: "Remove that hat this moment, sir! Are you going to bandy words with me, sir! Uncover your head at once." Bangs: "Judge, if you will only give me a chance to—" Judge: "This is intolerable! Do you mean to insult the court, sir? Do you mean to profane this sacred temple of justice with untimely levity? Take your hat off, sir, or I will fine you for contempt. Do you hear me?" Bangs: "Well, it's very hard that I can't say a word by way of ex—" Judge (warmly): "This is too much! This is just a little too much. Perhaps you'd like to come up on the bench here, and run the court and sentence a few convicts? You've got more audacity than a mule. Mr. Clerk, fine that man fifty dollars! Now, sir, remove your hat." Bangs: "Judge, this is rough on me. I—" Judge (in a furious rage): "Won't do it, yet? Why, you impudent scoundrel! I've a notion to—" Mr. Clerk, fine him one hundred dollars more, and Mr. Jones, you go and take that hat off by force!" Then the tipstaff approached Bangs, who was by this time half crazy with wrath, and hit the hat with his stick. It didn't move. Then he struck it again, and caved in the crown; but it still remained on Bangs' head. Then he picked up a volume of "Brown on Evidence," and smashed the crown in flat. Then Bangs sprang at him, and, shaking his fist under the nose of Jones, he shrieked: "You mutton-headed scullion! I've half a notion to kill you! If that jackass on the bench had any sense, he could see that the hat is glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted to." Then the judge removed the fines, and excused him, and Bangs went home. He slept in that hat for a week, and even when it came off the top of his head looked as black as if mortification had set in.

How to Talk French.

The only way to talk successfully to a Frenchman, says a visitor to Paris, is not to ask him any questions, but to deal out solid information, and occupy all the time yourself. I had trouble the other day at one of the Etablissements Duval. One of the ladies of the party wanted some frogs' legs, not on the menu, and wondered if the dish was out of season. Grenouille was "frog"—I was sure of that—just how to pronounce it was more doubtful—and "jambes" was "legs." Calling the white-capped and white-aproned Marie, who was assigned to our particular table, I said, in my most elegant French:

Marie, avvy-voo lay jham—and hesitated. We, mossou—h, she said, with a felicitous drawl.

No, Marie, said I, voo navy pah compree. Avvyvoo lay jham—lay jham—day grenvy? She blushed as if I had said something improper. She timidly held up a plate in front of her, and was evidently more terrified than ever. Marie, I said, regarday mw! She looked at me while I put my forepaws together, humped gracefully, and made a movement as if to plunge off a rotten leg into a green pond. I thought it was very neatly done, and I was relieved to see that she thought so too, for her horrified expression relaxed, she smiled and said:

Oh, we, we, mussoo, zhullah konnay!

You know, I answered. Well, it's high time; I'm hungry.

Oh, we, we, she answered, une klombe, a pigeon!

Before she could bring the bird I stopped her, and called in a loud voice for one of the heads of the place. He came forward smiling, and I told him what I wanted; but the idiot couldn't grasp the force of my remarks.

We have legs, mussoo, he gently said; what legs does mossou want? Whose legs?

In utter desperation I took out a pencil, turned over my bill of fare, and on the back of it drew the picture of a frog. It was a life-like frog, well filled in. Marie and the head man both came and glanced over, and even before it was finished showed signs that they recognized the beast.

Oh, we, we, certainmoy?

Then they took my sketch and passed it around among the other waiters, who admired it very much, while Marie went off to execute the order. In five minutes she came triumphant, with a plate of—sheep's feet.

A DEGRADED CASTE.

The Women's Penny Paper says: There are in this realm of England from one million to one and a half million of bastards. They have done no wrong, yet they are treated worse than criminals. There is no redress for them. The father of bastard children enters holy matrimony, and the name and land and titles and honors of his family are saved. The mother may go into outer darkness. Illegal mothers may not be touched by the hem of a decent woman's garment; but illegal fathers may marry the virtuous and saint-like, and live and die in the odor of sanctity. The Bastardy Laws outrage every sense of right. When women once begin to look towards freedom, they will scatter to the four winds of heaven these unjust, degrading, and brutal laws.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The weather on Saturday last was extremely unfavorable for out-door sports, and as a consequence several events booked for that day did not take place.

FOOTBALL.

The principal event was the return football match between the Britannia and Montreal Football Clubs. Although the ground was totally unfit for anything like good play being shown, still the game throughout was not without interest and was closely and spiritedly contested to the close, when a draw was the result.

LACROSSE.

The Toronto-Shamrock draw was played on the grounds of the former on Saturday last. The Shamrocks took the first two games, but after that the "boys in green" appeared not to be in it, as the Torontos succeeded in taking the next four. Want of practice, owing to the state of the weather during the previous week had no doubt greatly to do with the defeat of the Shamrocks. This now practically ends the lacrosse season.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.—The eighteen fine looking young men who are registered at Willard's are members of the famous Montreal lacrosse team. Saturday they played the Druids in Baltimore, and won by the narrow score of 5 to 4. They did not expect as good a game as their opponents put up, and it is not often they have to work hard to win. They are on a sight-seeing tour as well as giving fine exhibitions of lacrosse, and they are seeing a good deal of the country while they are here. The second game with the Druids took place on Tuesday and resulted in a tie—3 to 3. The final game of the tour will be played in Boston to-day.

THE RING.

NEW YORK, October 20.—"Sparrow" Golden, a local pugilist of some note, was beaten and knocked about the head by two men on the street here to-day. He was taken unconscious to a hospital, and his recovery is doubtful. John Anderson, of Brooklyn, said to be one of Golden's assailants, was arrested.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 20.—Tommy Warren picked up \$900 here easily to-night by defeating Ernest Beecher before the Columbia Athletic Club. The fight lasted a round and a half, when Warren landed his left over the heart and his right on the jaw, and Beecher was out. Warren wants to fight Ike Weir or Cal McCarthy.

Jack Dempsey has signed articles to fight Bob Fitzsimmons for a purse and the middleweight championship of the world before the Olympic Club in this city.

NOTES.

Wm. O'Connor, the oarsman, has returned to Toronto from Australia.

The third Britannia football team was defeated by the third McGill team by one point.

The games of the Montreal Quoit Club were postponed until to-day at one o'clock.

The annual sports of the Ellick School took place on the M. A. A. Grounds on Saturday.

The Ottawa College boys on their home grounds defeated the McGill football team by 17 to 13.

The winnings of Senator Hearst's great three-year-old colt Tournament this year have been \$84,000.

Mr. J. R. Meeker won the Buchanan Cup at golfing last Saturday, and Mr. McDonald the prize presented by Mr. Peck.

The Crescent Lacrosse Club defeated the Sherbrooke Juniors by three straight, and the Maples defeated the Violets by three to one.

Redfellow, the Canadian horse, now running on American tracks, is good enough to win if he has a capable jockey in the saddle.

There are now three class lacrosse teams in the College of the city of New York, besides the Varsity team, and the outlook in that direction is certainly bright.

There have been over one hundred days of racing at the Chicago West Side Park this season, and the amount of money paid to winning owners aggregates upwards of \$226,000.

The Executive of the Cornwall Lacrosse Club have decided to give the champions for 1890 a ball in the Music Hall on the evening of November 14. The ladies of the town will be called upon to contribute the supper.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the St. Gabriel Quoit Club carried out the programme of their annual matches so far as they were able until prevented by darkness. They will be concluded to-day.

James A. Murphy, of Chicago, is credited with having won over \$20,000 when his filly Park Ridge won the first race at Morris Park last week. After the race he sold her to Dan Honig for \$1,500, and she won a race for the St. Louis turfman on the following day.

It's small wonder that people become fascinated by the betting ring when such extraordinary results are achieved there at times. At Morris Park, Wednesday, "Snapper" Garrison stated that he run a \$10 bill into \$12,000 in a week, and as he has begun buying horses again, this looks likely.

Parson Davies, who had charge of the affairs of Peter Jackson before the latter left for Australia, writes from San Francisco that the article which appeared in a New York paper recently, to the effect that Jackson declined to make a match with Frank Slavin in England, is wholly untrue. "As a matter of fact," he says, "Slavin backed out of two matches with Jackson in Australia. We were willing to make a match with Slavin in England, and Peter is ready to box with him now."

The annual fall handicap meeting of the Princeton University Athletic Association was held last Saturday afternoon and was remarkable for the fast time made in the 100 and 220 yards dash by Cary, of '93. Four experienced timers gave him 9 3/4 secs. as a record for 100 yards, which breaks the world's record made by Owen in Washington last Saturday week, and 22 secs. for 220 yards on a curved track, equalling the American record for the same distance straight away. The track is full length.

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