

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

Of labor I sing, for labor is king
Of all things in sky, earth and sea,
Each atom is made, water-crop, grass blade,
God's work from all eternity.

Let men then work, let no one shirk,
For Labor it is divine;
It's dignity great, in home church or state,
'Tis a duty and heaven's design.

What man's toil has done, what vict'ries
won,
Ask science and art the world o'er;
No star in the sky, no truth how'er high,
His mied seeks not to explore.

His arm levels the hills, bridges rivers and
rills
Makes roads of strong iron rail;
He has harnessed the steam and trapped the
sunbeam,
And made lightning carry his mail.

All earth, brain and soil speak ever of toil,
Of conquests gained by labor,
While stary raid through ether has made
Each distant world our neighbor.

What can capital do? It can't turn a screw,
Nor wield pick, hammer or spade;
It can't stand alone, hasn't muscle or bone,
For by labor alone it was made.

All capital won is labor's son,
They're yoked by will divine;
Until they stand, as wisdom planned,
Of strength and power the same.

They are father and child; 'tis foolish and
wild
To run them on different tracks!
Their quarrel is sin, together they'll win,
Each giving what the other lacks.

—Boston Herald.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Remember Lot's wife, said the parson,
Dash it, I've enough trouble with my own,
said Mr. N. Pect.

A recently published book is entitled:
Half Hours with Insects. What a lively
half hour one can have with a wasp!

A despairing swain, whose girl shows signs
of jilting him, declares that if she does he'll
drown himself or perish in the attempt.

Who was it said, "It is not good for
man to be alone," asked the religious exam-
iner. "Daniel in the lion's den," was the
prompt reply.

Mr. Paddock Field—Remember that you
took me for better or for worse. Mrs.
Field—Oh, Paddy! I know that I took you
for a good deal better than you are.

A curious sign has been adopted at Bom-
bay by a native baker, proud of his knowl-
edge of English, "European loafer" being
printed in large letters over his door.

Tailor—How wide a collar shall I put on
your overcoat, sir? Customer—Make it so
wide that when I pass you on the street I
can turn it up so you won't recognize me.

Two elderly married people in a railway
train.—Now, Mr. Jacobs, don't be so self-
fish; let me have a squint at the newspaper.
Yes, dear; as soon as we reach the next
tunnel.

Mrs. Naggsby (impatiently)—Nora, drop
everything at once and come to me. Nora—
Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Naggsby—Now, what's
the baby crying for. Nora—'Case I dropped
him, mum.

Minister (dining with the family)—You
were a nice little boy in church this morn-
ing, Bobby. I noticed you kept very quiet
and still. Bobby—Yes, sir; I was afraid of
waking pa.

She—Did papa ask you about your in-
come? He—Yes. She—And you told him
that little fib about the large salary? He—
Yes. She—I'm so glad. He—Well, I'm
not. He borrowed five pounds.

First Merchant—I heard that you had
found a clerk after your own heart at last.
Second Merchant—Yes; but he couldn't let
well enough alone, and got after my daugh-
ter's heart, so I discharged him.

Policeman—Why did you strike that
man? Local Statesman—You don't expect
a fellow to stand everything. He grossly
insulted me. What did he say? He said I
looked like the pictures of me in the papers.

On ordering a dinner for some ministers
of the church the waiter inquired, High
Church or Low Church, sir? What can
that matter? said the clergyman. O, worry
important, sir. High Church more wine;
Low Church more wittles.

Bingo—I'm going to bring my wife round
to call on you to-night. Witherby—That's
right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't
let her wear her new sealskin jacket. I
don't want my wife to see it just now.
Bingo (grimly)—Why, that's what we are
coming for.

Mrs. Sudderich—Did ye write to the
Highstyle Engraving Co. for specimens of
all their latest visitin' cards? Daughter—
Yes, maw, an' they just sent 'em—'bout a
hundred of 'em, all sorts an' kinds. What
names is on 'em? Names of all th' big peo-
ple in the town. Put 'em on the drawing
room table.

**The Witness was Right, Though the
Clock was Wrong.**

A case was being tried in court recently.
A horse had been stolen from a pasture, and
the evidence all pointed to a certain dubit-
ful character of the neighborhood as the
culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear, he
had found a lawyer to undertake his de-
fence.

At the trial the defendant's counsel ex-
pended his energy in trying to confuse and
frighten the opposing witnesses, especially
a certain farmer whose testimony was par-
ticularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a
fire of questions, asking many foolish ones
and repeating himself again and again, in
the hope of decoying the witness into a con-
tradiction.

You say, the lawyer went on, that you can
swear to having seen this man drive a horse
past your farm on the day in question?

I can, replied the witness, wearily, for he
had already answered the question a dozen
times.

What time was this?

I told you it was about the middle of the
forenoon.

But I don't want any abouts or any mid-
dles. I want you to tell the jury exactly
the time.

Why, said the farmer, I don't always
carry a gold watch with me when I'm dig-
ging potatoes.

But you have a clock in the house, haven't
you?

Yes.

Well, what time was it by that?

Why, by that clock it was just nineteen
minutes past ten.

You were in the field all the morning,
went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

I was.

How far from the house is the field?

About half a mile.

You swear, do you, that by the clock in
your house it was exactly nineteen minutes
past ten?

I do.

The lawyer paused and looked trium-
phantly at the jury; at last he had en-
trapped the witness into a contradictory
statement that would greatly weaken his
testimony. I think that will do, he said,
with a wave of his hand. I am done with
you.

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat
and started to leave the witness box. Then,
turning slowly about, he added:

I ought, perhaps, to say that too much
reliance should not be placed upon that
clock, as it got out of gear about six months
ago, and it's been nineteen minutes past ten
by it ever since.

Her Brother Entertained Him.

She was not quite ready to receive him,
so she sent her little brother to entertain
him while she put the finishing touches to
her toilet.

The entertainment was lively, if not sat-
isfactory.

You are Ethel's young man, ain't you?
the youthful prospective brother-in-law be-
gan.

Yes, said the youth, pleasantly.

You have money in the bank, haven't
you?

Yes.

And it's in your own name, ain't it?

Yes.

And you expect to keep it in your own
name after you're married to Ethel?

Well—er—yes.

Well, Ethel will have something to say
about that.

Ethel's young man began to feel uncom-
fortable.

You smoke, don't you? continued the in-
quisitor.

Yes, a little.

And you expect to smoke after you are
married to Ethel?

Ye-es.

Well, Ethel will have something to say
about that.

Ethel's young man felt more uncomfor-
table than ever.

You belong to a club, don't you? pur-
sued the self-possessed urchin.

Ye-es.

And you expect to belong to it after you
are married to Ethel?

I suppose so.

Well, Ethel will have something to say
about that.

Ethel's young man was growing red in
the face.

Look here, my young friend, said the ex-
asperated lover, I've got an important en-
gagement which I forgot. I'm going to at-
tend to it. You tell Ethel I've gone, and
see what she has to say about that.

And he went.

He Proved His Eyesight Good.

The official of a leading railway company
tells a good story about one of the engine
drivers of his line. The engine driver was
growing old, and frequent reports were
made to the directors that his eyesight was
not as good as it should be. This the old
man stoutly denied, but nevertheless there
is every reason to believe that his eyes were
getting a trifle dim. However, he boldly
maintained that his eyes were not only

strong, but phenomenally strong, and that
these criticisms were made by jealous en-
gine drivers.

The test for eyesight on that line was
made by a doctor who lived in a house
facing a large common. And he used to
say: Look over there and tell me what you
can see. This fact had got known to the
employees of the railway, and when the old
engine driver was going to be examined, he
arranged with his son that he should take
his bicycle about half a mile across the com-
mon and stoop down and oil it.

In due course the old engine driver was
led to the window, and the doctor said, as
usual:

What can you see?

The old man peered out, and said, Well,
I see a young man stooping down beside a
bicycle.

Do you? replied the doctor, I cannot see
anything at all.

Gammon, said the engine driver. Can't
you see it? Why, he's oiling it.

On this the doctor took up a pair of field
glasses, and looking out, beheld quite plainly
the young man stooping down oiling his bi-
cycle.

Magnificent sight, he said.

And to this day the engine driver is tak-
ing his forty shillings a week with striking
regularity.

The Immorality of Competition.

Every now and again we see in the press
appeals to the working classes to do thorough
work and good work. Writers say, and with
some truth, that many manufactured
articles are not so well made as they once
were, and they assert that this is due to a
disposition on the part of workmen to
"scamp" their work. Articles, we are told,
no longer wear or last as long as once they
did, there is an absence of artistic merit in
the goods produced, and much more to the
same effect. Possibly there is some truth in
all this, though we doubt if it be as gener-
ally true as is supposed or said. There may
be both skilled and unskilled workmen who
"scamp it," and there may be enough of
these to make casual observers believe that
the evil is general. But even in the cases
where "scamp" work is turned out, it is
generally because employers, owing to the
pressure of competition, try all manner of
schemes to cheapen production. When
English cotton manufacturers weight their
cotton cloth with China clay and when silk
manufacturers adulterate their product with
Chinese grass, the deterioration is not due
to want of skill or to careless work on the
part of their employees. It requires fully
as much technical skill to make shoddy
cloth as sound wool; and if "veneering off
outshines the solid wool," it is because deft
workmanship has made the sham surpass
the real in beauty. Yet it is true that many
articles of to-day are inferior to those made
in years gone by, and it is also a fact that
some of this inferiority is due to less faith-
ful handiwork. But even were it true that
workmen generally tried to get the better of
their employers by giving just as little of
their labor as possible for their wages, would
that be legitimate cause for wonder? Is this
not the business world's rule of business?
Is it not the actual teaching of the competi-
tive system? Is it not a fact that, under
the competitive system, for men to increase
their output and to enhance its quality
would be a certain way to reduce their own
wages? If the makers of shoes, for example,
were to make fifteen pairs of shoes where
they now make ten, would they not, by in-
creasing the supply of shoes, decrease the
price? Were they to make shoes so well
that a pair which now lasts six months
would last nine, would not this, by lessening
the demand, decrease the price? And would
not every decrease in the price be met with
a cut in wages? On the other hand, were
all shoemakers, by general consent, to loaf
half their time and "scamp" their work so
that shoes would only wear half as long as
now, thus decreasing the production and
increasing the demand, would they not thus
increase the price of shoes and so raise their
wages? We are advocating dishonesty and
advising to inefficiency, are we? Not at all,
we are simply calling attention to one of the
beauties of the competitive system, and we
are endeavoring to throw light upon the
truth that that system puts a premium upon
fraud and attaches a penalty to honest deal-
ing. Perhaps some of our "supply and de-
mand" economists would be good enough to
tell us what they think of the kind of
morality which the unrestrained application
of their devil-take-the-hindmost system is
certain to develop!—Journal of the Knights
of Labor.

Belgian Workingmen.

I was talking some little time ago to a
Belgian, who has a manufactory in a Bel-
gian village. The working hours are from
6 in the morning until 6 in the evening with
about one hour for meals. The men work
for six days and a half and earn about 39
francs (\$7.41). There is a sick fund and an
old age fund, to both of which the subscrip-
tion is obligatory. Almost all the workmen have bought

themselves houses with large gardens, and
they work their gardens after 6 during week
days and on the Sunday afternoons. The
man has some coffee and bread before going
to his work. He takes some bread and lard
with him and eats it at 9. At 12 his dinner
is sent to him by his wife. It consists of
bread, lard and a large dish of vegetables,
which come from his garden. On his re-
turn from work he has his supper, which
consists of bread and soup. As he keeps a
pig and fows and rabbits, on Sunday he
adds to his fare some bacon, or a fowl, or a
rabbit. All this, said my friend, is based
upon the house and the garden.

The men's aim is to become owners as
soon as possible, for they say that with a
garden no man need starve. "How do
they save enough to get the house?" I asked.
"Some of the homes have not cost them
\$100. They first buy the land. If there is
a house on it, they leave its value on mort-
gage, which they gradually pay off. When
it is paid off, they add to the house. If
there is no house, they build one. At first
it is a mere hovel, but gradually it gets bet-
ter and larger. But whatever it is, they
like it because it is their own."

"And do they drink?" I asked. "No,"
he said. "The wife manages everything.
The entire wages are handed over to her.
She gives her husband 10 centimes (2 cents)
each day to buy beer; on Sunday evenings
he has a trifle more and goes to an estab-
lishment where beer is sold out of the cask,
and the men play games to see which is to
pay. They never drink spirits. The only
luxury that they permit themselves is
smoking; but were a man to spend more
than 8 cents per week in tobacco he would
be regarded as a reckless spendthrift." "Do
they complain of long hours in the fac-
tory?" I said. "Far from it," he replied.
"If they had their way they would work
longer for more pay; but this we would not
permit, as we wish them to be healthy and
to have time to work in their gardens."—
London Truth.

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