

WHAT WE WANT.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong armed nation shall take
away
The weary burdens from backs that are
aching
With maximum labor and minimum pay;
When no man is honored who hoards his
millions,
When no man feasts on another's toil
And God's poor suffering, striving billions
Shall share his riches of sun and toil.

There is gold for all in the earth's broad
bosom,
There is food for all in the land's great
store,
Enough is provided—if rightly divided,
Let each man take what he wants—no
more;
Shame on the miser with unused riches
Who robs the toiler to swell his hoard,
Who beats down the wages of the digger of
ditches,
And steals the bread from the poor man's
board.

Shame on the owner of mines, whose cruel
And selfish measures have brought him
wealth,
While the ragged wretches who dig his fuel
Are robbed of comfort, hope and health;
Shame on the ruler who rides in his carriage,
Bought with the labor of half-paid men,
Men who are shut out of home and mar-
riage,
And are herded like sheep in a hovel pen.

Let the clarion voice of the nation wake
him
To broader vision and fairer play,
Or let the hand of a just law shake him,
Till his ill-gained dollars have rolled
away;
Let no man dwell under a mountain of
plunder,
Let no man suffer with want and cold,
We want right living, not men alms-giv-
ing,
We want just dividing of labor and gold.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The champion lightweight—a short ton of
coal.

Adam's fall is supposed to have happened
in the afternoon—at the approach of Eve.

Every man in the world is telling what
he would do if he were a woman and every
woman tells of things she would do if she
were a man.

Mr. Impressionist—That's my last, there
on the easel. Now, that is a picture,
Squibs! Squibs—Yes, so it is. I can tell
that by the frame.

My client can clear himself, I feel sure, if
you will only give him time, pleaded the
lawyer. And the kind hearted judge gave
him twenty years.

Women are more faithful to a memory
than men. All of them cling as tenaciously
and as long to their youth as they can, and
yet with many of them it is a mere memory.

Shocked Lady—Do you know what be-
comes of little boys who swear? Little
Boy—Yes'm. W'en they gits big 'nough
they kin earn two an' a half a day drivin' a
team.

Who is your favorite actor? he enquired
of his wife. You are, dear, she answered.
I? Yes, when you are trying to make me
believe that you were sitting up with a sick
friend.

Jinks—What are your objections to cre-
mentation? Filkins—Well, I should hate to
be put into a jar where the first man who
came along might mistake me for a new
brand of snuff.

A young lady who expected a telegraphic
message from her young man waited in the
office for it. After a while the little ma-
chine began to click. Than's from Jack,
she said; I know his stutter.

Wickwire—I tell you, Yabby, my boy,
there is nothing like a baby to brighten up
a man's home. Yabsley—Yes; I have no-
ticed that the gas seems to be at full height
in your house at almost any hour of the
night.

What are you doing in my house? asked
a man who surprised a burglar at his unlaw-
ful work. Your house! exclaimed the bur-
glar, as he commenced once more to put sil-
ver spoons in his pocket. You seem to im-
agine that I don't know the title of this
property is in your wife's name.

Little Girl (to boy aged twelve who has
been abusing brother)—Why don't yer pick
out a feller o' yer own size when yer feels
like hittin' anyone? Don't yer come near
me if you know what's good for yourself,
for though I ain't much on the fight, I'm a
huckleberry on the scratch, I can tell you.

A Great Improvement.
Well, how do you like it? Lucifer asked
of a shade who had lived in the lower re-
gions for about a week.
First rate, was the reply.
That's strange. Most new arrivals don't
like it.
Well, you see, I had been married to a
Chicago woman for four years.

ANCIENT ENGINEERS.

Feats of the Past Which Modern
Mechanics Cannot Surpass nor
Equal.

The bumptiousness of modern engineers,
says the St. James' Gazette, gives little of-
fence because it is honest and guileless.
Perhaps the order of mind which devotes
itself to that pursuit is commonly averse to
historic reading, and, in any case, the hard,
mechanical training necessary for an engi-
neer of the present day disinclines him to
spend his scanty leisure in studies which
cannot be turned to account. The result is
that he conscientiously believes his art to
be the special power and glory of the age—
in which he is not altogether wrong; but
beyond that he regards all earlier feats of
engineering as unworthy of serious discus-
sion. And the public, as ignorant, with less
excuse, encourage this view.

It is a waste of time to ask him how the
boulders of Stonehenge were conveyed to
their resting place, how the walls of Fiesole
or Mycene were built; these marvels repre-
sent the power which lies in the brute force
of multitudes, and there's an end of the
question. Engineering now is an art and a
science, with the rude work of the savages
has no sort of connection. One must not
enquire why he takes it for granted that
Stonehenge, for example, was built by sav-
ages, where the brute element came from,
how they subsisted on Salisbury plain, or
why it was necessary to assume that they
were unacquainted with mechanics. All that
is chosee—beyond dispute. If you cite
records of antiquity which tell of works he
cannot rival, that fact alone is proof that
the record is a lie; for how can it be that
mere Greeks and Romans should have been
able to do what the builders of the Eiffel
Tower and the Forth Bridge cannot accom-
plish? We had an amusing instance of this
feeling lately. The ingenious M. Eiffel and
the artistic M. Bartholdi have been gravely
pondering the Colossus of Rhodes—measur-
ing it and weighing it as per description; and
they conclude that the thing was simply
impossible.

It could not have been set up, to begin
with, and when set up it could not have
stood the pressure of the wind. This is de-
monstrated by all the rules of modern sci-
ence, and he who does not admit the demon-
stration must be prepared to show that two
and two do not make four. Those antique
personages who professed to have seen the
Colossus were victims of an ocular delu-
sion or flat story-tellers, and that great
numbers who mention it incidentally, as we
might mention the ruins of the Colosseum,
were credulous gossips. The fact is that
Messrs. Eiffel and Bartholdi argue in the
fashion usual with engineers. Not all of
them would pretend that they know any
law of nature which applies in such a case.
But very few would listen patiently if it
were urged that the ancients knew some
laws with which they were unacquainted.

So it appears, however, to the disinter-
ested student, and we can bring forward
evidence enough. If it be true that the
Colossus of Rhodes is really proved impos-
sible, according to the best modern authori-
ties, this is a good illustration to begin with,
for its existence is as well authenticated as
the temple at Delphi and the statue of
Olympian Zeus, or the Tower of London, for
that matter, to one who has never seen it.
By some means it was set up, and by adap-
tation of some natural laws it was made to
stand until an earthquake overthrew it.
One is embarrassed by the number and vari-
ety of illustrations to the same effect
which crowd upon the mind. Since the
Colosseum has been mentioned, we may
choose examples of that class.

Is M. Eiffel prepared to put an awning
over Trafalgar Square when the sun shines
and remove it promptly without the aid of
a central support of steam engines, or even
chains? The area of the Colosseum is cer-
tainly not less. This may seem a trifling
matter to the thoughtless, because they
have never considered it. Roman Engi-
neers covered in that vast expense with
some wooden material, and they worked the
ponderous sheet so easily and smoothly that
it was drawn and withdrawn as the sky
changed. The bulk of it must have weighed
hundreds of tons, all depending by ropes
from the circumference. But the ancients
thought so little of this feat that they have
left us only one trivial detail of the method.

Thought he was a Foreigner.

An English bicyclist was coming at great
speed down one of the steepest streets in
Edinburgh, when his machine turned over
and landed him in the middle of the road.
Two carters were passing and they promptly
came to his assistance.

Maun; hoo did ye fa' kindly enquired
one of the carters.

To which he received this answer: I was
coming down that declivity with such ve-
locity that I lost my gravity and fell on the
macadamized road.

The carter turned from the unfortunate
rider with true insular contempt.

C' wa' Jock, he said to his mate, if I'd
kent the cratur' wis a forriener, he would ha
lain in the gutter long enough for me.

Puzzles for the Doctors.

Vera Zimmer, aged four, only daughter
of Henry Zimmer, of New Paris, near Gosh-
en, Ind., died under peculiar circumstances.
She called for a drink of water, which her
mother gave her, and she was immediately
attacked with violent nausea. She died be-
fore a doctor could be summoned. A post
mortem examination showed that the child
had been born without a spleen, the first of
the kind on record.

It is said that Mercedes Lopez, a Mexican
woman who lives on the Rio Grande, is per-
haps the longest-haired woman in the world.
She is some five feet in height, and when
she stands erect her hair trails on the
ground four feet and eight inches. Her hair
is so thick that she can draw it around her
so as to completely hide herself. Her pre-
sent suit of hair is only five years old.

A short time ago a boy baby was born in
Salt Lake City who had a birth mark of a
blood red blotch immediately over his heart.
The mark was exactly like a bullet wound
which killed a brother of the child's mother,
Charles Wanless by name, over a year be-
fore the child was born, which the mother
had seen.

George Phillips, aged eighty years, a
farmer of Columbus, S. C., had gray hair
and beard for twenty years. About ten days
ago it began to turn black, and is now as
black as when he was a young man. He has
been confined to his home for several years
on account of paralysis.

Fifty-eight years ago Mr. and Mrs. Asa
Baker, of Amsterdam, N. Y., were married,
and for years the loving couple expressed a
wish that they might die at the same time,
and death came as they wished, they passed
away a few days ago within a few hours of
each other.

The True Follower.

An exchange in an article under the above
caption says that the personal conduct of
Jesus Christ is the best example in history
is generally agreed; and those who contin-
ually invite us to "follow Him" are right so
far as precept is concerned; but how about
the example? Do you know anybody, re-
corder, that follows Christ? In our judg-
ment the only man or woman who essay to
read the stony path marked by the bruised
feet of the unselfish Nazarene is he or she
who succeeds in finding the true answer to
this question: "What would Christ say of
the social problems of our times?" They
who with clasped hands stand gazing at the
stars, or who subscribe liberally to build
fine churches, or send money to the wild
men of Borneo, do not by these acts alone
prove that their feet are planted in the true
path. Who is my neighbor? Who is my
brother? Has he food and raiment? These
are the true questions. Christ never filled
an empty stomach or covered naked, shiver-
ing limbs with tracts and hallelujahs!

The First Yankee who was Trimmed
up to Suit Him.

The other day a cripple who, sans legs
and arms, shoved himself about on rollers
by means of a stick fastened to a stump,
happened to be in a saloon where I was on
business, and sitting at one of the tables was
a tall, lean man, with sharp black eyes,
gray moustache and white hair. He was
drinking alone, when the crippled and dis-
membered object appeared. He pushed
himself painfully over toward the table
where the old man sat and begged for a
dime.

I have no money, sir, was the answer his
request received.

I haven't had anything to eat to-day, said
the maimed man, and I fought for the coun-
try when it was in danger.

You fowt with the No'th, sir? asked the
other, with interest.

Yes, I was with Sheridan at Winchester,
and look at me now. The ready reservoir
of the cripple's tears overflowed and his
cheeks were streaked with a clear line. You
was in the war, but with the South, eh?
Well, gimme a dime for old time's sake.

I was in the wah, sir, with Lee and heah,
sir, is something for you. He put a coin
into the tin cup the ex-Federalist had tied
about his neck. The cripple's face shown.
Tel dollars! he cried. Why, it's more
money than I've had since I was mustered
out. Why do you give me this much?

Because, sir, said the Southerner gloat-
ingly, you is the fust Yankee I've seen
trimmed up to suit me, sir.

The cripple thanked God for his kindness
and pushed himself out.

Mark Twain Serious.

Mark Twain has jested so long that he is
suspected of making fun even when he is in
earnest. His latest excursion into the realm
of seriousness is an account of the mysteries
of telegraph. So strong is his faith in
mental telegraphy that when he wishes a
certain person to write to him he simply sits
down, indites a letter to that person, tears
up the missive and waits for the cross-letter
which he has induced. In proof of this the
humorist cites this incident: On March 2
he was lying in bed when the idea occurred

to him that a book should be written on the
Nevada silver mines, the Great Bonanza,
and that one Wm. H. Wright of Virginia
City was the man to write it. He hastened
to put on paper a letter to his old fellow-
reporter of a dozen years before, mapping
out the plan of the book. Then it
occurred to him that if the book should
not find a publisher he would be placed in
an unpleasant position, so he so he put the
envelope in a pigeon-hole and wrote to his
publisher, who chanced to be out of town.
Here the matter dropped. On March 9 the
postman brought in a letter from Virginia
City. Picking up the envelope Mr. Clemens
said to a relative who was with him: "This
letter is from one Wright of Virginia City
and is dated March 2, seven days ago. He
proposes to make a book on the Nevada
silver mines." Mr. Clemens then stating
the plan of the book as sketched in the letter.
He then broke the seal and found his state-
ment of its contents to be correct. Another
example was that of the telegraph, which
was originated simultaneously by Prof.
Henry in America, Wheatstone in England,
Morse on the sea and a German in Munich.

The Man for the Place.

Superintendent West End—So, young
man, you want a situation as street car con-
ductor, do you? What experience have you
had?
Applicant—For two years I have been
down in Eastport, Me., packing sardines.
Superintendent—You may consider your-
self engaged.

Feminine Gratitude.

Overheard in the railway station. First
Young Woman—Oh, don't go into that car.
Mag; that's all full. Plenty of seats in the
next car.
Second Young Woman—Oh, come along!
Some fools will get up and give us their
seats.

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