

TEEDLE-TEEDLE AND TUM-TE-TUM.

I know a little maiden who is learning how to play; She seems to be in earnest, for she's at it 8-2 most all day. She tortures the piano, and calls forth most piercing wails; And when I ask the reason, says she's practising the scales.

I like to hear good playing, though I cannot tell a flat From E sharp in the treble, or whatever's called like that; But I wish when scales are practised pianos were made dumb, I grow so tired of hearing that eternal tum-te-tum.

Now when this little maiden at first began to play, 'Twas teedle-teedle-teedle that employed her all the day. I really felt quite happy when the fateful day had come, And she was then promoted to this awful tum-te-tum.

I was tired of teedle-teedle, and thankful for the change; It showed this young musician was not limited in range. But oh! my hopes were empty, it was three long months ago, And tum-te-tum, te-tum, te-tum is all she seems to know.

I don't know what's to follow, but I know I should be glad At any change whatever, for it can't be half as bad. I've come to this conclusion—you may know my awful grief—I'd welcome teedle-teedle as a merciful relief.

With an earnestness unworthy I hear this maiden drum Just underneath my study at this fearful tum-te-tum. I'll have a celebration when the glad day comes, and she Is thought to be proficient to essay a teedle-dee.

—Harper's Young People.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three quarters of it is a lie and half of it an if.

Mr. Jinks—What a trusting little woman Henry's wife is. Mrs. Jinks—Yes. She has never been married before.

Did she thank you for the seat? No, but after she settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise.

If I was pa an' ma, said Willie, I'd hire another doctor. The baby we got last time wasn't finished. It hadn't a tooth or hair.

He—Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling? She (thoughtlessly)—Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last.

She—What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me, dear? He—I do not remember what he said darling, but I know I felt hurt.

Man wants but little here below; But as the days go by, He finds with every rising sun He needs a fresh supply.

She—It certainly must mean something when a man puts a diamond ring on a girl's finger. He (of hard experience)—It means that he owes some jeweller two or three hundred dollars.

It is difficult for the belated clubman to realize that the towering female who stands at the head of the stairs is the timid little girl who once fainted in his arms at the sight of a mouse.

Mrs. Slimson—My Clara is an awful delicate girl; she can't stand anything. Mrs. Von Blumer—Neither can my Maude. She put on a sailor hat the other day and it made her seasick.

Witherby—I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown. Plankington—What, was she angry? Witherby—Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another one.

The Village Pastor—Johnny, you tell me you have been to Sunday school? The Bad Boy—Yes, sir. The Village Pastor—But, Johnny, your hair is wet. The Bad Boy—Yes, sir; it's a Baptist Sunday school.

Jennie, said the young woman fiercely, I'm never going to have anything to do with another church fair. Why not? All the young men are over at the dining table betting on who will get the oyster. Isn't it scandalous?

Teacher in a Harlem School—Robert, this is an example in subtraction: Seven boys went down to the creek to bathe, but two of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in? Robert—Yes'm; seven.

Mrs. Goode—Young Slimby is a very exemplary gentleman. He takes his fiancée to church every Sunday. Mrs. Sharpe—Yes, Slimby's a shrewd one. A couple of seats in the church are a deal cheaper than two chairs at the theatre.

Mistress—Well, Bridget, and how is your husband? Washerwoman—Shure, an' he's all used up, mum. Mistress—Why, what

ails him? Washerwoman—Indade, thin, mum, last night he had such bad dreams that he couldn't slape a wink all night, mum.

A young married lady had gone to the market to buy a goose. She was a long time in making up her mind which to choose, for none of the birds seemed to suit her. At last the saleswoman lost all patience. Excuse me, ma'am, she said angrily: but your husband can't have been half so long in choosing you.

Wooden—And so, Miss Passeur and Mr. Gotnix really got married. Was it a love match? Miss Smilax—On the contrary, I should call it a hate match. Wooden—Why, I don't understand you. Miss Smilax—Why, she hated to be an old maid and he hated to be poor.

Professor, I understand you have flunked my son in history in spite of his assurance to me that he answered accurately every question on this paper. Yes, Mr. Bunker, it is true. There was but one question on the paper and your son answered it rightly. And yet you flunked him? Yes. The question was: Tell all you know about the war of 1812, and your son's answer was: It was fought in 1812; that is all I know about it.

The Design Was All There.—Benvenuto Cellini had just finished a beautiful hanap, when Lucretia Borgia entered his studio. This gentle lady admired the work in silver, but failed to grasp the meaning of the design. The design appears to me to illustrate some Biblical episode, said she. It does, returned Cellini; Daniel in the lions' den is the subject. Ah! but I see only the lions. Undoubtedly; however, you note a slight distinction of the lions' bodies? Yes. Well, that's Daniel.

How Sambo Secured His Bet From the Mule.

A Georgian negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, where the mule came to a stop.

I bet you a quarter, said Sambo, I'll make you go over dis bridge.

And with that he gave the mule a blow over the ear which made him nod his head suddenly.

You take de bet, den, said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn animal over the bridge.

I won dat quarter, anyhow, said Sambo.

But how will you get the money? said a man close by, who had been unperceived.

To-morrow, said Sambo, massa gib me a dollar to get corn and I take a quarter out.

Getting Square With Ma.

Mother—My little girl goes to sleep so nicely every night when I sing to her. Isn't that so, Mamie?

Mamie—Yes, that's so, ma.

The mother leaves the room for a moment and Mamie says to the visitor:

Don't tell ma, but I only make out that I am asleep to get her to stop singing, she sings so awful bad.

A Boarding House Without Either Hash or Prunes.

He was taking his first meal at his new boarding house and there was some evidence that he didn't like it.

Waiter, he said, bring me some hash.

Some what, sir? asked the waiter, politely.

Some hash. Don't you know what hash is?

No, sir, we don't have it here.

Well, bring me some prunes, then, he said.

Haven't any prunes, sir, responded the waiter.

Can't I get prunes here either?

No, sir; not here.

The new boarder was becoming excited. Tell the landlady to come here, he commanded.

The waiter brought in the landlady. I am informed, madam, he said, that I can get neither hash nor prunes in this house.

You have been correctly informed, she admitted, with some trepidation, for he looked like a man who could pay.

Am I to understand that those dishes will not be served here under any circumstances?

That's the invariable rule, sir.

Very well, very well, he said, I'll see you after this meal and pay you for a month's board in advance.

Inside Facts About Mosquitoes.

The term "No Mosquitoes" in the summer resort advertisement is merely an abbreviation and means "number of mosquitoes."

While the ant has a picnic, the mosquito goes in for a moonlight serenade.

You never know much about the unattainable until you get up in the middle of the night and reach for the mosquito with the wet end of a towel.

The microscope discloses the fact that the mosquito's sting is full of teeth. This no doubt explains the origin of the buzz saw.

It seems strange that it should be anywhere respected, yet over in Jersey the mosquito is a big bug.

It has been said that the mosquito has some of the best blood of the country in its veins, and yet it is only the presumptuous insect that gets mashed on the pretty girl.

How strange that it should continue to do such terrible execution when it is always leaving its sting behind.

The mosquito knows enough to first sing you to sleep so that it can sting you with impunity, and even when you murder it the poor thing is dead stuck on you.

The mosquito is a sucker and will stick you whenever it can.

In all of its battles it always draws first blood.

Thanks to the mosquito, the angler can never complain of not getting a bite.

The Gentle Power Behind the Throne.

A delegation of young men lately waited on their employer's wife with the oddest request on record. You see, said the spokesman, we want to have a half holiday every Saturday. Now if you will be particularly nice to Mr. Jones for a few days we'll go to him and ask—

Gentlemen, the lady haughtily interrupted, do you imply that I do not understand what is due to my husband?

Oh, I know all about it, the spokesman went on; I'm married myself. Things go wrong in the house and you are tired and cross at breakfast. Then we suffer at the office. You stay up late to chaperon your daughter at a ball and we have more trouble at the office. You're a bit cross three mornings in succession for one reason or another, and we have—a terrible time at the office. You see how the matter stands and how greatly you will oblige us by being more than usually agreeable to Mr. Jones for three or four days.

She thought she ought to be angry, but instead she laughed and agreed to the proposition, and four days later, when they waited on the head of the firm, he made the closing hour twelve o'clock and said that never in the history of the firm had things run so satisfactorily as they had during the last four days. All hail to the power behind the throne.

He Was Just Out \$49.75.

They tell a good story of a prominent citizen of Morrisania. The gentleman's wife was about to become a mother, and he went down town to see Dr. Ransohoff, the family physician.

Why, Dr. Ransohoff is in Europe; has been gone some months was the reply he received.

I did not know it and am surprised, for I had spoken to him about a case that he was to attend to. I don't see why he didn't tell me he was going.

Then he went to Dr. Mitchell, and he said his fee would be \$75. He thought that too much, and at last hired Dr. T. for \$50. He said to the doctor:

I will take you to my house and introduce you to my wife.

All right, said the doctor, who was duly introduced to the gentleman's wife.

That evening the gentleman came home from business and sat down in his wife's room, looking very down-hearted as his hand was pressed to his forehead.

What's the matter, dear? said the wife. Has anything gone wrong; any money lost by somebody's failing?

No, no, sadly replied the husband, I always somehow or other get the worst of it. Somebody is always taking advantage of me—imposing in some way or other.

Well, what has happened? Out with it; you certainly can't tell me, your wife.

O, it's nothing, only I just went and hired Dr. T. to attend you, agreeing to pay him \$50, and as I was coming up One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street this afternoon I saw a sign, "Suburban delivery, only twenty-five cents," and I am out just \$49.75.

THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

How They are Composed and what They Threaten in the United States.

The two dangerous classes in the United States to-day are the men who buy votes and the men who sell them. It is a custom, shameful though it may be, to buy and sell votes at election time. This statement is neither colored nor exaggerated.

It sends a dagger into one's heart to even contemplate it.

It is all class legislation—in favor of the rich against the poor.

And then the devil steps in with twenty five dollars in hand, and says: "Take this money and cast your vote for this or that candidate."

More than two-thirds of the people of the United States are without a home—and a man without a home is without patriotism. What matters it to him what becomes of his country? If his country affords him no home why should he love or defend his country? If, in the bitterness of his heart, he says, as did Philip Nolan, "Damn the United States!" who shall blame him?

Without home, without property, without

a country, without honor, without principle, they fall easy victims to the political panders who offer them money for their votes.

It is, indeed, a dark picture, a horrible picture.

It makes one heartsick to think of it. And the worst is yet to come.

In a short time the same men who are now buying votes will some day seize the government and put muskets into the hands of the men whose votes they are now buying, and at the point of the bayonet suppress free speech, free press—and even the ballot box.

The few will plunder and rob the people, and then with the plunder thus gained maintain an army to protect themselves in the possession of their ill-gotten gains.

England hires Irish soldiers to crush the people of Russia.

There has been money enough stolen from the American people within the last twenty years to arm and equip a standing army large enough to keep in subjection the people of the United States.

And there are men enough who can be hired to "shoulder muskets" for that very purpose.

The men who buy votes are the men who would usurp and overthrow the government, and the men who sell their votes are the men who would act as soldiers.

These two classes constitute the dangerous classes.

They represent the extremes of society—the enormously rich and the monstrously poor, the unprincipled aristocrat of wealth and the depraved pauper.—Chicago Express.

Most Righteous Judge.

When the Homestead defenders were arrested on the charge of murder, pending admission to bail, they were locked up. When brought into court they were placed in the railed prisoner's dock, and this though in some cases the men had voluntarily surrendered. The bail fixed was in no case less than ten thousand dollars, in one case twenty thousand.

When the men who brought and ordered the Pinkertons to kill were arrested, they were in no sense treated as prisoners; were allowed to come into court with their attorneys, were not put in the prisoner's box, and the disgusted judge, one Ewing, without testimony offered, remarked that it was trifling, a waste of time on the court's part to hear anything about it. As a matter of form the defendants were held in one thousand dollars bail.

The bigoted, hard headed old fellow whom the courtesy of legal procedure calls "your honor," was right. It was a waste of time to consider cases when the foregone conclusion is that these men will go unwhipped of justice. He needed no testimony to base his extra judicial opinion on, and while decency, a conformation to the ordinary rules of law stamp him as unfit for the bench he disgraces, and as the willing tool of plutocracy, he was literally right in his view of the outcome of these cases. "Your honor," said the prosecuting attorney of Brooklyn, after days of trial and the expenditure of thousands in trial of a murderer who yet went acquitted, "there is no use of taking up the time of the court in an attempt to convict a rich man or a rich man's son."

The murderers of the so-called rustlers in Wyoming will not be convicted. They have only got to endure the inconvenience of temporary imprisonment. Modern justice is on the boodle; a full purse beats any quantity of damaging fact. No lawyer can cite a single case where a rich man has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and in mighty few cases where he has been convicted of serious crime.

Judge Ewing is right. It is useless to try men who can corrupt juries, control votes to which the judge owes his seat, his railroad passes, and in many cases his bribe.

But justice oft times travels out of the ordinary course when it becomes choked up, and the time will come—Oh, Lord, hasten it—when the adjunct to a bank account will not be allowed to oppress, rob and slaughter his fellow-creatures.—Fort Wayne Labor Herald.

JUBILEE DRUG

1341 ST. CATHERINE

Branch: Corner Fullum & Catherine streets.

ROD, CARRIE

TELEPHONES—6041, 6207.

MONEY TO LOAN

\$25,000 to lend on City or Property, interest 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and also money advanced on goods. Notes discounted. House and Farm or to exchange.

JOHN LEVELLE, Agent
St. James

A. L. BRAUN

MERCHANT TAILOR

53 — BLEURY STREET —

MONTREAL.

R. SEALE & SON

Funeral Directors,

41 1/2 & 43

St. Antoine St., Montreal

Bell Telephone 1022.

Fed. Telephone 16

Every Working

SHOULD READ

THE ECHO

A BRIGHT, NEWS

ENTERTAINING WEEK

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR

FOR

SOCIETIES,

LODGES,

ASSEMBLIES

AT

REASONABLE PRICE

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892:

7th and 20th JANUARY. 3rd and 17th FEBRUARY. 2nd and 16th MARCH.
6th and 20th APRIL. 4th and 18th MAY. 3rd and 17th JUNE.
1st and 15th JUNE. 6th and 20th JULY. 8th and 21st AUGUST.
7th and 21st SEPTEMBER. 5th and 19th OCTOBER.
2nd and 16th NOVEMBER. 7th and 21st DECEMBER.

8184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,700. CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.

Tickets, - - - \$1.00 Do. 25

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

81 St. James st., Montreal.

Ask for Circulars.