

THE ETERNAL WILL.

There is no thing we cannot overcome.  
Say not the evil instinct is inherited,  
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole  
life forlorn,  
And calls down punishment that is not  
merited.  
Back of thy parents and grandparents lies  
The great Eternal Will! That, too, is  
thine  
Inheritance: strong, beautiful, divine;  
Sure lever of success for one who tries.

Pry up thy fault with this great lever—Will.  
However deeply bedded in propensity,  
However firmly set, I tell thee, firmer yet  
Is that vast power that comes from  
Truth's immensity.  
Thou art a part of that strange world, I  
say;  
Its forces lie within thee, stronger far  
Than all thy mortal sins and frailties are.  
Believe thyself divine, and watch and pray.

There is no noble height thou canst not  
climb;  
All triumphs may be thine in Time's fu-  
turity,  
If, whatsoever thy fault, thou dost not  
faint or halt,  
But lean upon the staff of God's security.  
Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest.  
Know thyself part of the supernal source,  
And nought can stand before thy spirit's  
force.  
The soul's divine inheritance is best.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Mr. Hoolihan—Honorah? Mrs. Hoolihan—Phat is it? Mr. Hoolihan—Giv me tay from th' bottom av th' pot. Oi want it hot.

I don't believe the earth goes round,  
Despite what books declare;  
I'm sure it doesn't go round, because  
I never got my share.

Lady patient (who has been looking over the periodicals on doctor's table)—Do you take Life now? Doctor (embarrassed)—Well—I—I'm still in the medical profession.

Lady Friend—I go regularly to the American Artists' Exhibition, the Metropolitan Museum, the Academy—in fact, to all the exhibitions, Mr. Daubson; but I never see any of your pictures anywhere. What do you do with them? Daubson—I sell them.

Phat a blessing it is, says Pat, slightly muddled, that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is all tired out, and he couldn't work no more, anyhow, not even if it was morning.

Why do we fire cannon and express joy over Washington's birthday more than over mine? asked a Texas school teacher. Because Washington is dead and you ain't, was the reply.

Tom—What are you so angry about? Cousin Jack (from the west)—That ar Boston gal called me a captivating development of unconventional environments. If man had called me that I'd 'a gunned him.

Jessie—May told George she wouldn't marry him if he were the only man in the world. Jessie—What reply did he make to that? Jessie—He said if he had inherited any such picnic she wouldn't have been asked.

There is a truth in that much-abused fable from the old Greek writer of "The Belly and the Members," though to adequately portray modern life is should be rewritten. The dramatic persons in the modern quarrel should be the big toe frozen in a snowdrift, uttering its complaints against the little finger wearing a diamond ring and a long fingernail.

There goes a man who left Congress poorer than when he entered it. Ah! a good proof of his splendid integrity. Oh, no! of his miserable luck at poker.

Maria—John, I don't think you have changed your shirt this week. John—Maria, I haven't. This is Self Denial Week, and I've promised to do without some luxury and give the proceeds to the Submerged "Tenth."

Economy in Dress.  
A literary lady who writes for the magazines met a friend on the streets of Galveston.

You seem to be in high spirits. Heard some good news; Going to get married? asked the friend.

Oh, no, it's better than that. I've just got a letter from the editor of the Ladies' Magazine, inclosing a check for \$50 in payment of my articles on Economy in Dress, and I am going right now to buy me a new broadcaded silk velvet dress, made in the latest style, if it takes every cent of the \$50.

Fair Fare.  
The talkative passenger—What kind of a fair are you going to have in ninety-three, anyway?

The Chicago restaurateur—Oh, much the same as usual, I guess; roast beef, pork, ham, bacon, eggs, beefsteak, fried liver.

The Wrong Malady.

Doctor—You should not drink so much Bourbon; it will do you no permanent good. You should drink milk, for it contains all the elements of the blood.  
Patient—But I'm not bloodthirsty.

A Fiendish Plot.

Laura—Yes, I know she has a pretty nose, but you were the last one I should have expected to tell her.  
Flora—She'll look at it so much now that she'll be cross eyed within a month.

In the Eyes of the Law.

His Worship—Pris'ner, ye're charged wid pickin' pockets. Phwat have yez got to sai fur yerself?  
Prisoner—That is simply impossible, for your worship can see for yourself that I have no hands!  
His Worship—Impossible, is it? Bedad thin, Oi'll taich ye that in the oyes of the law there's nothing impossible. Six months.

A Strong Case.

Seedy Person—Look a here; you lawyers sometimes takes up cases on spec, don't yer?  
Lawyer (cautiously)—Well—er—yes, sometimes; that is if the cause of action is a very strong one. What might be the—?  
Seedy Person—Well, my case is this here—The census returns says that the wealth of Canada is \$800 per head, and what I want you to do is to bring an action agin the Gov'ment or somebody to recover my share an' I'll give you half on it.

A NEW UTOPIA.

History of a Hitherto Unknown Community.

Ever since Edward Bellamy set the fashion in "Looking Backward," the creation of utopias has been a favorite method of setting forth radical ideas of government, theology and political economy. As one literary hit always calls forth a host of imitators, the success of Mr. Bellamy's book has resulted in inspiring a number of writers—good, bad and indifferent—with the idea of depicting ideal commonwealths where the most startling innovations on existing customs, laws and institutions prevail. I have a friend, unknown to literary fame and, I fear, likely to continue so, who has been trying his hand at this work, and a pretty bad mess he has made of it. With a certain crude capacity for description and some versatility of imagination, he has produced a work which from a literary point of view is readable enough. But his ideas are so preposterous, his radicalism so outrageously wild, and what he is pleased to call his opinions so entirely opposed to our notions of propriety that it is no wonder that the manuscript has been rejected by all the publishing houses to which it has been submitted.

The book is entitled "The Hidden City," and purports to recount the experiences of Henry Forrester, an explorer, who, after infinite perils and hair-breadth escapes, detailed at unnecessary length in order to pad out the volume, succeeds in discovering in Central America, a hitherto unknown community, the descendants of a colony sent out from the lost continent of Atlantis shortly before it was submerged.

They have maintained a high standard of civilization and possess many arts and sciences unknown to the rest of the world, more especially the utilization of thought-force as a motive power. The country is known as Nanthralia. Forrester was conducted to Diomax, the capital, and, as is usual in narratives of this sort, assigned to the charge of Limanthes, a leading citizen of benevolent and studious disposition, who taught him the language, instructed him in the singular manners, customs and traditions of the Nanthralians, and acted as his "guide, philosopher and friend" generally.

The following extract will give a fair idea of the volume:—

"Being somewhat fatigued with our ramble and desirous of returning to the house, Limanthes stopped one of the vehicles corresponding to our street cars. These conveyances have no visible motive power, but are driven by the mysterious thought force, the process of generating and applying which I have previously detailed. They are fitted inside with rows of seats like our street cars. We entered and took our places. At the same time another passenger boarded the car and seated himself next to Limanthes. The latter with a gesture expressive of disgust and contempt instantly rose and, drawing his robe tightly round him to avoid contact with the garments of the stranger, moved to the other end of the car. As soon as I had seated myself beside him Limanthes said in a stage whisper: 'I moved to get as far as possible from that vile creature. Such people ought not to be allowed to ride in public conveyances where their presence might compromise innocent persons who should unsuspectingly enter into conversation with them.'

"I turned and looked at the man. He was a rather elderly, well-dressed person, with shrewd, intellectual features. Nothing

about his appearance indicated the degradation implied by my companion's words, except that his countenance wore a defiant, cynical look, such as is often seen on the faces of obdurate criminals. He took no further notice of the action of Limanthes than shown by a slight compression of the lips. Evidently he was accustomed to such sights.

"Who is he and what has he done? I asked in a low tone.  
'I don't know of anything that he has done in particular,' answered my mentor, 'but his whole course of life is utterly disreputable. He is a lawyer.'

"The emphasis on that last word, which Limanthes uttered under his breath, conveyed a sense of strong repulsion and disgust.

"But," said I, "surely the mere fact of his being a lawyer—"

"Mere fact?" replied Limanthes. "I should say it was enough. Can you imagine anything more degrading than for a man to prostitute his God-given intelligence and pervert his mental faculties to the service of any rascal who desires to avail himself of his superior ability or knowledge to do injustice to his fellows or escape his obligations? Bah!"

"But," I asked, "granting that there may be abuses connected with the system, are not lawyers a necessary evil? So long as their employment is legalized, is it just to treat them as social outcasts?"

"Legalized? No indeed," said my guide. "They have no legal recognition whatever. According to the laws of Nanthralia all who appeal to the tribunals must bring their cases personally before the courts. It is the judge's business to see that the poor, the friendless or the less cunning are not placed at a disadvantage. There are, it is true, a few disreputable persons and some others of ill-balanced judgments who urge that, as the practice of consulting lawyers in secret to obtain information as how to evade the law or deceive the judges is very prevalent, it would be well to legalize or regulate an abuse which cannot be suppressed, but the moral sentiment of the community is wholly opposed to such a compromise with iniquity.  
"During this conversation several others had entered the car, and I noticed that they all glanced with an expression of contempt at the lawyer and took their seats as far from him as possible. I called my companion's attention to this circumstance.

"Yes," said he, "no person having any claims to respectability will associate with a lawyer. There may be of course more or less hypocrisy about the actions of some who affect to disdain them. I am morally certain that one or two of those who have just now shown themselves so careful to shun contact with this man in public are in the habit of visiting lawyers secretly by night, taking every precaution to avoid observation. I must candidly admit that in my younger days, before I realized as I do now the need of preserving the moral tone of society, I have been guilty of the same offense."

"I was lost in amazement at finding myself so completely unable to comprehend the standards of right and wrong of this remarkable people. Finally I said:

"In our country the profession of lawyer is regarded as a highly honorable one. In fact, most of our rulers are chosen from that class."

"It was now the turn of Limanthes to become astonished. He looked at me with an expression of incredulity. 'You are surely making fun of me,' he said.

"No, really and truly, it is as I say. Most of our presidents, governors and other high officials are of that class."

"Well," he said after a pause, "your national ideas of morality are fairly incomprehensible, that's all I say."

"We had now arrived at the street on which Limanthes lived, and, concentrating his will power, he stopped the car and we got out."

Changes of Fifty Years.

The evolution of manufacturing for the past fifty years has produced some wonderful changes in methods, and brought with it an equally remarkable evolution of conditions amongst the workers engaged in the production. In a recent article in Engineering Magazine Mr. Edward Atkinson gives a very interesting picture of this progress by sketching an Eastern cotton factory which has been for over fifty years engaged in producing the same line of goods, and in all that time making only such changes as were called for by the progress of invention and the introduction of labor-saving machinery. Mr. Atkinson has had recourse to the books of the establishment, and from the record shows that during these fifty years the entire machinery of the factory had to be changed from two to four times, according to its kind. Of the original building itself only a part of the walls and floors remain, and the motive power has been entirely changed.

Under the old system the average production of each operative working thirteen to fourteen hours per day was 5,000 yards in a year. Under the improved system that pro-

duction has been increased to an average of 50,000 yards in a year, the operative working ten hours per day. Under the new system the wages of the operatives average about twice that paid fifty years ago with the long hours and less product, while the fabric produced today is sold for very much less than the prices got in those early days.

The inevitable logic of Mr. Atkinson's researches point to the feasibility and the justice of introducing still further reduction of the hours of labor without reduction of wages. The data will doubtless be found to apply in very much the same degree to all the leading manufacturing industries of the country, and the deductions must apply in the same measure. They are data which strengthen the agitation for shorter hours of labor and more of recreation and study. They should be made the basis of wider investigation in all the lines of industry and be kept before the bar of public opinion by the organized trades to demonstrate beyond dispute that the agitation of the great eight-hour movement is as practical as it is humane.

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