

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

One would think, to read the papers dis-courting on the fly. The grounds for his creation and the various reasons why. That the underlying motive, the real ob-jective plan. Was to get another whack at The bald-headed man.

Now the fly is no respecter of persons or of pates: He lights wherever fancy or the scent of game dictates; His object is to suck up all the juices that he can, And he is no Nemesis of The bald-headed man.

The fly has been created for a scientific use, And there is no use of hunting up a thinly-clad excuse; He was made to give reporters, ever since the world began, Another chance to ridicule The bald-headed man.

You may talk of sticky paper and lay trains of dynamite. But the fly will live and flourish, as he al-ways has, in spite, And the paragrapping punsters from Beer-sheba to Dan Will keep up their persecution of The bald-headed man.

But let them all remember there was once a prophet old To whom the sportive urchins, in wicked-ness made bold, Remarkd, "Go up, thou bald-head!" when out the big bears ran And swallowed up the scoffers of The bald-headed man.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The duty on cigars—light them. A little girl said, Mamma, have you heard of the man that got shot? No, child, how did he get shot? (Oh, said the precocious, he bought 'em.

Ten dimes make one dollar, said the schoolmaster. Now, go on, sir. Ten dol-lars make one—what? They make one mighty glad these times.

Doctor, said a despairing patient to his physician, I am in a dreadful condition; I can neither lay nor sit; what shall I do? I think you had better roost, was the reply.

Some men never take a joke. There was an old doctor who, when asked what was good for mosquitoes, wrote back: How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what ails the mosquito?

A man sentenced to be hanged was offered his liberty if he would act as judge of a baby show. He said he preferred a less violent death, and told the sheriff to go on with the hanging.

A father of three sons and five daugh-ters was asked what family he had. The answer was: "I have three sons, and they have each five sisters. Meroy, replied the interrogator, such a family!

At a public contest lately held the fol-lowing was the prize conundrum. What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents, but the son of a widow has not two parents.

Bob, can you tell me why I am like the moon when it is twenty-three days old? Bob couldn't tell and the questioner ex-plaind: Because I have passed my last quarter. A small loan was advanced im-mediatey.

There is a precocious six year-old boy who is wonderful in spelling and definition. The other day his teacher asked him to spell matrimony. M-a-t-r-i-m-o-n-y, said the youngster promptly. Now define it, said the teacher. Well, replied the boy, I don't know exactly what it means, but I know mother's got enough of it.

The captain of the Coke (colored) Rifles, of Austin, Texas, is a regular martinet, but, at the same time he takes the trouble of explaining the drill to the members of the company. "You has learned de right about face, and now you must learn de left about face." "How am dat?" asked Co-poral Sam Johnsing. "De left about face am precisely de same as de right about face 'cepting hit am de oppersite."

A Brain Disturber. A Hochelaga County farmer sent this order to a merchant in town: "Send me a sack of flour, five pounds of coffee and one pound of tea. My wife give birth to a big baby boy last night, also five pounds of corn starch, a screwdriver and a fly trap. It weighed ten pounds and a straw hat."

Rough on Poets. A student at the University of Texas is much addicted to writing verses. Not long since Gilhooly said to the young man—"You seem to be low-spirited to-day." "Yes, and I have good cause for it. I proposed to Miss Fanny Blinker and she re-jected me." "Did she give any reason?" asked Gil-hooly. "Yes, she said she would never marry a poet."

Don't Follow This Example. The story goes that a man wrote to the editor of a horticultural journal asking what plants would be suitable additions to dried grasses for winter ornaments. The editor replied: "Acroclium Roseum, A. album, Gom-phrena globosa and G. globosa camea."

When the man read this he fairly boiled over with rage, and immediately sent a note ordering his paper to be discontinued. He averred that an editor who swore in that way just because he was asked a simple question, should have no support from him. This reminds us of an English traveller whose conscience would not allow him to swear, but who found that at the hotel in France where he was staying the waiters were so accustomed to hear Englishmen use strong language that they considered him a

milksoop, and neglected him accordingly. He therefore hit upon this expedient to se-cure a proper amount of attention. When-ever he gave an order he rolled out in sonorous tones the words "Northumber-land, Cumberland, Durham." The effect was marvellous. He was henceforth waited upon with the greatest alacrity and assiduity.

A Disgusted Tramp. A short time ago, a tramp, who was spar-ing his devious way along near Reno, con-ceived a brilliant idea for raising the wind. He knew that the Wells Fargo stage would pass along that road in about half an hour, so he took off his coat, tore his shirt and pockets, rolled in the dust, and finally tied himself, with much difficulty, to a tree. His intention was to tell the stage passen-gers that he had been foully dealt with by highwaymen, and have a subscription to re-pair his losses taken up on the spot.

The stage, however, took a short cut by a new road that day, and didn't go by at all. After waiting until dusk, the tramp tried to take off his bonds; but before he got loose a grizzly come down out of the moun-tains and piniked off the greater part of his left leg.

"The Old Yellow Pumpkin." How dear to this heart is the old yellow pumpkin, When orchards are barren for stuffin' for pies! When peaches and apples have both been a failure, And berries of no kind have greeted the eyes.

How fondly we turn to the fruit of the corn field, The fruit our children are taught to despise, The old yellow pumpkin, the mud covered pumpkin, The big belled pumpkin that makes such good pies.

Come rolling down hill, till we meet you and greet you, Your build is a feast to our fruit-hungry eyes; We love you, old pumpkin, so well could we eat you, For you are a "Dandy" when made into pies.

His Nose Was Scratched. "One night, said Ben, "I was bouncing over the plains in one of my overland coaches.

"Mrs. Holloday and myself were the only passengers. Several stages had been robbed within two months and the driver was ripping along as though a gang of prairie wolves were after him. Suddenly the horses were thrown on their haunches and stage stopped.

"I was heaven forward, but quickly re-covered, and found myself gazing at the muzzles of a double-barrelled shotgun. "Throw up your hands and don't stir!" shouted the owner in a gruff voice.

"Up went my hands and I began to com-mune with myself. The fellow then coolly asked for my money. I saw that he did know who I was, and I was afraid that my sick wife might awake and call my name. My coat was buttoned over my bosom, but scarcely high enough to hide a magni-ficent emerald that cost me over \$5,000 a few weeks before in San Francisco.

"I scarcely breathed through fear that light might strike the stone, and its spark-ling brilliancy attract the attention of the robber. I had about \$40,000 in a money-belt, and several hundred dollars in my pocket.

"Suddenly my friend shouted: 'Come, shell out—quick, or I'll send the old 'un a free lunch.' "I passed out the few hundreds loose in my pockets, and handed him my gold watch and chain. They were heavy. I think the chain alone would weigh five pounds at least.

"There, said I—there's every cent I've got! Take it and let me go on. My wife is very ill, and I don't know what would happen to her if she knew what was going on."

"Keep your hands up! was the reply, while a second robber received my watch and money.

"Then a search was made for the express company's box, but the double barrelled shotgun did not move. Its muzzles were within a foot of my nose. For my life I did not dare to stir.

"My nose began to itch. The stiff hairs of my mustache got up, one after another, and tickled it until the sensation was in-tolerable. I could stand it no longer.

"Stranger, I cried, 'I must scratch my nose! It itches so that I am almost crazy!'" "Move your hands," he shouted, "and I'll blow a hole through your head big enough for a jack rabbit to jump through!" "I appealed once more.

"Well," he answered, "keep your hands still and I'll scratch it for you!" "Did he scratch it?" asked one of Ben's interested listeners.

"Sure?" said Mr. Holloday. "How?" asked the breathless listener. "With the muzzle of the cocked gun!" said the great overlander. "He rubbed the muzzle around my mustache, and raked it over the end of my nose until I thanked him, and said that it itched no longer."

The robbers soon afterwards took their leave, with many apologies, and Ben con-tinued his journey to the Missouri, with the big emerald and \$40,000.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

To PRESERVE WALNUTS.—The best way to preserve walnuts we have found is to put a layer of ordinary sand in a box, on this put a layer of walnuts; cover them en-tirely with the sand, then put in more walnuts, and more sand, and so on till the box is full, keeping the sand on the top. Keep the box either in the tool house or the potting shed.

MULBERRY SYRUP.—Place the mulberries in a stone jar, and set that in a large sauc-pan of water over a stove; when thoroughly drawn down, strain it through a jelly bag. To every pint of juice add 1 lb. of white sugar. Boil together one hour and twenty minutes. Pour it into a jug till cool, then fill some dried pint or half pint bottles, next day cork, and tie leathers lightly over corks.

KING OF OILS, FOR NEURALGIA AND RHEU-MATISM.—Burning fluid, 1 pint; oils of cedar, hemlock, sassafras, and origanum, of each 2 ounces; carbonate of ammonia, pul-verized, 1 ounce; mix. Apply freely to the nerve and gums around the tooth; and to the face, in neuralgic pains, by wetting brown paper and laying on the parts, not too long, for fear of blistering; to the nerves of teeth by lint.

JACKETS.—Many of the new jackets are three-quarter length, and all have the high sleeve, which frequently is of different material, and matches the waistcoat, or of the same material covered with black guipure, or of braiding in a varmicelli de-sign. Many of the new sealskins have Astrakan sleeves and waistcoats, which are also introduced into some of the cloth coats. A few of the new cloths for jackets display the same filmy rings as the vicuna formerly did for dresses. A mixture of grey and black is fashionable, and grey Astra-kan is much worn. Some red jackets are made with sleeves covered with black em-broidery, and grey bordered with Astrakan is also pretty.

SALT AS A MOTH KILLER.—Salt is the best exterminator for moths. The nuns in one of the convents (says a correspondent) had tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers when dying there often leave quantities of clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers, which were sent there for pillow making, and they were in despair as they could not exterminate the moths, until they were advised to try common salt. They sprinkled it around, and in a week or ten days they were alto-gether rid of the moths. They are never troubled now. In heavy velvet carpets, sweeping them with salt cleans and keeps them from moths, as particles of salt re-main in the carpet and corners.

AUTUMN MANTLES.—The more costly ones are made either in the new rich silk brocades, with the interlacing patterns, or of velvet brocade on a satin ground, the patterns having a centre of distinctive color. They are in the styles worn in the Medici period with the sleeves and collar high. Nearly all these collars are edged with a fringe of ostrich feathers, placed between the lining and the material. The cut of many of the sleeves is wonderful, some having the high shoulder combined with the short, straight cut from wrist to elbow which used to be called the "Elephant" sleeve. Peacock feathers are often mixed with ostrich, and some of the evening cloaks are trimmed with bands of gold galon jewelled, which outline the seams. Fur-lined cloaks are generally covered with wool brocade.

HATS FOR WINTER WEAR.—All the hats in preparation for winter wear seem to be laden with feathers (says the Ladies' Ga-zette of Fashion); there is not much change to be seen in the shapes, those we have been familiar with during the summer being reproduced in felt and velvet. A favorite shape in felt is nearly flat, resting on the hair in front, the sides turned up sharply to the back, which is peaked up above the crown and crimped into deep corners. A wreath of feather tips is at the back, or a small tuft in front and back. A low close shape is chosen for morning wear, those for more dressy occasions being rather large, with low crown and project-ing brim. They are round in front and turned up close at the back, or pinched in to form curves. Sometimes as many as twenty small tips are seen on one hat, set to curve outward round the crown, or laid flat on the brim, or covering the crown en-tirely. A few black feathers tied with turquoise blue velvet are most effective; this being a new and favorite combination of color. So also is Spanish yellow and black. Other favorite blues are the corn flower shade, royal blue, bleu de France, and navy; the greens are those with blue tints, and others that combine well with brown.

HEALTHY DRESS FOR THE BABY.—A word in regard to the manner in which we dress our young babies. It is atrocious (says a lady doctor.) To put a poor little doughy scrap of incipient humanity into a series of petticoats a yard and a half long, with great wide bands, which must be pinned around the little body, while the helpless little head rolls about, and the weak little neck is twisted and stretched, is simply barbarous. All that is wanted is a bit of soft wool or silk vest, then, while the baby is very young, an abdominal band fastened with three or four bits of tape, and finally a slip, reaching a quarter of a yard below the tiny toes, made of flannel, muslin, any-thing—single, double or treble, at your pleasure, but which can be taken off in a jiffy and replaced by a clean dry one when-ever necessary. What an economy of mother patience and infant happiness! It is a good half hour's work to get a howling, kicking infant out of one of its present rigs and into another, and so the poor little amphibian gets on as best he can, and takes it out in making things lively generally. The mother, full of a beautiful but mistaken sentiment, has probably spent weeks in stitching at dainty fabrics in the close at-mosphere of her room (which are altogether unfit for a drooling baby), when by giving herself fresh air, sunshine, active exercise, and intellectual pastime, she would have been heaping up untold benefits for herself and her unborn child.

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