

BACCARAT.

The Prince said: "I'll be a banker,"
And then he wank a wink,
And with old Lady Wilson did
An abinthe cocktail drink.
He stroked his royal stomach,
Pulled down his princely vest,
"O drop your sovereigns in the slot,
And I will do the rest.
For I'm a randy-dandy of
The William Rufus line,
Gamboling and hoss' racing I
Have got down very fine.
I only race and gamble
With the loftiest of the loft,
O, let us make it lively while
We stay at Tranby Croft."

The Prince he was the banker,
He gave the cards a flip;
He said: "Now this is business,
"It's bullion and not lip.
"The more you put up here, my friends,
"The less you will rake down;
"I'm bound to bust this party
"If I have to risk the crown.
"O, yellow is the water where
"The Yellow Paint creek flows,
"O yellow are the sovereigns
"That buy such chips as those.
"Those chips I carry with me,
"I use them oft and oft,
"For I'm a handy-dandy and
"The Cream of Tranby Croft."

The Prince was the banker,
He diligently dole,
But Gordon-Cumming won the cash,
And not a smile he smole.
And then said Gordon-Cumming:
"Your luck I do deplore,
If you stay here with me all night
You'll owe eight millions more."
Oh! always let his highness win,
To beat his game was rash;
It wasn't hoss-pitality
To win the Prince's cash.
You've won the Prince's good, hard stuff,
And some one's gone and "coughed,"
And called the world's attention
To affairs at Tranby Croft.

Victoria, Victoria!
May you be long on earth;
America sends tribute to
Your greatness and your worth.
Oh, make your will, Victoria,
And will the English throne
Back to the English people
And let young Wales alone.
The people they can rule themselves,
And then it will be fine
To have a noble sovereign
End up a royal line.
And Wales will like it just as well,
The snap will be so soft,
He won't have anything to do
But stay at Tranby Croft.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Some of the actresses do not draw, but all of them paint.
When a man goes down the general verdict is that he has gone up.
Seaside landlords are preparing to get your surplus money, if it takes all summer.
There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.
The reason some people love at first sight is because they don't know each other then.
Boarding house butter is not like Samson—it does not lose its strength when robbed of its hairs.
He (poetical)—Ah, who can express the power of love? She (practical)—It's two donkey power.
There are people who give themselves to the Lord, but they take all the money out of their pockets before they do it.
How much is Slipkins out on that last transaction? asked one broker of another. He's out of jail, was the reply, which is very lucky for him.
Some one says: Woman studies man with regret; man studies woman with amaze, ment. The woman in this case is evidently married and the man is not.
FOR SALE—Bathing Pants, Bath Towels, Boating Shirts, Belts, Sashes, Wool Tam o' Shanter, and all kinds of Boating and Tennis Caps, at Allan's, Craig street.
Arabella—Is it true that Grace Stedley nas eloped with her father's coachman? Felice—Oh, no, she didn't do as well as that; he was only the footman.
Married Women in Fiction is the title of a recent publication. Fiction in married women would probably furnish material for a more imposing volume.
Miss Parsons—And so Adam was very happy. Now, Willie, can you tell me what great misfortune befel him? Willie—Please, Miss Parsons, he got a wife.
FOR SALE—Big stock of Men's Neckwear from 25c per dozen upwards, at Allan's, the headquarters for Men's Furnishings at lowest prices, 659 to 665 Craig street.
Facetious Customer (paying for his shampoo)—Your's is the crowning work of all. Dignified Barber—Yes, sir. Men in my position stand at the head. Next!

Misapplication of Words.

There have been some amusing instances of the misapplication of the word lady, which custom has decreed to mean social culture instead of its original meaning, loaf-giver.
A girl waiter in a large hotel in an eastern city approached a girl with this query:
Has any other lady taken your order?
This was equivalent to the politeness of the little girl, who surprised the family by announcing:
Mamma, the swill lady is at the back door.
A minister who was very polite changed a portion of Scripture to read: Ladies and gentlemen created he them, and a lecturer, who cared more for the sweet phrases of politeness than for the plain statements of the truth, rung this query upon an astonished audience, as he discoursed on the characteristics of women:
Who were the last at the cross? Ladies. Who were the first at the sepulchre? Ladies.
But even he was outdone by the exquisite divine, who, as he concluded marrying a couple, said gallantly:
I now pronounce you husband and lady.
That Dreadful Boy Again.
Papa, inquired a young searcher after knowledge, what does p-o-a-c-h spell?
Poach, my son.
And what does it mean?
Why, to poach is to steal, said the father, not wishing to bring confusion to his son with a strict and complicated definition.
Then the youth went into the kitchen and watched the process of getting some eggs cooked for dinner.
Before the meal was ready some unexpected guests arrived, but would not listen to a pressing invitation to join the family at dinner.
Finally the young lad added the force of his invitation to that of his father's.
You'd better come, said he, we're going to have eggs—stolen eggs—papa stole 'em.

Knew His Customer.

A man without a hair on his bald head came into the barber shop and sat down on a chair.
Shave or hair out, sir? asked the attendant.
A shave, please, was the answer.
When the shave was finished and the bald headed man left the customer who was getting his hair cut in the next chair said to the barber:
Why did you ask that man if he would have his hair out? Did you mean to insult him?
Oh, not at all, sir, was the answer. You see it's like this: A bald headed man is rather sensitive on that point. I treat this gentleman just as I do every customer who comes and sits down on the chair. He knows that he has no hair to be cut. Nevertheless he likes to be treated as if he had a head of hair and he comes regularly.

Watts—Now, why should a man seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth when the other end of the gun was so much safer? Potts—Perhaps he didn't know it was loaded.
Mrs. Hitch—What was Dr. Fourthly's text this morning? Dicky Hitch—I knew you would ask, so I put it down on my cuff, "The Lord tempers the wind to the Spring lamb."

Father—Dr. McClure seems to be a very intelligent, well read man. Son—Nonsense, governor! I talked with him at dinner yesterday and he does not know a thing about baseball.

Mrs. Summerton (to her coachman)—Dennis, get your things together. We start for Niagara to-morrow. Have you ever been there? Dennis—Yis, mum. Many years ago I had a hack at it.

Banker (at 11.30 p.m.)—I can't say I like Spatts altogether. He goes by fits and starts. Miss Blanche (with a little yawn)—Well, I wouldn't mind a man going by fits if he did but start finally.

What do you call your dog? was the question which a policeman asked of a very large man who was followed by a very small pup. I don't call him ad all, was the reply. Ven I vant him I vissle.

And what is the trouble? inquired the young wife of the physician. Well, I don't think the case is really bad enough for a season at the seashore. I think a cure might be effected by the judicious application of a nice summer hat.

UMPHUM, I mun, and that what's troubling ye, is it? We'l, nae doot they are making wonderfu' improvements in the city? But it's gaen hard on folks like yersel haen tae pay taxes for the wid-nin' o' three or four streets a' in ae locality. But ye see we're no aldermen yet, so we mun 'just pit up wi't, an dae the best we can, an' dinna forget if ye want a new hat in felt or straw, or anything at a' in the Men's Furnishing line, or Boots an' Shoes, ca' in tae Allan's, he sells cheap, his stores are round the corner frae Blenry on Craig street. All kinds of Summer Underwear, Hosiery and Fancy Flannel Shirts, Summer Coats, etc., at John Allan's, 659 to 665 Craig street.

The Real Tragedies of Life.

The real tragedies of life are often to be found where we should perhaps least expect them. They are going on before us in the lives of many a wife and mother in our American cities to-day, who, between her duties to her husband, her children, her church and the calls of society, which she often must not slight because of her husband's position, present or aspired to, is being killed before our eyes, tortured at the same time by the incompetent domestic service which makes housekeeping and the creation of a comfortable home almost an impossibility.

One such woman I saw die in New York only a few years ago at 39, literally killed by the brave effort to do all her duty; and they are "dying thus around us every day," with brave smiles on their faces. You may see them by hundreds in the streets and at afternoon receptions in any American city if you have been initiated into the band, and know the passwords and the grip. If you do not, you will think they are brilliant and beautiful women, and involuntarily bow the head before them for their goodness and their womanliness, but you will not know that you are rendering homage to martyrs as truly as if you saw them led into the coliseum as playthings for a Numidian lion, and just as truly on account of their religion.—Anna C. Brackett in Harper's.

They Sort the Type.

About 25 women now have pleasant, lucrative employment on daily newspapers in New York as "distributors"—that is, they are employed during the day, at the same rate paid for night work, to distribute type for compositors who thus prefer to reduce their working hours. The "lady distributor" is comparatively a recent innovation, but all think that she is a most agreeable one. Her earnings depend upon the amount of work she receives, but will average about fifty cents for every hour employed. I have known some women to thus earn twenty dollars per week, from about 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. These positions, however, are in the main greatly prized and eagerly sought after by women. While there is no reason why men should not perform this work under the same circumstances, it has by tacit consent become the undisputed privilege of women.—Charles J. Dumar in Ladies' Home Journal.

American Enterprise.

George M. Pullman has, it is announced, closed a contract to place a large number of sleeping cars on Australian lines. The fulfilment of this contract involves a novel scheme, for the carrying out of which the workmen in the little town of Pullman are busily preparing. The parts of the cars will be made here, of course, and then the whole outfit in sections will be shipped to Australia ready to be put together there. Mr. Pullman will send along a colony of his best artisans, and in a temporary plant to be put up near Melbourne, the finishing touches upon the cars will be put. The workmen who are being enlisted for the expedition go with the understanding that they will be absent one year.

Woman and Exercise.

Dr. Morrell Mackenzie says of exercise for women: "I need not dwell on the necessity of exercise for women further than to say that competent authorities look upon it as the best safeguard against certain diseases peculiar to their sex, the enormous prevalence of which at the present day is no doubt in great measure due to the physical indolences which many of them have been taught to consider rather as a grace than as a defect—I had almost said a vice. I may here say that I think it a mistake for woman to aim directly at the development of muscle.

"The Venus of Milo, not the half masculine Amazon, must always be the type of physical perfection for them. Their exercise should, therefore, be chiefly hygienic rather than athletic. A great French anatomist, Cruvelhier, was ungalant enough to say that whatever woman learn to do, they never could succeed in running gracefully. Candor compels me to say that I think the indictment true, but that, and throwing the cricket ball, are about the only things which they cannot do with twice the grace and nearly all the strength of man."

It Was a Mistake.

O'Rafferty, said Judge Duffy, of the New York Police Court, your wife swears you struck her with great violence.

Wid great violins, whin there is divil a fiddle, big or little, on the praymeses? She exaggerates too much, entirely, yer honor. It was wid me boot that I rebuked her.

Are you superstitious? asked a bystander of a slowly rising young tragedian. A little, said the actor sadly. I have learned from experience that to have just thirteen people in the audience inevitably means bad luck.

Hostetter McGinnis—How is it, Mr. Schaumburg, that you can make money when you sell your goods at cost? Mose Schaumburg.—I'cause I buys my goods below cost.

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