

THE MEN WHO WORK.

(Air—"Life on the Ocean Wave.")
 Hurrah for the men who work,
 Whatever their trade may be;
 Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
 For those who plow the sea;
 And for those who earn their bread
 By the sweat of an honest brow;
 Hurrah for the men who dig and delve
 And they who reap and sow!

Hurrah for the sturdy arm,
 Hurrah for the steady will,
 Hurrah for the worker's health and strength,
 Hurrah for the worker's skill!
 Hurrah for the open heart,
 Hurrah for the noble aim,
 Hurrah for the loving, quiet home,
 Hurrah for an honest name!

Hurrah for the men who strive,
 Hurrah for the men who save,
 Who sit not down and drink till they drown,
 But struggle and breast the wave.
 Hurrah for the men on the land
 And they who are on the sea;
 Hurrah for the men who are bold and brave,
 The good, the true and the free!

—J. Richardson.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Nothing pleases a man so well as to be asked if his oldest daughter isn't his wife,
 The adulterating grocer evidently does not believe that honest tea is the best policy.
 A foolish woman can make a lover a husband, but it takes a bright woman to keep a husband a lover.
 Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. That is a mistake; it only makes the breath strong.
 A South Jersey paper makes the remarkable statement that "thin people are very thick in the neighborhood."
 Mose Schaumburg—Vich you love der most, Ikey, me or your mudder? You, fadder, by more den terventy pershent.
 They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues. Professor—All but two—my wife's and her mother's.
 A girl of sixteen walks as if she owned the earth, and after she's been married a few months she walks as if she were carrying it on her shoulders.
 A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it. A man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't get onto it.
 Sue—How did you and Tom Hillow happen to get married, Blanche? Blanche—We were both single, you know. Yes? Well, we married to get even.
 "Decline a man," the teacher cried, The maiden colored red.
 "Decline a man!" the pupil sighed, "I can't—I won't!" she said.
 Mrs. Tompkins—When my husband stays out all night I refuse to give him any breakfast. Mrs. Smith—That may do for Mr. Tompkins, but it wouldn't punish my Jim a bit. When he stays out all night he doesn't want any breakfast.
 Merchant (buying bill of goods of Chicago drummer)—What is your usual time, thirty days? Chicago Drummer (absent minded)—Yes, or \$10. I always pay the fine—oh, er—I beg pardon. Yes; thirty days, or two per cent. off for cash.
 Surrendering at Discretion.
 Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburnt?
 Pullin' weeds in the garden.
 But your hair is all wet, my son.
 That's perspiration.
 Your vest is on wrong side out, too.
 Put it on that way a-purpose.
 And how does it happen, Tommy dear, that you have got Jakey Du Bois' trousers on.
 (After a long pause.) Mother, cannot tell a lie. I've been a-swimmin'.
 A Darkey's Sad Fatality with the Fatal Thirteen.
 Several men were talking of superstitions so common among all classes of people. As a matter of course, one of the things touched upon was the supposedly fatal number thirteen. An old colored man who happened to be within hearing distance felt moved to remark:
 I wants to tell you gem'men not to make fun o' dat thirteen bus'ness. I ain't superfishus, but I tell you don't you eat at no table whar dar's thirteen. I dun do dat and I hope to die if pretty near every one of dem ain't dead and buried.
 His hearers expressed surprise at his remarkable statement and asked for particulars.
 Well, some of dem got killed and one thing an' another, and some jest nachelly died. But dey is pretty near all gone to-day.
 How long ago did this thirteen at-table incident occur?
 Now, lemme see. Been about thirty year since the war, ain't it? Well, I specs it must a happened ten years before the war broke out. But it makes me feel about as oneasy as though it was only yesterday.

His Fresh Air Scheme Worked Well.

A Liberal meeting was held lately not far from Newcastle and was disturbed from time to time by a person in the middle of the hall shouting.
 What did Gladstone do in the year 1868? No notice was taken at first, but at every lull he would bellow forth:
 What did Gladstone do in 1868?
 At last there was a scuffle and he was soon ejected. What was the surprise of the meeting at the close of the proceedings to see the same individual leaning against the lamp post calmly smoking.
 Parden me, said a gentleman, but would you mind telling me what Gladstone did in 1868?
 I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea in the world. I only know I was dying for a breath of fresh air and that was the only plan I saw to get out of the middle of the crowd.
 No More Lawyers in his Court.
 No, sir, said the rural justice. I won't have any more lawyers in my court. Hereafter every man must plead his own case.
 What's the matter now?
 Well, you see, they had one of my niggers 'up for hog stealin'. I was judge and we had three lawyers and a jury. Well, sir, would you believe it? Them lawyers got the jury so mixed up that they brought in a verdict that I had stole the hog and let the nigger go! Of course, I pardoned myself right off, fined the jury for contempt, whipped the lawyers and lynched the nigger. But I don't want no more lawyers in this court—not much.

The Conclusion a Texas Jury Arrived At.

A verdict reminding us of the result of the famous Ravachol trial was lately given in Texas. A man had been shot dead in a little town on the upper Colorado. An inquest was held on the body. The jury examined it minutely, and asked the doctor:
 Where did the bullet strike him?
 In the heart.
 Just in the middle?
 In the very centre.
 Who shot him?
 Jake Daniels.
 A dozen witnesses deposed that Jake had fired the shot and Jake himself acknowledged the fact. The jury spent some time in consultation.
 Well, gentlemen of the jury, said the coroner, what is your verdict?
 Your Honor, we have come to the conclusion that Jake Daniels is the best shot in the district!
 A Definition That Nearly Paralyzed Her.
 In a school in Glasgow the other day a teacher proved that it may be embarrassing to use one's self as an illustration.
 The word orphan has been spelt correctly, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them, she said encouragingly: Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?
 One of the duller scholars raised his hand and said: It's some one who wants to get married and can't.
 "Oh, Darling, Do That When We Get Home."

The most amusing case of public love-making which I've witnessed in a long while occurred at one of the leading theatres where I happened to be the other evening. There's a number of sofa seats in the orchestra of this particular theatre—two seats all in one—the exact counterpart of a small parlor sofa. I was seated directly in the rear. Presently in walked a youth and maiden, who looked at each other and colored up as the obliging usher turned down the little sofa for them.
 They were in luck, to be sure. For a few moments they sat bolt upright and as far apart as possible, but gradually they snuggled up to each other and settled down to business. I had my hands full watching them and the stage, too. Theirs, however, proved to be by far the most interesting performance. There was more feeling, more intensity in it. They knew their lines better: they had manifestly rehearsed their business for a long while. Once when there was a very affecting scene on the stage I heard the girl murmur: "Oh, darling!" as she made a convulsive effort to disprove the law in physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time. In the play this lover after many trials and tribulations, gets his Dulcinea and at once proceeds to give her a genuine athletic embrace. He winds his arms around her, smashes her nose convulsively against his immaculate shirt front, then holding her off at arms' length calls her his heart's own, his angel and his best beloved, and then, suddenly ducking his head, thrusts his nose into her blond wig, and beginning with her forehead, kisses his way down to her lips.
 The pair on the sofa seat became violently exercised, and I almost feared that one or the other might make an outcry. But no, all I could hear was this from the girl:
 "Oh, darling, please do that when we get home!"—[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shivering and old,
 The prey of the winds and prey of the cold!
 Cheeks that are shrunken,
 Eyes that are sunken,
 Lips that were never o'er bold.
 Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
 Asking for alms at the bronze church door.
 Hark to the organ—roll upon roll
 The waves of its music go over the soul.
 Silks rustle past her,
 Faster and faster;
 The great bell ceases its toll.
 Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
 Swingeth wide open the bronze church door,
 Only a woman, wailing alone,
 Icily cold on an ice cold stone.
 What do they care for her,
 Mumbling a prayer for her—
 Giving no bread, but a stone?
 Under rich laces their haughty hearts beat,
 Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.
 Only a woman! In the old days
 Hope eeroled to her the happiest lays,
 Somebody missed her,
 Somebody crowned her with praise,
 Somebody faced out the battle of life,
 Strong for her sake who was mother and wife.
 Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
 Light on his heart where the death shadows
 are;
 Somebody waits for her,
 Opening the gates for her,
 Giving delight for despair.
 Only a woman—nevermore!
 She is dead in snow at the bronze church door.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Brightest Things From That Great Western Journal.
 OUR AMBITION.—Our esteemed contemporary down the street, in a three column article of personal abuse, asks the question, "Will this villain's ambition be satisfied with the office of Mayor?" We are the villain referred to, of course, and we wish to frankly and emphatically reply that our ambition, so far from being satisfied, has just woke up. We are the editor and proprietor of a great weekly family newspaper, and the owner of a grocery, a harness shop, a shoe store, a gun shop, a butchershop and a feed store, all under one and the same roof. Further, we are the acknowledged Ward McAllister of this town. What we say in regard to social matter goes. We lead the German when the music strikes up, and when not leading the German we are telling the hostess how to work the ice cream freezer and fold the table napkins to resemble a broken human heart.
 On the top of all this we are the mayor of the town, elected by an overwhelming majority, and running municipal affairs in bangup style. Such of the boys who do not respect us as mayor take pains to keep clear or the two guns we are known to carry as an editor and a citizen. We have driven out the cowboys, licked every member of the council and brought the postmaster off his horse. It doubtless seems to our contemporary as if any one critter on this earth ought to be satisfied with such honors. But we are not. Far from it! We shall not pause long on the threshold. We are already laying wires to be elected to the legislature, as we announced some weeks ago. It is the senate with us. From thence to the gubernatorial chair will only be a step. From governor to congressman will be only a stride. We may not be satisfied with even that.
 A SOLEMN WARNING.—Tuesday afternoon a man calling himself Grizzly Bill got into a dispute in the Red Trout saloon with an individual who has been generally known around town as Terrific Tom. Both drew their guns and adjourned to the sidewalk and began shooting. Twelve shots were fired and the only thing hit was Major Callahan's bulldog, who died an hour later.
 The parties were promptly arrested and brought before us, as mayor, for shooting all over the town and failing to hit each other. It did not take us over half an hour to ascertain all the facts and particulars, and we fined each one \$25. As neither had over \$2 in cash and couldn't raise the fine, the pair have gone to the county jail for three months.
 We understand that some of the boys are criticizing our official action, but we can't help it. When a man draws to shoot in this town he must either hit somebody with one of his six bullets or be considered N. G. and treated accordingly. This blazing away at random, and firing good lead into telegraph poles and hitching posts in a smirch on the reputation of the town, and we promise to put a stop to it if the thing can be done.

THE RAZOR AS A WEAPON.

The Reason Why the Colored Man is Said to Have Adopted it.
 When a slaveholding South was periodically in fear of servile insurrection there was a strong effort made to disarm the slaves. It was pretty successful as far as firearms and offensive weapons went, but the Negro could not reasonably be deprived of so useful, necessary and apparently innocent an instrument as a razor, so he adapted that to offensive uses by learning to turn the blade well back into the handle in reverse direction from the posi-

tion of the blade when it is closed, to grasp the handle and back of the blade in the closed palm, and thus present a long cutting edge to the enemy. A razor thus wielded does not readily inflict a very deep wound, and this may account for the fact that while Negro cutting affrays are attended with great loss of blood that seldom result fatally.
 The public prejudice against the stiletto and the efforts of the courts to enforce against bearers of that instrument the law forbidding the carrying of concealed deadly weapons have led the Italians to get educated in American ways to adopt the razor as a weapon of offense, and doubtless to use it Negro fashion, since it is a dangerous instrument to its master if wielded in any other way.
 The habit of carrying the razor or some other cutting weapon in the boot is still not uncommon with Negroes in the country, where long boots are yet worn. Sometimes a pocket is made just inside the leg of the boot, as to "reach for the razor" means simply to stoop a little and draw forth the weapon. Another favorite weapon with the negro of the South is a knife with a sort of spring that makes blade and handle temporarily one. Sometimes this is managed by means of a notch in the blade, to which is fitted a little metallic peg in the handle. Notch and peg are brought together by merely shaking the knife with a hard sudden jerk, such as one gives to rid a pen of superfluous ink.—Pittsburg Mirror.

TO SEE YOURSELF TALK.

What the Phonoscope, the Latest Phonographic Novelty, Is.
 An announcement was made some weeks ago that a Frenchman had succeeded in taking instantaneous photographs of the lips of speakers and in recombining them in a sort of zetrope, so as to produce the original movement and enable a deaf mute to understand what was said.
 It is now stated that the inventor has improved on the process and brought out a new apparatus for combining the images. The device of the lips in speaking are so rapid that fifteen photographs a second are required to give a good result. The whole head and bust of the speaker are reproduced in the photograph so as to get the benefit of the expression.
 In the phonoscope the positives are arranged around the periphery of a disk which is rapidly turned by a handle. A second disk having a single window in it opposite the plates is also rotated by the same handle, but at a much higher rate of speed than the other. A beam of sunlight illuminates the plates from behind and the observer looking into the apparatus sees them pass his eye one after the other in such rapid succession as to produce the effect of a single image endowed with animation. To produce this result it is necessary that at least ten or twelve must pass the retina in a second.
 The People Will Be Heard.
 It is wicked to oppress the people when we have all the means of prosperity at hand, and that a generation which has been born to an inheritance which has been denied to all others should be subjected to all the pains and penalties of money contraction. How long the people will submit to it I do not know, but while I live I shall continue to warn them of this monster evil.
 The monopolists and contractionists will find that the men in the mountains will be heard from yet. They have been robbed, their fortunes have been taken from them, their property has been confiscated, and for whom? For the money loaner. But what our people have lost has been a mere bagatelle to the vast millions which the contractors of the south and west have lost by being compelled to discount their property to buy gold to enrich the gold trust who have a monopoly of the gold of the world. Ah, it will not do for these robbers—for they are nothing else, as the result shows—to claim for themselves all the honesty. Honesty is banished from the world when the crime of 1873 is justified.—Speech of Senator Stewart.

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