

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The worst all-round striker is the borrow-er.  
 The murderer's version of it—no noose is good noose.  
 A spiritualistic seance is at best a medium performance.  
 Smither's says you're not his equal. He's a lying sneak. I am.  
 Although a hen-pecked husband may not be very smart, he is generally a shrewd man.  
 The barber gets his full share of rest; he lays on a couch at night and lays on lather all day.  
 The clergyman wastes his breath who talks of the happiness of the world to come to a youth who has just received his first love letter.  
 It's a mighty cowardly man who hasn't the courage to advise another with the tooth-ache to have it yanked out.  
 The dealer in military costumes is never influenced by the fluctuations of the market; he always maintains uniform prices.  
 Smith—I heard you lost fifty dollars on the races yesterday. Johnson—It's not lost I know where it is. Green has it.  
 Young Sprigg—Mr. Bidquick, I am worth twenty-five thousand and I love your daughter. Mr. Bidquick (retired auctioneer)—Sold.  
 He (suddenly)—Do you think the minister will want to kiss you, dear? She (suddenly)—Let him if he wants to, Harry. He's just grown a beautiful moustache.  
 My daughter, did John propose last night? No, mother, but I thought I detected an engagement ring in his voice as he bade me good night.  
 Miss Lovering—But if you did not love him, why, oh, why, did you marry him? Lady Bankrupt—Well, my dear, he was going at such a bargain I couldn't resist.  
 Time brings strange reversals. There's poor old Henpeck, for instance, who married his typewriter. Well, where does the reversal come in? Why, it was he used to dictate.  
 Miss Graham—What do you think of the theory of the theosophists that people return to earth to live new lives? Miss Lowell—Emerson—I rather like it—that is to say, if one could return to Boston.  
 Clarice—And so your engagement with Maitland is really off? Isabel—Yes, I got tired of machine-made love. Clarice—Machine-made love? What do you mean? Isabel—He wrote all his letters on a typewriter.  
 I suppose it is something of a tribute to one's beauty when a gentleman rises and gives one his seat in a car, said Miss May Tare somewhat proudly. That depends, said Miss Keene; in some cases it is a mark of respect for age.  
 Did you see old Skinfint? Yes, I told him I had come to ask of him the greatest blessing a man could seek—his daughter's hand. And what did he say? He seemed very much pleased. Said he was afraid at first I wanted to borrow five dollars.  
 Now, my dear pastor, I do hope you will pardon me for bothering you so long with my own little family cares and anxieties. My dear madam, don't mention it. It has not bothered me in the least. While you were talking I was thinking out my next Sunday's sermon.  
 Jones was catechising his newly-married friend. Did you kneel down when you proposed? he asked. No, replied the friend. Did you promise to give her all your money every week and to be home every night at dinner? No, answered the friend, I married a widow.  
 Read a list of what you can buy at Allan's Central Emporium, 659 to 665 Craig street:—Men's Hats and Caps (of every description at lowest prices), Men's Underwear (for all seasons, in all materials), Men's Socks, Brasces, Gloves, Umbrellas, Rubber Coats, Overalls and Jackets, Working Aprons, Tennis Coats, Boating Shirts, Ladies' Boating Blouses, Belts, Sashes, Night Robes, Pyjama Suits, Lacrosse and Baseball Jerseys, M. S. C. Bathing Pants, Running Shoes, White Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Oxford and Cambric Shirts, Flannel Shirts of all kinds, Unlaundered Shirts, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Military Swagger Canes, Perfumes, Cloth and Hair Brushes, Collar and Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Watch Guards, Cuff and Scarf Holders, Men's G rtters and Armlets, Black Alpaca Coats, Linen Coats, White and Fancy Vests, Boots and Shoes, House Slippers, Tennis Shoes, Lacrosse Shoes, Trunks and Valises, and almost everything imaginable in Men's Furnishings. See our windows. Men's Neckwear at all Prices. We have just made another large deal in Men's Neckties, and are selling them away down at rock-bottom prices. Give us a call, we will try our level best to suit you all and give you good value for your money. John Allan, Men's Hatter and Out-fitter, 659, 661, 663 and 665 Craig streets Montreal.

The Mystery Explained.

Hawkins always speaks so tenderly of his mother-in-law. It's a pleasure to hear him refer to him as an angel.  
 Do you suppose he means it?  
 Oh, yes. She's been dead seven years.

The Reason Why He Married Her.

No, sir, Jeff Nesbitt; ye don't a-courtin' me an' a goin' weth Sal Tranuitt, too. Hit stops er weuns stops. That's the word weth the bark onter it.  
 Who keers, Sairy Haukinson? No woman dikates whut I does nor whut I don't. Ef yer wants ter saw off, saw off.  
 He took the ring she handed him as if it were a snake, walked to the creek bank in the moonlight and dashed it into the muddy waters with an angry fling. Three months later Samantha Trunnitt and he repeated virtually the same scene for virtually the same reasons. Again to the creek bank he strode and again in anger a ring hissed into the troubled waters. Again, some three months later, on Keziah Atwood's account, another ring was whirled into the yellow waves.  
 Then he married Pinky Hirst.  
 They sat by the open fireplace. He chewed. She smoked her pipe and cuffed the dog from the warm corners.  
 Jeff, she finally remarked, after a long silence, hit's a drefful time sence ye war kisin' me.  
 Humph!  
 Jeff, ye hain't sot up close sence ye axed me.  
 Humph!  
 Jeff, ye hain't oncet called me your hinky pinky sence you courted me.  
 Humph!  
 Jeff Nesbitt, ye don't love me like ye used ter.  
 Humph!  
 Jeff'son Wash'ton Nesbitt, ye hain't er lovin' me at all.  
 R-r-r-i-i-g-h-t!  
 Her face fell still further, and her pipe went out with as deep emotion as a Cross Fork woman ever shows after her spanking days are past.  
 Jeff, she faintly asked, did ye marry me cuz I wer pooty?  
 Hain't blind.  
 Jeff, still more faintly, did ye merry me fer whut I bring yer?  
 Hain't outtin' down big trees fer little oons.  
 Jeff, very faintly, did ye merry me er count er Sal?  
 Nope—dern Sal!  
 Er Sairy?  
 Nope—dern Sairy!  
 Er Kezi?  
 Nope—likewise dern!  
 A long silence. Pinky relit her pipe, kicked the hound, smelt a bit of bacon to see if it had soured, gained courage and forced the war.  
 Jeff, ef ye didn't a-marry me for love, er fer looks, er fer whut I hed, er fer them air gawt'trowin' ye over; whut the gashnashun did ye merry me fer, nohow?  
 I merried ye cuz I wer tired er feedin' all ther dern mudcats in Cross Forks on rings thet's whut.

Secrets of the Bargain Counter.

A salesman for one of the large auction houses, who knows intimately the leading bargain house managers:  
 I happened into an up-town establishment the other day and was being shown some of the special bargains offered to the public. Among other things was a considerable quantity of black gros grain silk whose retail price would have been not less than \$1.50 a yard and which was being sold over the counter at 65 cents. It was cut up into patterns of twenty yards each, and no more than one pattern was sold to any purchaser. The writer noticed among the shoppers who stood about the counter a number of young women whom he knew belonged in another place further down the street.  
 A little later I dropped in on a friend at the rival establishment and mentioned the fact that I had seen some of his girl clerks buying at the other place, and commented on the fact that they must be paid pretty fair salaries to enable them to sport gros grain silk dresses. The friend winked in an expressive way and remarked, as he led the way to the rear of the store: "We know our business." Then he pointed out a stock of gros grain silk which was being rapidly increased by young women, each of whom brought in a package which was carefully unrolled and added to the pile. A salesman was busily engaged preparing a placard which read:  
 As advertised, 75 cents a yard.  
 Worth \$2.  
 You see how nice and easy it is, said my acquaintance. Blank & Co. advertise a specially and we send our girls down there, buy all they can get hold of at their price, put it into our stock and sell it at an advance of about 15 per cent.  
 Great scheme. Do you work it often?  
 Oh, yes; we work it right along and I suppose the other fellows work us. We shall advertise this lot of silks in the papers to-morrow and make a great spread on it. They may come and buy it back from us to use in some future sale at another advance, but there is a profit in it for us and we find the same tactics in all lines, whether it be silks, underclothing, notions or sundries, pay us very well.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Of the 1,900 policemen in Chicago, 1,550 are Irishmen.  
 The United States has 670,000,000 gold coins, and only 411,000,000 are in circulation.  
 Two acres of land adjacent to the London houses of Parliament have been advertised for sale at \$1,000,000.  
 The bullet which killed Lord Nelson at Trafalgar is one of the treasured exhibits of the London Naval exhibition.  
 The people of this country use three times as much writing paper as those of any other nation in proportion to their number.  
 Another universal language after Valapuk has been invented in Chili by a navy surgeon. It is entitled "La Lengua Catolipa."  
 Macon, Ga., has a ten year old stenographer and typewriter who has started in business for herself in a prominent hotel of that town.  
 After a recent rainstorm at Folsom, Cal., gold nuggets were picked up in the streets. A lucky boy found one that he sold for nine dollars.  
 An Irish American in Newark, N.J., was let off from punishment in court recently for thrashing a foreigner who disputed his assertion that the United States was the best country on earth.  
 The bell ringers of English churches held a convention recently, the seventy delegates representing 12,000 members of the profession. They discussed methods of alleviating the horrors of harsh sounding bells.  
 The island of Hawaii, the largest in the Sandwich group, is constantly increasing in size, owing to the ever flowing streams of lava, which run out to the sea and flow over and make the shores of the island overhang the main stem of the formation.  
 It is not generally known that the late Marshal von Moltke's wife was an English woman, his sister's stepdaughter. He was many years her senior, but the marriage was extremely happy, and her death was a terrible blow to him. He built a mausoleum for her on his Silesian estate and was devoted to her memory.  
 Here is a new industry for women. Miss Constance Blaydes, an English girl, who has been raising goats for the last seven years and carrying off all the medals and blue ribbons in the New British Goat Society, recommends goat raising as a pleasant and profitable occupation.

His Suspicions Were Aroused.

Filkins was in this morning, said the clerk as the real estate man entered his office.  
 Did he make his usual payment?  
 He paid the interest on the mortgage. Anything on the principal?  
 No; he let that go this time.  
 Well, said the real estate man reflectively, he's a good man, and we can afford to be easy with him as long as he pays the interest promptly.  
 Yes, sir; and he wants to get rid of the entire mortgage, sir.  
 He what?  
 The real estate man turned sharply on his clerk.  
 He—he wants to get rid of the entire mortgage, sir. He said he was tired of carrying it and asked me to figure out the entire amount of principal and interest and have it ready for him the next time he called.  
 He did?  
 Yes, sir.  
 Talked of paying off the whole thing in a lump?  
 Yes, sir.  
 Write him a letter and tell him if he lets the interest go over one day next month we'll foreclose the mortgage. He's getting ready to stand us off.

Women Lawyers.

The pioneer woman lawyer of America, Arabella A. Mansfield, was admitted to the bar in 1869. Ten years later women were permitted by statute to practice before the United States Supreme Court, and there are seven women who have been admitted in Washington. Mrs. Myra Bradnell edits the Chicago Legal News and Catherine V. White the Law Times. Bessie Helmer has compiled, unaided, ten volumes of Bradwell's Appellate Court Reports. In a single decade the number of women lawyers increased from one to 75.—Exchange.

Made Some Difference.

Yes, she murmured, I loved him. He was not worthy of me, but I felt I could not give him up. So my parents took me across the ocean.  
 Did that make any difference in your feelings?  
 Yes. The second day out I felt as if I could give up everything.  
 And she changed the subject.

The Use of the Curtain.

As the curtain slowly descended between the acts he said: I don't see why they call that a drop curtain. It don't drop, it just rolls down.  
 Ah, yes! she returned, but you see it's a signal for the men to go out and take a drop of something.

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