

"I NEVER KNEWED."

Old Billy B. was a pious man,
And Heaven was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course, he'd save his soul.
But even in this, he used to say,
"One can't too careful be!"
And he sung with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the "means of grace" he had to own
Required good, hard-earned gold,
And he took ten pews, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He's a noble man," the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B."
And Billy smiled as he sublet nine,
And got his own pew free.

In class meeting next, old Billy told
How Heaven had gracious been,
Yea, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I've buildin' a barn on my river farm—
All I then had," he said,
"I'd run out o' boards, an' was feedin' hands
On nothin' but corn breed."

"I'll tell ye bretherin, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and cash,
And thought I'd died when the banks then
bust,
And flooded all my mash.
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift."

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever sees.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who'd been good
to me,
And I'm doin' of it still."

A shrill-voiced sister cried, "bless the
Lord,"
The whole class cried, "Amen,"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In thoughtful way, and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:
"Bretherin, I never knowed."

—Wm. T. Croasdale.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

If you cannot lick a man be lenient with
his faults.

The kind of paper for a sneezing man—
tissue paper.

The promising young man, says Peter, is
always in debt.

Money is always farther from our reach
when it is close.

Clothes do not make a man, yet many a
man owes a good deal to his tailor.

Fine clothes are more powerful in bring-
ing some people out to church than a love
of religion.

A Dublin doctor recently sent in a bill
which ran thus: To curing your husband
till he died.

A Great Go—How does your new errand
boy go, Johnston? The long way, appar-
ently, every time.

Never expect a man to pin his faith to a
friend; he should nail it. It is only women
who can pin things, they say.

Do Fairs Pay? is the subject of an article
in a religious paper. No, they don't pay,
they make the chap with the girl pay.

What is a fitting token of married love?
A wedding ring. It has no end, and it also
has no beginning. It is absolutely without
variety, and it is much easier to put on than
take off.

What have you learned to-day, Willie?
said the fond mother when her first born re-
turned from his first day at school. I
learned the difference between a horridicular
and a peripzontal line.

Miss Breezy—I was born in Dakota in
the winter time, when the snow was ten
feet deep and there was a blizzard raging.
Mr. Rumtum—Then it evidently was a cold
day when you got left.

The hand that rocks the cradle is wield-
ing its influence for the suppression of dram
drinking, but it is a case of rock and rye
wherein the ingredients are in opposition
instead of combination.

Sympathetic Lodger (to tired maid-of-all
work)—You have to work pretty hard, don't
you, Mary Jane? Yes, sor, but it'll be
aysier soon. They've got another lady to
help me with the scrubbin'.

In Germany teachers are very poorly
paid. At a teacher's festival somebody
proposed the toast—Long live our school
teachers! What on? asked a cadaverous
specimen, rising in his seat.

Doctor—You are overworked. You must
stop it. Patient—I am so accustomed to
work that I can't stop. Doctor—Then get
a position as a city laborer and work on the
public streets. You must have rest.

Have you no home? asked Justice Kil-
breth. Heaven is my home, replied the
Salvationist. Well, remarked his honor, as
he gave him ten days, that shows one of the
disadvantages of living in the suburbs.

American Boy—Pop, we're taking up po-
litical economy in our school now. Pop (a
local statesman)—That's all right, my boy,
but it's no use. All the book learnin' in th'
country will never git votes in our neighbor-
hood down to less'n two dollars.

Caught on the Fly.

John, you have been drinking!
It was not yet eleven o'clock, but there
was something in the blundering way in
which he had bumped against things com-
ing through the front hall that aroused her
suspicious.

You're mistaken, Em'ly, said Mr. Out-
layte, of Harlem, steadying himself and dis-
covering just in time that the ornament on
which he was about to hang his hat was
only a figure in the wall paper. I'm per-
fectly sober, Em'ly. Haven't drunk a drop.

John, she said, look me squarely in the
eye and repeat the names of the Democratic
nominees for President and Vice President.
Clevenson and Steveland! exclaimed Mr.
Outlayte triumphantly.

Ah, I thought so.
Anybody who can't say Steveland and
Clevenson, continued Mr. Outlayte, raising
his voice; I say, madam, anybody that
can't pronounce the name of Cle—Ste—
Clevstvand and Steeson—and I don't care a
gosh ding what their names are! I wish
you'd stand t' one side. I'm going t' bed.

And Mr. Outlayte, now reckless and
wholly demoralized, fell up the stairway one
step at a time and disappeared in the dark-
some void.

Signs that her Husband was Failing

You are not so strong as you used to be,
John, said a fond wife to her husband. I
think it is about time you were getting some
insurance on your life.

Insurance on my life! What are you
talking about? I am as healthy as ever I
was. Insurance, indeed!

Well, dear, I only mentioned it, you
know, out of respect for yourself. I thought
you were failing.

And what in the world put it into your
head that I am failing? Me failing? Why,
I am as strong as a horse, and can run up
three flights of stairs without taking a
breath.

Well, that may be so; but I am afraid
you are deceiving yourself.

Deceiving myself! Goodness, gracious,
woman, what do you mean?

Don't be so impatient. What makes me
think you are failing is this: When you
were courting me you could hold me on
your knee three hours; now you cannot
hold the baby on your lap three minutes.

Only One Breed Under Certain Circumstances.

If I understand you, said the lawyer to
the man who called to consult him, your
cow was thrown from the track at a street
crossing by a locomotive on the X, Y. and
Z. road, and you want to bring suit against
the company for damages.

Yes, that's right.

The lawyer made a memorandum.

Valuable animal, I presume?

Purty good cow. Hadn't no bad tricks.

Good milker.

What breed?

I don't know.

You don't know. Was she badly injured?

Badly injured? Why, she was killed

deader'n a mackerel!

And buried?

Course.

Why didn't you say so? exclaimed the

attorney, impatiently. There's only one

breed of cattle in cases of this kind.

And he made another memorandum.

Breed, Jersey. Value, \$150.

The Devil Was Just Like the Rest of Irish Landlords.

There are many spots in Ireland to which
are attached legends in which his Satanic
Majesty plays a prominent part, such as the
Devil's Gap, the Devil's Bowl and many
others.

A good story is told of an Irishman's wit
in this connection. One day an English
tourist was being shown the sights by a
guide whom we will call Dennis.

The Gap and the Bowl had been viewed
and, moving away, the tourist remarked:

What an amount of land the devil pos-
sesses in Ireland! He must be a very im-
portant personage in your country.

Wisha, then, said Dennis, an' yer honor's
right; but, like the rest iv the landlords,
he's an absentee.

He Would Starve on Souls Like His.

A clergyman whose salary had not been
paid for several months told the trustees
that he must have his money, as his family
were suffering for the necessities of life.

Money! exclaimed one of the trustees,
noted for his stinginess, money! Do you
preach for money? I thought you preached
for the good of souls!

The minister replied: So I do, but I can't
eat souls. And if I could, it would take a
thousand such as yours to make a meal.

The naked truth may do well enough in
other cities, but it is the "undraped actual-
ity" in Boston, if you please.

She—But, George, dear, do you think you
can support me on ten dollars a week? He
—Think, darling? I know it. There's a
place down town where we can get twenty
one meal tickets for two dollars and a half.

LAND, MONEY AND TRANSPORTATION.

(C. S. White in the American Nonconformist)

There are three things that we much need
To make a happy nation,
'Tis money plenty with free land
And proper transportation;
Now don't you think that these three things
Take in the situation,
It is so plain doth seem to me
It needs no explanation.

LAND.

God gave us all the light and air
And we may freely use them,
All nature's gifts should be the same
But human greed abuse them.

The air we breathe is really ours
So long as we retain it,
But when we send it out again
No right have we to claim it.

And just the same the land is yours
While you occupy and use it,
But if you let it vacant stand
'Tis right that you should loose it.

The land was made for people's use
And man was put upon it,
We have no right to buy or sell
And surely less to pawn it.

Occupancy should be your deed
And use your only title,
This simple law so right and just
Has no need of recital.

MONEY.

Money, like our blood, is life;
By contracting circulation
You kill the power of the man
And business of the nation.

But give us money, plenty, cheap,
'Twill set the idle working,
Feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
And leave no need of shirking.

We have eight dollars tax to pay
With five in circulation,
This policy 'tis plain to see
Would bankrupt any nation.

So give us money, all we need,
Then nothing can oppose us,
And we will make the arid plain
To blossom like the roses.

TRANSPORTATION.

The transportation of the day
It really is one sided,
They gather in the nation's wealth
And it never gets divided.

The farmers of the world we know
Raise food for all creation,
But they are poor, for they must pay
So much for transportation.

You send a full car load of grain
Way to the eastern market,
And after paying freight on it
Why you are out of pocket.

But if the people only owned
The railroads and the steamers,
There wouldn't be one-half the chance
For shysters wily schemers.

For all the government would want
Is cost of carriage meeting,
Then Western plains and Eastern hills
Would join in friendly greeting.

We may be pleased with Nature's laws
And smile on her creation,
But what we need the most to-day
Is better legislation.

Machines and Men.

A writer in one of our exchanges, says the
Manufacturer's Gazette, bewails the decay
of mechanical skill in the following words:

"The decrease of manual skill and ar-
tistic sense among mechanical workmen re-
sults not merely from want of such all
around practice as they got half a century
ago, but from a want of that sort of loving
interest in their work the old timers used to
feel, when they could put something out of
their individuality into everything that they
made. Nowadays the workman has to
simply work out a design—or rather to run
a machine to work out some part of a design
—prepared by some artist whom he does not
know and never has seen. The general re-
sult may be beautiful when the different
parts are assembled, but the workman feels
that he has no personal share in the pro-
duction of its beauty. He has become a
regulator of a machine; he simply sharpens
tools, adjusts them, keeps his machine oiled,
and puts into it the material to be worked
upon. All the precision, the nicety of
operation are due to the inanimate rather
than to the living tool. What interest can
such work beget? What lofty ambition can
it stimulate? What workman when the
bell rings the time to quit work feels reluc-
tant to leave his task, or lingers over it to
bring out some beautiful effect or interest-
ing combination that he feels he must see
before he can part contentedly? If machines
were invented to play billiards, and only by
their use could this kind of games be played,
how long would the game be a favorite? If
violins could be performed upon only by
automatic mechanism, or pictures painted
only by machine-actuated self-charging
brushes, who would be charmed any longer
by art? Neither the artist nor the dilettante;
the artist and the dilettante would
cease to exist. So, while we have gained
much from the enormous increase in labor
saving machinery that has characterized the
latter half of the present century, we have
lost what probably will not soon be restored,
the love of work and pride in work for its

own sake, the love and pride that were the
parents of mechanical skill, skill which,
now they are dead, is itself decaying. The
loss appears inevitable to those who scan
the social horizon philosophically; it is,
however, no loss to be regretted because un-
avoidable.

"This tendency of labor saving machines
was many years ago pointed out by Ruskin,
who, in the light of fulfillment of his pre-
diction, proved only too true a prophet. It
is this effect upon the masses, more than
unequal distribution of wealth, that is
separating society in America into distinct
classes."

THE CHARM OF A VOICE.

I remember, said a well known writer,
the first 'queen of society' that I met.
She was a Scotch woman who married an
American while he was in Europe. Rumors
came before her to his home of her bril-
liant success in London society and in the
Austrian court, where her brother held a
diplomatic position; and when she arrived
with her husband the society of the little
city where he lived was soon at her feet.

I was a child of 12, visiting in a country
house near the town.

One morning someone said, "There
comes Madam L." I ran to the window to
see coming through the trees a stout,
freckled, red-haired woman without a single
agreeable feature in her face.

I was amazed and disgusted. But when
she came in and talked to me I sat breath-
less under a charm never felt in my life be-
fore. I was her slave from that moment.
Her fascination was wholly in her voice. It
was low, clear, musical. The woman's
nature was expressed in it—unpretentious,
keenly sympathetic, but, above all, genuine.
It was her one power, but it was irresistible.

The charm of a sincere, sweet voice never
fails to influence us, though we are often
unconscious as to what it is that has touch-
ed us. Madame Daintenon is said to have
maintained her power over Louis XIV, when
she was old and ugly by her strong sense
and exquisite voice.

It is strange that while young people are
so careful to improve every advantage which
nature has given them to make themselves
attractive, they neglect this, probably the
most wonderful of all. Voices, it is true,
differ naturally in sweetness and range of
tone, but they may be trained as thoroughly
in speaking as in singing. The first aim
should be to rid the voice of all affectation.
It may be hopelessly harsh and unmusical;
but it can always be made clear and natural;
your own, not a flapping imitation of that of
some other person.

Be careful, too, to speak from the throat
and not through the nose. A throat-voice
is easily controlled and subdued to the quiet
distinct tones used by well-bred people.—
Philadelphia Press.

Trouble in the St. Clair Tunnel.

Great trouble is being experienced in ven-
tilating the St. Clair tunnel, which was
opened last year. Owing to the steep
grades very heavy engines are used for
working the tunnel section, and such quan-
tities of smoke comes from these engines
that it is difficult to get men who are wil-
ling to run them. It is now proposed fit-
ting smoke consumers to the engines with a
view of mitigating the nuisance.—New York
Times.

John Swinton, the great labor editor and
agitator, advises the prohibition party to
swing in with the people's party.

Jack—So you are going to marry Tom
Chapman, Edith? Edith—Yes. What do
you think of me for accepting a man who is
forty years old? Ethel—I think you are
very wise. When two people of nearly the
same age marry they are generally very
happy.

Republican Editor—I have just finished
an important article on the wonderful in-
crease of prosperity since the McKinley bill,
and I want you to get it in to-night. Fore-
man—Very sorry, sir; but I can't. Why
not? The printers have struck against a
reduction of wages.

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