

THE MOAN OF LABOR.

We delve in the mine so deep
For coal we must not burn;
We work on the hill so steep,
But others take what we earn.

We till the prairies so wide,
But the mortgage eats the grain;
We toil on the rolling tide,
But not for us is the gain.

The soft, fleecy wool we spin,
And weave fabrics rich and rare;
But our clothes are old and thin,
Our work is not for our wear.

We fashion with cunning skill
The great wheels that grind the grain;
But wearily leave the mill
Faint and weak with hunger's pain.

We delve, we slave and we toil
In mine, factory and shop;
But all in vain is our toil,
For the wealth to us comes not,

Alas! we hunger and freeze,
And labor with heavy pain,
That others may live at ease
And reap from our work the gain.

Oh! ye who wear the crown,
And pack the heavy load
That grinds the laborer down,
Beware how far ye goad!

Our blood is pale and thinning,
And our nails grow strong and fast,
From hunger's bitter pinching,
And our patience may not last.

Beware lest the slave ye spurn
And trample in dust to-day,
Driven by hunger, shall turn
In wrath, and the master slay.

—Mrs. M. T. Hancock.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A good material for a baby that cannot walk—crepon.

Many a woman who cannot drive a nail or a horse can drive a man.

A row of pins amounts to a great deal to the man who sits down on them.

Jason says there is only one man who can beat a lawyer lying about a suit, and that's a tailor.

The sphere of woman may indeed be boundless, but she has to stop when she comes to a barbed wire fence.

Somebody asked the four-year-old son of a friend what he would do if his father died. Why, said the youngster, I'd wear my new boots to the funeral.

There are a good many creeds said the philosopher, but there is only one way to heaven. Right, said the dairyman, and that's the milky way.

Woman of the world to youthful admirer—You seem to know a great deal of married life. Are you married? Smith (with a blase air)—No; but my father is.

Mr. Mixup (to his son at a concert during the performance of a duet)—D'ye see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time so as to get home sooner.

Mrs. Youngwife (at breakfast)—There is no bread on the table, Nora. Nora—Sure there's none in the house. Mrs. Youngwife (severely)—Then make some toast.

Miss Droop—Why, I wonder what is the matter with my eyes. Do they seem to you to have a filmy appearance? Mr. Swiftleigh—Just about as usual, my dear. They fill me with rapture.

My honor is at stake! exclaimed a notorious political heeler to the editor of the Uptown Advocate he was trying to work. It's blamed rough on the stake, replied the editor, and the interview was at an end.

Jail Official—Oh, dear, no! You can't see the man in that cell. He must not be disturbed. Visitor—Why not? Jail Official (in an awe struck whisper)—He's charged with embezzling a million dollars.

Did you take much pressing before you accepted Jack? asked one young lady of her friend, who had just got engaged. Oh, a lot. And then Jack is so strong, you know. He nearly squeezed all the breath out of my body.

The Maiden—Of course I like you, Fred, but I hardly know what to say. Papa objects. The Youth—He's a good Democrat, isn't he? Yes, he's always been a Democrat. Then, it's all right. You and I are for. He's against. We've got the necessary two-thirds majority, and it goes. He'll kick, Lucy, but he'll come in.

Robber Rockefeller's donation calls out a good story from the Midland Mechanic:—Rockefeller's donation of \$1,000,000 to the Chicago University "as a thanks offering to Almighty God for Rockefeller's restoration to health" makes us feel like the old Scotch deacon did at the meeting called to raise money to repair the church. An exceedingly closefisted old fellow gave ten pounds and just as his subscription was announced a piece of plastering fell from the ceiling, striking him on the head, whereupon he called out: "Make it twenty pounds." The preacher was astonished at the exhibition of liberality and shouted: "Oh, Lord, hit him again."

He Got His Receipt.

What are you waiting for? said one of our local lawyers the other day to an Indian who paid him money. Receipt, said the Indian. A receipt, said the lawyer, a receipt! What do you know about a receipt? Can you understand the nature of a receipt? Tell me the nature of one and I will give it to you.

S'pose mabe me die; me go to heben; me find the gate locked; me see 'Postle Peter; he say, Jim, what you want? Me say, Want to get in. You pay A. that money? What me do? I hab no receipt; hab to hunt all over hell to find you.

He got his receipt.

Not Particular.

Any situation vacant on this paper? asked the caller, a slender, wiry pilgrim with an intellectual face and a wilted collar.

What kind of situation? said the editor. Heavy editorial. None vacant. Literary criticism—any chance in that department? No, sir. I can write intelligently on art. Do you need an art critic? I am sorry to say I have no vacancy in that department either. The caller hesitated a moment and then rose with dignity. I have had considerable experience, he said, in other branches of newspaper work. Do you need a man to clean the presses?

The Minister Got His Glass.

A temperance minister, who was very particular about his toilet, went to preach one Sunday for a brother minister in a parish church in Kinross-shire, Scotland. On entering the vestry he looked around in search of a mirror to see that his toilet was right before entering the pulpit, but failing to find one, he said to the beadle: John, can I not have a glass before entering the pulpit? Certainly, sir, replied John. Jist bide awee, and I'll get ane for ye immediately, and he left the vestry at once. On his return the minister said: Well, John, have you succeeded? Yes, sir, replied John; I've brocht a gill. That'll be a glass for the forenoon and another for the afternoon.

Almost a Native.

Are you a native of this parish? asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling. Maistly, yer honor, was the reply. I mean, were you born in this parish? Na, yer honor. I wasna born in this parish; but I'm maist a native, for a' that. You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean, said the sheriff. No, sir; I'm jist here about sax year noo. Then how do you come to be nearly a native of the parish? Weel, ye see, when I cam' here, sax year sin', I jist weighed eight stane, and I'm seventeen stane noo, sse ye see that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish an' the ither eight comes from Camlachie.

The Man Who Lost and Found Himself.

Dinkelspiel was so absent minded that he was forced to write on a slip of paper the position of his clothing on retiring, so that he could find it again in the morning. One night he made out his slip as usual in this style: Shoes on floor, trousers, etc., and finally Dinkelspiel in bed. On arising he found everything just where he had placed it, until he came to the bed. Horrors! it was empty. A strange fear overpowered the man. Had he been kidnapped during the night? It was evident, since he was no longer in the bed. Hastily stirring himself, he ran to the police headquarters to give the alarm. Dinkelspiel was missing and must be found. Terror at his awful fate completely unnerved him. He tottered home and went to bed, a prey to high fever. When the police arrived at the house to look up a clew they found Dinkelspiel in bed. The poor man's joy at being recovered can more easily be imagined than described.

The efforts now being made in several localities by the bakers' organizations to secure the privilege of working in the day instead of at night should receive the earnest support of organized labor, for they have suffered from most unjust conditions and persecutions of employers. Night work deprives them of the happiness and pleasures of their home circle, makes them, indeed, almost strangers to their own children.—The Brassworker.

The eight hour move is gradually becoming a law, and it is only a question of time when it will be universal in America. Keep on agitating. It is coming slowly but surely. Soon labor organizations will score another grand and glorious victory that our lives may be of more pleasure to our loved ones, to ourselves and our God.—Midland Mechanic.

A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

Two men—one young, the other about fifty—sat on the veranda of a small bungalow. It was after breakfast. They lay back in bamboo chairs, each with a cigar. It looked as if they were resting. In reality they were talking business, and that very seriously.

"Yes, sir," said the elder man, with something of an American accent, "I have somehow taken a fancy to this place. The situation is healthful." "Well, I don't know. I've had more than one touch of fever here."

"The climate is lovely."

"Except in the rains."

"The soil is fertile."

"I've dropped five thousand in it, and they haven't come up yet."

"They will. I have been around the estate and I see money in it. Well, Sir, here's my offer: five thousand down, hard cash, as soon as the papers are signed."

Reginald sat up. He was on the point of accepting the proposal when a pony stopped at the house and the rider, a native groom, jumped off and gave him a note. He opened and read it. It was from his nearest neighbor, only two or three miles away.

"Don't sell that man your estate. Gold has been found. The whole country is full of gold. Hold on. He's an assayer. If he offers to buy, be quite sure that he has found gold on your land."

F. G.

He put the note into his pocket, gave a verbal message to the boy, and turned to his guest without betraying the least astonishment or emotion.

"I beg your pardon. The note was from Bellamy, my next neighbor. Well, you were saying?"

"Only that I have taken a fancy—perhaps a foolish fancy—to this place of yours, and I will give you all that you have spent upon it, if you like."

"Well," he replied reflectively, but with a little twinkle in his eye, "that seems handsome. But the place isn't really worth half of what I have spent upon it. Anybody would tell you that. Come, let us be honest, whatever we are. I'll tell you a better way. We will put the matter into Bellamy's hands. He knows what a coffee plantation is worth. He shall name a price, and if we can agree upon that, we will make a deal of it."

The other man changed color. He wanted to settle the thing at once, as between gentlemen. What need of a third party?

But Reginald stood firm, and he presently rode away, quite sure that in a day or two this planter too would have heard the news.

A month later the young planter stood on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. In his pocketbook was a plan of his auriferous estate, in a bag hanging around his neck was a collection of yellow nuggets; in his boxes was a chosen assortment of quartz.

"Well, sir," said the financier, "you have brought this thing to me. You want my advice. Well, my advice is, don't fool away the only good thing that will ever happen to you. Luck such as this does not come more than once in a lifetime."

"I have been offered ten thousand pounds for my estate."

"Oh! Have you? Ten thousand? That was very liberal—a very liberal, indeed. Ten thousand for a gold reef?"

"But I thought as an old friend of my father you would, perhaps—"

"Young man, don't fool it away. He's waiting for you, I suppose, round the corner, with a bottle of fizz ready to close?"

"He is."

"Well, go and drink his champagne. Always get whatever you can. And then tell him that you'll see him—"

"I certainly will, sir, if you advise it. And then?"

"And then leave it to me. And, young man, I think I heard, a year or two ago, something about you and my girl Rosie."

"There was something, not enough to trouble you about it."

"She told me: Rosie tells me all her love affairs."

"Is she—is she unmarried?"

"Oh, yes, and for the moment I believe she is free. She has had one or two engagements, but somehow, they have come to nothing. There was the French count, but that was knocked on the head very early in consequence of things discovered. And there was the boom in Guano, but he fortunately smashed, much to Rosie's joy, because she never liked him. The last was Lord Evergreen. He was a nice old chap when you could understand what he said, and Rosie would have liked the title very much, though his grandchildren opposed the thing. Well, sir, I suppose you couldn't understand the trouble we took to keep that old man alive for his own wedding. Science did all it could, but it was of no use. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. He died, sir, the day before." And the financier sighed.

"That was very sad."

"A dashing of the cup from the lip, sir. My daughter would have been a countess. Well, young gentleman, about this estate of

yours. I think I see a way—I think, I am not yet sure—that I do see a way. Go now. See this liberal gentleman and drink his champagne. Come here in a week. Then, if I still see my way, you shall understand what it means to hold the position in the city which is mine."

"And may I call upon Rosie?"

"Not till this day week, not till I have made my way plain."

"And so it means this. Oh, Rosie, you look lovelier than ever, and I'm as happy as a king. It means this. Your father is the greatest genius in the world. He buys my property for sixty thousand pounds. That's over two thousand a year for me, and he makes a company out of it with one hundred and fifty thousand pounds capital. He says that, taking ten thousand out of it for expenses, there will be a profit of eighty thousand pounds. All that he gives to you—eighty thousand, that's three thousand a year for you; and sixty thousand, that's two thousand more, my dearest Rosie. You remember what you said, that when you married you should step out of one room like this into another just as good?"

"Oh, Reggie," she sank upon his bosom, "you know I could never love anybody but you. It's true I was engaged to old Lord Evergreen, but that was only because he had one foot, you know—and when the other foot went in, too, just a day too soon, I actually laughed. So the pater is going to make a company of it, is he? Well, I hope he won't put any of his own money into it, I'm sure, because of late all the companies have turned out so badly."

"But, my child, the place is full of gold."

"Then why did he turn it into a company, my dear boy? And why didn't he make you stick to it? But you know nothing of the city. Now, let us sit down and talk about what we shall do—don't, you ridiculous boy."

Another house just like the first. The bride stepped out of one palace into another. With their five or six thousand a year the young couple could just manage to make both ends meet. The husband was devoted, the wife had everything that she could wish. Who could be happier than this pair in a nest so luxurious, their life so padded, their days so full of sunshine?

It was a year after marriage. The wife, contrary to the usual custom was the first at breakfast. A few letters were waiting for her—chiefly invitations.

She opened and read them. Among them lay one addressed to her husband. Not looking at the address, she opened and read this as well:

"DEAR REGINALD—I venture to address you as an old friend of your own and school-fellow of your mother's. I am a widow with four children. My husband was the vicar of your old parish—you remember him and me."

"I was left with a little income of about two hundred pounds a year. Twelve months ago I was persuaded, in order to double my income—a thing that seemed certain from the prospectus—to invest everything in a new and rich gold mine. Everything—and the mine has never paid anything. The company—it is called the Rynard Gold Reef company—is in liquidation because, though there is really the gold there, it costs too much to get it."

"I have no relatives anywhere to help me. Unless I can get assistance my children and I must go at once—to-morrow—into the work-house. Yes, we are paupers. I am ruined by the cruel lies of that prospectus and the wickedness which deluded me, and I know not how many others, out of my money. I have been foolish, and I am punished, but those people, who will punish them! Help me, if you can, my dear Reginald. Oh, for God's sake, help my children and me! Help your mother's friend, your own old friend."

"This," said Rosie, meditatively, "is exactly the kind of thing to make Reggie uncomfortable. Why, in might make him unhappy all day. Better burn it."

She dropped the letter into the fire.

"He's an impulsive, emotional nature, and he doesn't understand the city," she continued to muse. "If people are so foolish. What a lot of fibs the poor old pater does tell, to be

sure. He's a regular novelist. Oh, here you are, you lazy boy!"

"Kiss me, Rosie." He looked as handsome as Apollo, and as cheerful. "I wish all the world was as happy as you and me. Heigho! Some poor devils, I'm afraid—"

"Tea or coffee, Reg?"

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