

THE LANDLORD'S THANKSGIVING.

The following poem, by G. W. Crois, published in the Woman's Standard, was not originally entitled as above, but that title best fits the theme:

"Give thanks," says the bee;
"For the blossoms and flowers
And the bright sunny hours
Of summer that's past,
While the biting winds blow
Over mountains of snow
My honey will last."

"Give thanks," says the lark,
"I have warbled my song
While the days have been long
And skies have been blue,
And I have notriahed my brood
In the deep tangled wood
Where love is so true."

"Give thanks, says the earth,
"For the silver and gold
And the harvests untold
And all that is dear.
For the morning and night
And the day with its light
My bosom to cheer."

"Give thanks," says the heart,
"For the beautiful earth
With its objects of worth
For lark and for bee,
By my Father in Heaven
Were these blessings all given
And all are for me."

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Nothing so vividly reminds us of the brevity of life as a thirty-day note.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, tell me who first discovered whalebones? Tommy—Jonah.

Jack—I'm in an awful dilemma. Dick—Engaged to two girls, I suppose. No; to one.

Now, Johnny, said papa, who was Adam? He was the man who discovered the world, said Johnny.

If you want to get a dream out of a wedding cake put it in your stomach instead of under your head.

A tombstone is about the only place where the average man doesn't really care to have his name in print.

Suppose the world were a loaf of bread, and you owned it? I should devote the inside to charity and live on the crust.

Here's my picture, Alice, taken last week, said Helen. Isn't it good? Very nice, indeed, said Alice; but how you've changed.

Doctor, said Mrs. Worrit, is it really true that many people are buried alive? None of my patients ever are, replied Dr. Graves.

"Oh give me light and strength to bear
My portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race."

Irate Customer—Look here, Einstein, when I bought this suit of you, you guaranteed satisfaction. Einstein—Vell, vot's de madder of you? I vos satisfied.

When we are poor we always have very clear ideas of the duty of the rich; but when we gain money, we are experts in the science of showing the poor how to behave.

Yes, it looks like him. So he is on the Yale Faculty this year. Isn't that a great honor for so young a man? Yes, indeed! It's the next thing to being on the football team.

Gay lachelor—Do you think there's anything in the theory that married men live longer than unmarried ones? Henpecked Friend (wearily)—Oh, I don't know—seems longer.

I know what I'm going to give pa this Christmas, said Arabella. What, my dear? asked her mother. A nice woolen comforter. It will be so nice to wear when Ned comes to take me tobogganing.

My dear, will you please explain how your new cloak came to be set down among the household expenses? Why, darling, you are certainly not going to deny that it is a mantelpiece; and you know you told me to get one.

You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie, said the minister to his little son. I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon. I was stiller'n you were, papa, answered Charlie. You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through church.

Why don't you go to work instead of leading the life of a tramp? Are you lazy, she asked. Madam, if you had ever been a tramp, he replied, you wouldn't ask that question. There is no harder work in the world than tramping, and, what's worse, there's no money in it.

His Last Request.

I'd like to ask just one small favor, said Erysipelas Jake, before I'm swung off.

Well, what is it? growled the leader of the vigilance committee.
I wish you'd stand me on a whisky bar'l 'stead of this flour bar'l. I'd like to die as a Kentuckian and a gentleman, seein' as I've got to go.

A True Illustration.

An amusing incident told by Mr. McGuire in a recent labor speech was as follows: The boss butchers of one of the large cities resolved to sell only meat butchered by Union butchers, and placed signs in their meat stores which read: None but Union meat sold here.

A non-union man who lived near one of these stores sent his wife to buy a sheep's head. The butcher wrapped up a sheep's head and handed it her. Seeing the Union sign she said:

I don't want a Union sheep's head. I want a Non-Union sheep's head.

The butcher took the sheep's head, unwrapped it, chopped it in two, scooped out the brains, wrapped it up again, and handing it back to her, said:

Here's a Non-Union sheep's head.

Dorothy's Music.

Mamma thinks Dorothy's musical taste needs to be cultivated. There was company at tea one evening a little while ago, and afterwards one of the ladies played on the piano. She plays very well, but Dorothy was not interested. Presently she said:

Now, I'm going to play something especially for Dorothy.

It was a very merry kind of tune that made us all feel like laughing. When she finished Dorothy clapped her hands, and exclaimed:

Oh, my! Wasn't it lovely? Sounded just like a hand organ!

He Ought to Know.

Mr. Hoag (from Chicago)—Why, 'Mandy, it's so warm here the grease is coming right through my clothes.

Daughter—You mean perspiration, father.

Mr. Hoag—Now, look here, 'Mandy! I've shipped enough hogs to know the difference between grease and perspiration.

The Seventh Plague.

The superintendent was talking to the little ones about the plagues of Egypt.

Now, said he, can you tell me what the plagues were?

There were prompt answers and all but one of the plagues were named. The last one was too much for the school. Thinking to help out the children by suggestion the superintendent said:

Don't you remember the other? Of course you know what Job had?

A little hand went up.

Well, Tommy, what was it?

Patience.

He was given "a reward of merit."

A Bashful Young Man Who Acted Well in Spite of Himself.

The season of amateur theatricals has already arrived. A very select and private club delighted their friends with a performance on Friday night. A well known young lawyer, who officiated as stage manager, told the following very ludicrous story of the affair to our reporter:

I sent on a young medical student in the character of a lover, who had to make a declaration, be accepted, be surprised by a rival, challenge him on the spot, declare that he would not stir until this greensward was stained with the blood of one if not of both, order parenthetically pistols for two at once and coffee for one in ten minutes, and, in fact, go through the greatest amount of bombast compressible into a short time. Of course the love making was to be of the most high-flown character.

On he went, and, at the sight of the audience and the lady seated at her work table, subsided immediately into the very abyss of fear. Instead of rushing frantically toward the object of his affections, flinging himself on his knees and bursting into a tremendous rhapsody, as he ought to have done, he simply stood and looked at her, twisting his hat feebly in his hands.

Not one word could he say, but in dead silence crept across the stage, slowly took up a chair, offered to sit down, looked behind him to make sure if the chair was really in its place, sat down on the extreme edge of it, looked on the ground, rubbed his knees slowly and now and then glanced up at his intended bride much as a dog looks up when it has stolen something and knows it is going to be whipped.

The audience were in ecstasies. They all thought it was pure acting and that the part was that of a bashful lover. Certainly any one who could act half as well would make his fortune. He had been in possession of the stage some seven or eight minutes without speaking a word, when he opened his mouth once or twice, rubbed his knees again at length said in a broken and husky voice:

How's your mother?

A perfect shriek of laughter burst from the audience and gave the opportunity of getting him off the stage. The rival rushed forward, pounced on him, hauled him off by the collar, flung himself on his knees, did all the rhapsody himself, and we had to patch up the scene as best we could. Although so complete a failure on the part of the individual, the scene was the best of the evening.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A STORY OF THE BIG TOWN.

"Oh! It Was Pitiful."

I thought at first she was drunk. Now and then she staggered from side to side and clutched at the air as she kept on ahead of me, and once or twice I thought she would fall. A drunken man arouses no pity. You feel disgusted at the idea of a strong man coolly and deliberately lowering himself to the level of the swine. But a drunken woman! It is a spectacle God never intended humanity to see. Humanity never sees it without grieving.

By and by she halted at a grocery, and as I followed her in I saw that her face was pale and pinched, and that I was mistaken in thinking that she had been drinking. She leaned against a barrel like one dead beat with hunger and exhaustion. Her eyes had a scared look as she approached the grocer and made a request.

"Look here!" he bluntly replied, "it's no use to come here! You can't get another thing till that bill is paid up!"

"Just one loaf of bread!" she whispered.

"Not even a cracker!"

"But my husband is sick and the children—"

"Can't help it; get out!"

She went out crying, and when I followed on I found her sitting on a doorstep not far away.

"I heard what you said to the grocer," I said to her as I came up. "Is it true that you have nothing in the house to eat?"

"Not so much as a crumb, sir," she replied;

"but I wasn't begging on the street. I haven't broken the law."

"Can I go up and see your husband and children?"

"Will you come? You don't mean us any harm?"

"Of course not. Come back with me to the grocery. There, now, you go in ahead."

"What! back again!" shouted the grocer as he caught sight of her. "Now you see I'll call an officer!"

"How much does this woman owe you?" I asked.

"A collar and a half, sir."

"And yet, knowing her husband is ill, you'd let the family go hungry because of that paltry sum! Here's your money!"

"Yes, sir—all right, sir—something you wish this evening?" he blandly replied.

How sordid and grasping the human heart is! How it cries for pity when we are unfortunate, and how tightly it closes up when misfortune has overtaken our neighbor!

We went elsewhere for what we wanted, and by and by she led me to the tenement house and up the dark stairway to her "home." Three small rooms and a backload of furniture; a husband lying on an old lounge almost a cripple with rheumatism; three children lying on the floor, with the tears not yet dry on their cheeks.

Perhaps you never inquire after the welfare of your fellow man. Perhaps you never listen to the stories told by these unfortunates down in the slums. There is a sermon in every paragraph of those stories told with tears and sobs—such a sermon as even the great Talmage never delivers. There is no paid choir, no loud swelling organ, no rustle of silks and flashing of diamonds as an accompaniment. Clothed in rags and tatters, hungry, disappointed, and desperate, they tell you stories and preach you sermons to sink way down in the heart and be remembered forever.

And as this poor and wretched family suddenly found food set before them, and as they wiped away their tears and ate their fill for the first time in weeks, I wondered that the millionaires of New York never allowed themselves to experiment on human beings. They buy fine dogs and teach them good(dog) manners; they buy blooded horses and inquire after their condition daily; they experiment more or less on cats and birds; but they never experiment on unfortunate humanity. They might pay \$20,000 for a painting of what I saw that night in that lowly home, but would they have parted with a dollar to lift the helpless out of their despair?

There's a beautiful hill in beautiful Greenwood which millionaires have vainly sought to buy. A marble shaft standing there would look down on the two great cities and millions of people. And yet, ask one of those millionaires to write an epitaph for that stone, and what would he write which one single man would care to read and remember for a day?

But it is so, and who can change it? We print Bibles for our poor instead of offering them work by which they can lift themselves out of the slough. We send millions to the far away heathen, but we haven't even hundreds for our own race, who are worse off. We praise God as we sit in our grand churches and we think our duty done when our pew rent is paid. We boast of our charity, but we have no bread, for the poor.—New York World.

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Our Working Girls.

The Post has recently been engaged in the very laudable work of showing up some of the conditions under which laundry girls work, and pointing out some of the many difficulties in the way of virtuous and respectable girls making an honest living. Yet the half has not been told. What is true of laundry girls is true of many others, for the path of virtue for the average working girl is bristling with thorns. Without influence or some special advantage it is almost impossible for a girl to get employment at wages that are sufficient to support her, even when practicing the most rigid economy. Not only this, but snares are set for her at every turn, and the girl who braves them all and passes through unscathed is greater than the greatest conquerer that ever lived, and better than the angels themselves. It is impossible to imagine the living hell that thousands of working girls in this city are daily passing through. And when one falls and at last sinks so low as to become an outcast from society it is all set down to total depravity, and perhaps some good Samaritan will go and pray with her and tell her what a sinner she is, while all the time the sin rests upon society itself, not upon its helpless victim. Oh! the tragedies in the lives of working girls lie about us as thick as the sands upon the seashore, and the wrongs of wasted lives plead in silent eloquence for human justice.—The Living Issue, Cincinnati.

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