

UNDER THE H'ARTHSTANE.

"Brother, you bear your sorrow
With patience that passeth praise—
The loss of worldly possessions,
Just at your later days!
How do you bear it?" the neighbors prayed,
"There's love 'neath the h'arthstane!" the
old man said.

"Oh, love is good, I grant you,
When seasoned enough with gold;
But love in a cottage—he shook his head—
"Is rhyming that will not hold!
Love only can never lift your load
Of sorrow and labor on life's late road."

"Ay, ay!" the old man answered,
His white head sturdily raised;
"When ye hae lived a' my lifetime
Ye'll cry, 'The Lord be praised!
Whether o' good or ill shall fa'
If love 'neath the h'arthstane surviveth a'!"

"But you and your wife," urged the neigh-
bor—
"Your children under the sod"—
"Nae under the sod," the old man cried,
"Good neighbor—gane to God!
An' what hae we to do wi' pain
When love still glories the auld h'arth-
stane?"

"Your faith is past my knowing,"
The neighbor murmured low,
A spirit of awe and wonder
On his face as he rose to go.
"Ah, friend," the old man answer made,
"Love 'neath the h'arthstane is naught
afraid!"

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The reason so many men are not married long is because they are married short.
Take up your bed and walk is not a sea-sonable injunction to the gardener; he lays out his bed and walks.
A marriage may sometimes be a failure, remarked Mrs. Ely, but a funeral is always bound to be a success.
What is repentance? asks a contemporary. As a rule repentance is being sorry when it is too late to do any good.
A bridegroom is like a car-coupler. He is the most insignificant object in sight, but the thing can't go on without him.
Doctor—Well, how do you feel to-day?
Patient—I feel as if I had been dead a week.
Doctor—Hot—eh?
Lord Algernon—I really consider it my duty to marry some American girl. Ethel—A duty for revenge only, I reckon?
A married man should always make it a rule to give his wife an allowance. She always has to make a good many allowances for him, you know.
Soberly—Do you believe, Sprathy, that there is luck in horseshoes? Sprathy—If there is it stays in 'em. I never knew of any comin' out of 'em.
Tommy—My grandpa has voted for twelve different presidents. Jimmy—Ah, de ole man isn't in it. My daddy voted twelve times for one president.
Harry is a daisy, said Maud. No, he isn't, said Ethel. I went to the theatre with him last night and I discovered that he is a mixture of rye and cloves.
It is astonishing how many people there are who can afford to pay for theatre tickets once or twice a week, and then want to deadhead some church on Sunday.
Caruthers—It takes a good deal of urging to get Miss Pruyne to sing. Waite—Yes, but it can be done. What I want to learn is how to stop her once she gets started.
Excited Lady—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight? Bystander—I was just a goin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.
Bridges—They tell me you don't like the new minister very well. Brooks—I like him well enough, but his sermons are too confoundedly short. I don't realize that I have been asleep at all.
George, I wish you wouldn't blow the cornet in the new band. Why not, Ethel? It is the place of honor, and I get a great deal of attention by it. But blowing the cornet makes the lips so hard and stiff.
Man proposes—God disposes, he said, And devil at fortune we mustn't,
Man proposes, cried the maiden, averting her head,
But that's just the trouble—man does'nt. It is natural for man to cleave to woman, but if Eve hadn't been a spare rib and Adam such a cleaver, there wouldn't have been so much cutting up in the Garden of Eden, mused the butcher's boy, as he studied his Sunday school lesson.
Young man, said the stern father, do you realize that my daughter is in the habit of wearing dresses that cost all the way from \$50 to \$100? I do, replied the young man, firmly, and, sir, he continued, an exultant ring in his voice, it was only the other night that we took an account of stock and found that she had enough of them to last three years ahead.
Fogg—There's nothing so delicious in the world as to reach out of bed in the morning to ring for your valet to come and dress you. Brown—Have you a valet? Fogg—

No, but I have a bell. Brown—But what good does it do you to ring it? No valet will come in response. Fogg—That's just the most delectable part of it. As the valet doesn't come you don't have to get up.
Clara—Master Smith is in the parlor; so run away, Charlie, and I'll give you a quarter. Charlie (in a tone to wake the dead)—Yes, that's all right about that quarter for running away when Smith's here; but, where is that dime you were going to give me for not telling Smith that you kissed Mister Brown in the hall last night? And that quarter you were going to give me for not telling Brown about you squeezing Mister Jones' hand when I was behind the sofa? Promises don't go no more. Come down with the rocks.

Didn't Need no Company.

When a new house in course of construction reaches the "topping off" point, it is customary to treat the bricklayers and the hod carriers. The other day Contractor Bresnahan completed a row of houses in East Washington and sent two kegs of beer to the workmen, one for the bricklayers and the other for the hod carriers. It happened that only one hod carrier, a colored man, was on duty at the time. He claimed the keg and got it. It was bock beer, as black as strong coffee. The colored brother tapped his prize and proceeded to have fun with himself.

At the end of two hours Mr. Bresnahan called at the buildings. He found the hod carrier drawing the last bucket of beer from the keg and remarked:

Why, Jim, I'm sorry you did not have some one here to share the beer with you.
Yo' needn' waste yo' symperthy, Mr. Bresnahan; I don' need no company. I done drink de hull kaig by myself.

Mercy, said the contractor, that will kill you or give you the jimjams.
This made Jim open his big mouth. He laughed heartily as he replied:
Ho, boss, yo' 'stonish m'. What's a kaig of beer 'mongst one dry man?

A Cure for Sleeplessness and Weak Nerves.

A most wretched lie-awake of 35 years, who thought himself happy if he could get twenty minutes' sleep in twenty-four hours, says in regard to his experience with hot water as a cure for sleeplessness:

I took hot water, a pint, comfortably hot, one good hour before each of my three meals and one the last thing at night, naturally unmixd with anything else. The very first night I slept for three hours on end, turned round and slept again till morning. I have faithfully and regularly continued the hot water, and have never had one bad night since. Pain gradually lessened and went, the shattered nerves became calm and strong and instead of each night being one long misery spent in wearying for the morning, they are all too short for the sweet, refreshing sleep I now enjoy.

A Comprehensive Comparison.

Isn't that sunset perfectly beautiful, cried an enthusiastic and sentimental young lady one evening last autumn when she was spending a part of her vacation with an old couple who lived on a barren little farm at the base of the White Mountains. I never saw anything lovelier in all my life. See those lovely purple and crimson and scarlet tints! Isn't it lovely?
Her landlady glanced carelessly toward the glowing western sky and said, with some little show of enthusiasm:
It is puty. There's no ardin' that. It puts me in mind of the way my ole man's face looked last spring when he came so nigh dyin' of the airysipelas. 'Twas exactly them colors.

A Wrong Idea Refuted.

Some people live under the impression that trade unions are for the purpose of fostering strikes. In this, my dear people, you are wrong; decidedly of. It is quite the opposite—to prevent strikes. The best men and the best minds are in the ranks of organized labor, and in consequence of this methods are devised and considered whereby many strikes which would otherwise occur have been obviated. Even now, with the agitation of the eight hour movement all over the country, it is a wonder that there is not more serious trouble than there is. The cool but determined minds of conservative, calculating men in the ranks of labor are opposed to strikes, as a rule, as are the rank and file, and consider long and seriously everything reasonable for peaceable adjustments of grievances between the employer and employed. But when the iron becomes too hot to hold, and oppression becomes too oppressive, when the dictator assumes the roll of tyrant, and proclaims himself king, lord over all, and will not listen, not even to reason, or to common sense, then it is that labor is forced, absolutely forced, to measure its strength with that of the monarch. When it comes to this, as it often does, you can most generally count on a strike—and one that should be successful.—New Era.

THE CATS AND THE MONKEY.

Like Other Fables It Presents a Moral for Consideration.

Two hungry cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree how to divide it. So they called in a monkey to decide the case.

Let me see, says the monkey, with an arch look, this slice weighs more than the other. With that he bit off a large piece, in order, as he said, to make them balance.

The other scale was now too heavy. This gave the upright judge a fine pretense to take a second mouthful.

Hold! hold! cried the two cats: give each of us his share of the rest and we will be content.

If you are content, says the monkey, justice is not. The law, my friends, must have its course.

So he nibbled first one piece and then the other. The poor cats, seeing their cheese in a fair way to be all eaten, most humbly begged the judge to give himself no further trouble.

Not so fast, I beseech you my friends, says the judge, we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you. What is left is due to me in right of my office.

So saying, he crammed the whole into his mouth, and very gravely dismissed the court.

Moral—This fable teaches us that it is better to bear slight wrong rather than to resort to law for trifles.—School and Home.

The Theory and Art of Handshaking

Why do we shake hands? No one appears to know. It does not mean much, if anything. Who has not suffered from the strong and hearty grasp of, let us fondly hope, ardent friendship, when our, perhaps, ringed hand is wrung with fervor? Who has not suffered from the man who, when you meet him, holds your hand as if it were a pump handle for ten minutes and will not let go? Who has not suffered from that other who will not hold on at all but allows you to do the shaking process for him? Who is unacquainted with the man with the clammy hand? Why must we shake hands with him? Yet we all do it; we dislike it; we dislike it very much, even; he sees we dislike it, that it is positively distasteful to us; yet, meet him to-morrow, and out comes his hand once more to engulf your own.

An excellent English authority says that the fleur des pois, the creme de la creme, the quite too-too people, do not indulge in this practice as much as the upper and lower middle classes, for there every one shakes hands with everyone on entering and leaving a room, on meeting in the street and on saying "good morning," "goodnight" or "goodby."

It is not for a moment meant to say that the grasp of a hand is always a bore; not at all. The gentle pressure and the unmistakable grasp of love, that is handshaking; but the rapid how do's of some of the young ladies and gentlemen of to-day, as, with raised elbow, limp wrist and scarcely pressing fingers, they give you a sort of horizontal shake in a bored way, is absurd.

One of the most unpleasant persons to shake hands with is the nervous man, who cannot make up his mind whether to shake hands with you or not; who does not hold out his hand when you offer yours; but the moment you have withdrawn, and pocketed your hand, stuffs his out, to be again perhaps withdrawn again too soon for you to catch and shake it. This specimen may be considered and classed with his twin bore, the person who does not know which side of the pavement he proposes passing you upon and who does a sort of imbecile, dodging, cavalier seul before you in an agony of indecision. There is only one thing to be done with him, walk straight at him, and you are safe.

He Felt Embarrassed.

A passenger on a street car was trying to crowd out by the front door when an acquaintance stopped him and said:
You act as if you were making a sneak.
So I am, was the reply.
Who from?
Colonel —, out there.

One of the nicest fellows in town.
Yes, I know; I've just built me a new house. He'll ask me all about it, and as he's got a loud voice everybody will hear every word he says.
But what if they do?
Why, hang it, man, he'll ask me what it's mortgaged for the very first pop. Lemme out.

He Was Safe on His Third.

Baseballist—On two previous occasions, Miss Dainty, I have asked for your heart and hand. Again I come to the bat in the hope of scoring. What do you say to my third offer?
Miss Dainty—This time, my friend, I have to say that you are safe on third, but if you want to reach the home plate safely you must consult papa; he is the umpire, and from his decisions there is no appeal.

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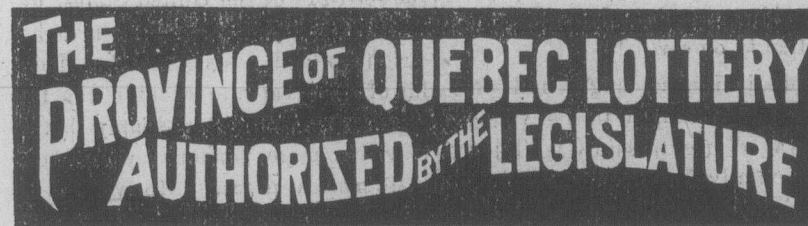
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