

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same.
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir!" And off he vaulted.

But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish laugh;
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried, "Don't!" And the poor fellow dented.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying loud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come though with me, to the parson we'll go,
Say—wilt thou, my dear?" And she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home—
A cabin by no means enchanted.
"See!" Here we can live with no longing to roam,
He said, "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied!

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A porous plaster has its drawbacks.
To remove freckles—marry the girl and take her to your home.

Fortunate for chappie—Did her father kick? Yes, but he missed, thank heaven.
Bess—"I say, Ned, can you mend a racket?" Ned—"No sis; but I can make one."

The bridal trip often saddles the groom with outlay enough to make him a little sulky.

It was a Chicago girl who married at fifteen so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.
"His life has been a success, I believe?"
"Yes, indeed. He's been married four times; had the measles early, and never got left in a horse trade."

Visitor (to prisoner)—What brought you here?
Prisoner—Misplaced confidence.
Visitor—How was that?
Prisoner—I thought I could run faster than I could.

School teacher (severely)—You are half an hour late this morning.
Little Boy who was kept in the day before—Yes m. It was late yesterday when I got home.

The difference between men's and women's ways is nowhere shown so plainly as in trouble. Where woman gives way to a flood of tears, man proceeds to put up a few dams.

Passenger—Why is it most men want to get a seat inside the car, if only to ride a short way.
Conductor—I suppose it is because there are no seats on the outside of the car.

"Did you thank Mrs. Nabor when she gave you a piece of cake, Bessie?"
No, mamma; it was the last piece on the plate, and I knew there was no chance of getting any more."

"You are not the young lady to whom I give lessons," said the piano teacher.
No. The young lady to whom you give lessons is sick and she has sent me to practice for her."

Self sacrifice: Boy (to lady teacher)—Teacher, there's a gal over there a-winkin' at me!
Teacher—Well, then, don't look at her!
Boy—But if I don't look at her, she'll wink at somebody else.

She—Don't you think you had better have a shine? Your shoes are very dingy.
He—Why they don't need it—they are patent leather. She—The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed.

Isn't it funny that Johnson could steal a hundred thousand dollars from a firm and yet have his books so fixed that the firm couldn't discover the loss?
Well, you know Johnson always was clever at ledger-dimin.

"Mr. Jones, you're mother-in-law."
"Oh, do not say that anything has happened to her." "Nothing has happened to her. Was makes you so anxious about her safety?" "Why, man, she pays my rent every month."

Mamma—My dear, what are you doing?
Little daughter—Making a pen wiper for my little sister.
M—But you haven't any little sister.
L.D—No, not yet, but Sally Stuckup has just got one, and I know we always get everything the Stuckups do.

At the depot: Flapper—I feel sorry for the poor immigrant over there. He wants to get a ticket for some place out west, but his English is so bad that no one can understand him.
Flipper—It seems a pity that he can't express himself, doesn't it?

Chicago actress—I should like to have a part in your revival of "Cinderella."
Theatrical manager—Do you think you can play the part of Cinderella?
Chicago actress—No, but I'd do beautifully as one of the sisters whom Cinderella's shrews wouldn't fit.

Rowland-Hill once declared that he would be willing to receive contributions of money for the spread of the Gospel if offered by Satan himself at the end of red-hot tongs. And an old colored preacher in Washington, during the lifetime of Thad. Stevens, showed similar liberality of opinion. Meeting the grand old Congressman one day, the preacher said: "Mis'er

Stebens, ou' chu'ch is pow'fully in debt, sah, an' would yo' please gib us a lift, sah, dis mornin'?"
Old Thad. thoughtfully put his hand in his vest pocket, pulled out a hundred dollar bill, and handed it to the colored brother, saying, "There, take that. I won it last night playing poker."

The grateful Ethiopian took the money, bowed low in acknowledgment, saying, "Thank yo', Mis'er Stephens. De Lo'd moves in a myst'ious way his wonde's to pe'fo'm?"
A poor Irishman, who was on his death bed, and did not seem quite reconciled to the long journey he was going to take, was kindly consoled by a good-natured friend with the common-place reflection that we must all die once. "Why, my dear, now," rejoined the sick man, "that is the very thing that vexes me. If I could die half a dozen times, I should not mind it."

A gentleman on a walking tour stayed a night at a prim old lady's cottage, the inn being full. He was very deaf, and took care to impress the fact on his hostess, with instructions that some one must enter his room to wake him at a particular time in the morning. Waking of himself some time later, he found that the old lady, with a creditable regard to propriety, had slipped under his door a note inscribed: "Sir, it is half-past seven."

Dr. Moor, professor of Greek in Glasgow, was a rather natty as well as a learned man—that is to say, he was particular in the cut of his dress, and most particular to the curl and powder of his wig. Scrutinizing about one day, as he was wont, apparently pleased with his own appearance, he was noticed by a young spark of an officer, not long in commission, who, thinking to annoy the Professor, whispered to his companion in passing, loud enough, however, for the Doctor to hear, "He smells strong ly of powder." Upon which the Doctor at once turned round and said, "Don't be alarmed, my brave young soldier; it is not gunpowder!"

Willing to Pay for Glory.

Judge—Well, Mooney, you are accused of beating your wife. What have you to say why you shouldn't pay ten dollars or take ten days?

Mooney—Who says I beat her, Judge?

Judge—The lady herself testifies to it.
Mooney—What! The old lady herself owns up to it? Well, then, I'll go a ten on it with pleasure, for I'll be dinged if it isn't the first time in all our scraps that she's owned up to coming out second best.

Nipped in the Bud.

A woman who appeared to be an excursionist was walking up and down Woodward avenue yesterday with a man's hat in one hand and a large calf skin wallet in the other, and an officer finally approached her and asked:

"Madam, are you looking for anyone?"

"Oh, no," she replied, "I know right where he is."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No, sir. I never allow anything to trouble me."

"But you—you—"
"It's just this way, sir. Me and my husband came in on the excursion. After we got here he began to frisk and cut up, and I proceeded to nip him in the bud. He's over there on the City Hall steps, bareheaded and without a cent, while I hold the key of the position."

At the Stamp Office.

Has postage been raised to two cents in the city?

Yes, m.

For letters?

Yes m.

Then a two cent stamp will actually carry a letter?

It will.

And a one cent one will not?

Not a bit.

Do you know Mrs. Blank?

No m.

She told me it's two cents in the city.

So 'tis.

She says she sent a letter to her husband in Toronto with a three cent stamp and he never got it.

I can't help that, ma'am.

Then three cents was plenty enough.

Pleanty.

And her husband probably got the letter and didn't answer it?

Probably.

Well, I'll take a two cent stamp; but if there is any doubt about it I would rather send it for one cent. It will not go for less than two cents?

No m.

Will it be sent to-day?

Yes m.

Well, I hope so, for it is a very important letter. You know Mrs. D.—who used to live on Craig street?

No m.

Well, it's for her. She lives in Ottawa now. She asked me for the best way to pickle mixed—

The woman had to stand aside for two or three minutes, but as soon as the counter was clear she returned to say:

I've got the stamp on.

Yes m.

Two cents?

I see.

And it won't go for one cent?

No m.

And it will go for two cents?

It will.

If it don't!

And she probably did not sleep a wink that night.

Sad Event on a Notre Dame Street Car.

Two gentlemen resigned their places on a Notre Dame street car to a couple of ladies, one of whom, as she took the seat, was distinctly heard to say in a low but firm voice,

Thank you, sir!

The gentleman thus addressed started, turned deadly pale, grasped a strap in the car, and leaning forward, inquired of the lady:

Are you a resident of Montreal, madam.

Sir, inquired the lady in an offended tone.

Answer me, madam, I implore you, be-sought the agitated man. This is no time

for trifling. Are you a stranger or a Mont-realer.

I have always lived here, she answered. Can it be true, murmured the stricken man, and yet you wear no medals—no insignia of honor—nothing to show the difference! Why, I have travelled on this line ever since it was built, and no member of your sex ever thanked me audibly for a seat before.

Then kind and pitying friends led him from the car. The shock was too much, his brain was turned, and not even the assurance that such a thing would probably never happen again could restore him. Reason had fled.

Making Himself Solid.

The wife of Politicus, who had been electornering, lets him in at three o'clock in the morning.

Politicus—"Lashkey won't work, d-ar, w."

Wife—"What have you been doing all night?"

Politicus (smiling)—"Hie! Making myself solid with the boys, nie!"

Wife—"No; sir, you have been making yourself liquid."

Queer Logic.

Stranger—What! You charge three dollars for carrying my valise to the station? Why, I can hire a cab for all that money.

Boy—Yes, of course a cab driver can do it cheaper. He has a cab, but I've got to carry it on foot.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

The Eight Hour Question.

No man is willing to work ten hours a day when he can get the same pay for eight hours' work. Nor should he be. It is not likely, just there is an employer who prefers to see his men working ten hours rather than eight, merely for the pleasure of seeing them toiling. If he can get a price which will enable him to compete with rivals he will have no right to oppose the change.

Therefore, the efforts in favor of the eight-hour day, which the American Federation of Labor proposes to make, should not be with an opposition based on hostility to eight hours' work. It can be opposed only on the ground that it is destructive of values and trade if such is its effect. There need be no fear that the manufacturer will be obliged to enlarge his plant to turn out the quantity of goods which commerce calls for. It is shown that this is not to be the effect, no employer should stand in the way of workmen having what they ask for. It is time that there should develop itself in the minds of the employing classes a sense of responsibility for the welfare of their fellow-men.

To enjoy the bounties of nature and to indulge one's taste and vanity to the fullest extent of one's means is the undisputed right of an American citizen. But it will be advisable for everyone to follow the simple rules laid down by Benjamin Franklin, which read: First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companion. Secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains. But are these rules ever strictly observed now-a-days by any considerable portion of the middle classes. Whenever they are, that portion is prosperous. For any one who has honest employment at reasonable wages to make the inability to spend ten dollars for any purpose for which the expenditure of five would fully suffice the cause of a life of misery and discontentment, or to make it an excuse for robbing an honest, struggling employer or cheating an honest employee or serve as an instigation for threats of violence against society is certainly, to say the least, unreasonable and unjustifiable. For such to find it impossible to live upon five hundred a year as others can upon twice as much or more and then preach the uprooting of society's foundations or for them to stir the ignorant to mutiny is surely not evidence of good sense or good citizenship. Can any sane man approve of sweeping away even an injustice by the simple perpetration of further injustice. It is simply wicked for agitators to cause discontentment where satisfaction reigns.

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