

**GOD-BE GLORIFIED'S MORTGAGE**

He bought, in 1665, a farm of stumps and stones, His name was God-be Glorified, his surname it was Jones. He put a mortgage on the farm and then, in conscious pride, "In twenty years I'll pay it up," said God-Be Glorified.

The mortgage had a hungry maw that swallowed corn and wheat; He toiled with patience night and day to let the monster eat; He slowly worked himself to death, and on the calm hillside They laid beyond the monster's reach good God-Be Glorified.

And the farm with its incumbrances of mortgage, stumps and stones, It fell to young Melchizedek Paul Adoniram Jones; Melchizedek was a likely youth, a holy, godly man, And he vowed to raise that mortgage like a noble Puritan.

And he went forth every morning to the rugged mountain side, And he dug as dug before him poor old God-Be Glorified; He raised pumpkins and potatoes down the monster's throat to pour; He gulped them down and smacked his jaws and calmly asked for more.

He worked until his back was bent, until his hair was gray; On the hillside, through a snowdrift, they dug his grave one day! His first born son, Eliphalet, had no time to weep and brood, For the monster by his doorstep growled forever for his food.

He fed him on his garden truck, he stuffed his ribs with hay, And he fed him eggs and butter, but he would not go away, And Eliphalet he staggered with the burden and then died And slept with old Melchizedek and God-Be Glorified.

Then the farm it fell to Thomas, and from Thomas fell to John, Then from John to Eleazur, but the mortgage still lived on; Then it fell to Ralph and Peter, Eli, Absolom and Paul, Down through all the generations, but the mortgage killed them all.

About a score of years ago the farm came down to Jim, And Jim called in the mortgagee and gave the farm to him. There's no human heart so empty that it has no ray of hope, So Jim gave up the ancient farm and went to making soap.

He grew a fifty millionaire, a bloated, pampered naure, He owned ten railroads, twenty mines and the whole State Legislature; And thousands did his gruff commands and lived upon his bounty And he came home, bought back the farm and the entire county.

—Yankee Blade.

**PHUNNY ECHOES.**

Lately landed—the newly engaged young man, A churning sea around a vessel will make the waves but'ter. Woman is always thinking herself aggrieved and is ever looking for re-dress. Could the man who predicts catastrophe in the money market be called a financier.

The wheelman dilates on the present bicycles, the historian on the gone-by cycles. It isn't every man that wants the earth. But every man, when buying a sailing vessel, wants the hull or none.

That time is money is again proved when a man bets on the horse which comes in a couple of seconds too late.

A young lady attending a party should have a female chaperon until she is able to call some other chap her own.

The men who profess to love their fatherland the most are usually the ones who go to some other land to prate it.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Johnny, tell me what took all the snap out of Samson. Johnny—A home-maid hair cut, ma'am.

She—Darling, do you love me? He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say!

Judge—Have you anything to say in your defence, prisoner? Only this, your honor. It was all a mistake. I intended to rob another house but mistook the number.

Is your husband a religious man? I'm not quite certain. When I hear him speak in the prayer meeting I think he is; when I hear him speaking at home I think he isn't.

Habeon says that he is going to be able to walk from his new house to the office in

twenty minutes. He can't do it, my boy. There are too many saloons on the route.

A man named Snow, living in the suburbs, was made a father a few days ago, and he sent this announcement to the local papers: "A little Snow drifted into my house last night."

Blinkers—Hello, Winkers, I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune? Winkers (sadly)—'Twas a mistake, my boy; I married a fortune with an independent woman.

Bagley—Bronson must have hard work to raise the wind if he is as slow with all his friends as he is with me. Brace—Hard work! He's got so he can't borrow trouble without an indorser.

Mamma—But Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so? Flora—Oh, no, mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him.

Now, said the teacher, who had been trying to instil her class with a love of nature, which of the seasons do you like best? Johnny may answer. And Johnny promptly answered, the baseball season.

How did the young woman you wrote the poem for like it? asked one of his friends of Willie Washington. She didn't say anything, said Willie, except that I ought to send it to a chiroprapist and have its feet attended to.

Short—So your wife's dead, eh? Pi-orous—For a fact. Short—Make over her property to you? Pi-orous—Must a-done so. All through her life she was making over dresses, bonnets, wraps and all that, and she got so in the habit of making over things that I guess she couldn't escape fixing her property in the same way.

**She Wasn't a Bit Annoyed.**  
I hope, Matilda, said a Seventh Ward mother to her daughter the other morning, that you do not permit that young man of yours to annoy you for kisses. Oh, ma! exclaimed the daughter, he's too nice to annoy me that way. And as the old lady didn't happen to detect the suspicious emphasis that her daughter placed on the word "annoy," she went right on knocking out flap jacks in blissful ignorance of the roguishness that had worked her blind side.

**Musicians Just Like Other Loafers.**  
Mrs. Bondclipper, whose husband made a great deal of money suddenly by a rise in oil, put on a great deal of style. At a recent banquet at her house on Fifth avenue, New York, she hired Herr Baenkelseenger, a celebrated violinist, for the evening. His first piece was the Swedish Wedding March, which is very slow. After listening for a few moments old Bondclipper became very indignant, and said in a very audible voice: Them musicians are just like all other loafers. When they are paid by the job, you bet they take their time.

**Out of Politics but In Cheese.**  
McPrune, the grocer, was never known to acknowledge that he was without any article without calling attention to some other article that he did have. A bet was made by Johnson that he could ask McPrune a question that would cause him to omit the usual addendum. Said Johnson, as he entered the store, where the boys had already gathered, Mack, do you think it will be Cleveland or Hill in '92? Mack replied with some asperity. Oh, bother! I'm out of politics! Johnson was on the verge of giving vent to his delight, when Mack added, But I've got some of the best cheese you ever put your teeth into.

**Something to Think Over.**  
Seven tenths of the people of this country are toilers and therefore producers. Three-tenths of the people of this country live in idleness and are supported by the masses. This is the system we are now living under, wherein a majority is compelled to pay tribute to the indolent few from the fruits of their daily toil. The wealth of the country foots up to \$43,000,000,000! Of this the seven-tenths referred to own \$18,000,000,000, the balance being owned by the millionaire minority. This legislation has brought about class condition and built up a moneyocracy which, continued on its present system and manner of operation will eventually lay waste our free institutions to give rise to monarchial government under which the peasantry will be required to pay greater tribute to the moneyocracy our false government has created. The money power has continued to grow in strength until recently the country was humiliated by seeing one man the owner and controller of the entire wheat product of the nation, and 65,000,000 people placed under the necessity of bowing to his will in the matter of the price of their daily bread! Could any policy be more disastrous, more ruinous, to the honest struggling workers of America?—Sunday Truth.

**ONLY A FABLE,**  
**But a Good Deal of Horse Sense**  
**Lurks Therein.**

An advocate of righteousness, pleading for a reorganization of industry upon an equitable basis, remarked that as under the dominion of capitalism the employer got more than his rightful share of the yield of the earth and the producer of labor and his assistants got less than their rightful share, the power of capitalism ought to be broken. At this point there was a great commotion in the audience, and cries of "No! No!" were heard on every side. Rising here and there and everywhere in the audience, objectors began to protest with vehemence against the proposal of the advocate.

Mr. Advocate, cried they, this will never do. Your declaration is opposed to the peace and welfare of the community, and incendiary in the highest degree. We cannot listen to such talk. You must moderate your remarks and make very different recommendations. Can you treat the reorganization of business in a different manner?

Why, yes, responded the Advocate, I might treat it from the standpoint of cooperation.

Good, good! cried the hearers, the very thing. Go ahead, Mr. Advocate, make us a speech about co-operation. Hear! hear! Hurrah for co-operation!

The silence reigned once more. Now, said the advocate of righteousness, if you are ready to listen to my speech on co-operation I will begin. Down with landlordism—At these words the uproar in the audience was far greater than before. The people rose to their feet as one man, shouting at the Advocate:

You are going from bad to worse? your new recommendation is more violent than your first. You are a disturber! Really, we cannot listen to you; and we shall not forgive you for imposing upon our good nature.

Listen! shouted the Advocate in stentorian tones. Co-operation is impossible while landlordism exists, for land is the basis of all industry, and landlordism puts false values on land. How ridiculous it would be for employees to continue to pay exorbitant rent to the holders of the land, and then divide with each other and call that industrial co-operation!

Moral: Of what avail is it to cry, Peace, peace! when there is no peace?

**A GREAT SAVING.**

It seems strange to think of a political economist and statistician assuming the part of a cook, but that is what Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, does. Mr. Atkinson is one of the best known statisticians in the country and is an able writer on questions of social and political economy. He is also a student of practical problems, and has invented a cooking utensil which he claims is a great advance on anything used heretofore. It is a substitute for a cooking stove. During a lecture delivered in New York, a few days ago, Mr. Atkinson introduced and illustrated the use of his utensil, which looks much like a good-sized cardboard box, bound with tin and with a lamp under it. The lecturer told how a man could live on a dollar a week, and live exceptionally well on 25 cents a day. The average cost at present, he said, is 50 cents a day. A man could not possibly consume more than 25 cents' worth of food at present prices; the other half is simply wasted. He said the cooking stove was to blame for all this, and he claimed that by his utensil the cost of cooking and the waste can be reduced to almost nothing. He calls it the Aladdin oven. It is simply an iron box about eighteen inches long by fourteen in height and width, enclosed in a case made of wood pulp. Under the box is an ordinary lamp, burning about a quart of kerosene oil in eight hours. All the heat is retained in the oven, and it is never higher than about 360 degrees. There is absolutely no smell, and the food is cooked without distilling the juices or dislocating the solids. All there is to do with this oven is to put in the food and the lamp does the rest. No attention whatever is required. When one considers the amount of heat wasted in cooking a meal by an ordinary cooking stove, and the amount of odors distributed by it, it needs no argument to prove that a great deal of food, as well as fuel is wasted. Mr. Atkinson claims that by his method two hundred pounds of solid food can be cooked for 40 cents, with a considerable saving in food and better flavored dishes. This is a question that interests everybody, and is well worth investigating.

The unrest of the industrial classes is a very strong indication that a new party will be formed. All classes of wealth-producers are being oppressed under the present system, and they are uniting for a grand move. All indications point that they will form "a more perfect union" and work together and assume the initiative in politics and law.—Workman and Farmer.

**Imagination and Hunger.**

I observed another instance of the influence of the imagination upon our happiness of a sort to which I dare say I have before alluded. I was engaged one morning in preparing part of an interesting chapter in my new work—the one which deals with the origin and development of the bonnet. I had got as far as the head dress worn by the Athenian matrons to the theater, and was naturally much engrossed with the work, when an inward monitor, in a still, small, yet unmistakable, voice, suggested "luncheon." I looked at my watch—it said 3 o'clock.

Now I always take luncheon at half-past 1; never, in any emergency, later than 2. But 3 o'clock! I felt ill and faint. I start-

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ed for the club feeling like Rip Van Winkle when he came home for his luncheon twenty years late. I passed a friend. I tried to slink by without his noticing, but I could see that he looked upon me sadly and askance, as if I were in some way a stricken wether of the flock. I went in and sat down.

Somehow everybody else seemed to be late. I looked at the clock. It was exactly twenty-five minutes of 2. I looked at my watch again. It still said 3 o'clock. It had stopped during the night. Now mark the result. I instantly recovered from the starvation from which I had been suffering, and began to converse in my usual cheerful and intelligent manner. But I did not mention the extraordinary behavior of my watch, which I now reveal only in strict confidence.