

CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly fading twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
Which had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing,
"Me is creeping up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tenderest heartstrings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As no wording can define.
And I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees.
Till at last she reached the topmost
When o'er all her world's affairs,
She delighted stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
Whose best prizes must be captured
With a noble, earnest strife;
Onward, upward reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares,
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory,
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its joy and rest forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Mr. Gould cannot deny the impeachment
that at one time in his career he was a
poppin' Jay.

The merchant may know nothing of the
pugilist, but he has daily struggles with the
price fighter.

Every heart knoweth its own bitterness.
Many a man who looks happy is wearing a
shirt his wife made.

If you don't want people to look always
on the dark side of life give them an occa-
sional peep at the other side.

Tommy—Paw, what's fame? Mr. Figg—
Fame, my son, is something a man makes
money out of after he is dead.

Before we were married, said she, his
displays of affection were positively over-
done. And now? They are very rare.

If you have found someone who knows
how to scratch your back just where it
itches you have come pretty near finding
your affinity.

If you are told that you resemble a great
man say nothing. It may be that the re-
semblance will cease the moment you open
your mouth.

An agricultural editor says that the best
article he ever saw on milk was cream.
Some city people think that it is not very
widely copied.

A—I hear that you are going to marry a
widow with \$10,000. B—You have got
things mixed. I am going to marry \$10-
000 with a widow.

He (facetiously)—And do you think baby
will resemble me, wife? She (tartly)—I
shouldn't wonder; he keeps me awake at
night often enough.

Millicent—What do you think, Maud?
Mr. Bullfish has proposed to me. Maud—
Well, I always thought that he'd marry
anybody who would take him.

Grand opera comes high, doesn't it? said
her husband, referring to the price of ad-
mission. Not very high in the neck, she re-
plied, glancing at one of the boxes.

One thing I ought to tell you before you
make up your mind to marry my daughter;
she sits all day at the piano. Oh, I don't
mind that at all if she doesn't play.

Teacher—Correct. Woman is in the femi-
nine gender. Now the sentence speaks of
a young woman in fashionable attire. What
gender is attire? Bright Boy—Masculine.

Amateur—Why is it that all English ac-
tors have such a long stride? Reformed
Actor—Methinks the reason of it is that the
railroad ties are placed further apart in
England than here.

Why, hello, old boy. I haven't seen you
since you were married. What are you do-
ing now? Travelling for the house, I sup-
pose? No, not exactly. Since the baby
came I have become a floorwalker.

An old lady was consoling a Belfast man
who was recently injured by a telegraph
wire. After learning how the accident took
place she said: Bad luck to 'em. They are
all humbugs. The celestial lights all ought
to come down.

Mrs. Porkly—I often wonder how people
manage to understand each other in France.
Mrs. Gotham—How absurd. Mrs. Porkly—
I don't think it absurd at all. Both my
daughters speak French and they can't un-
derstand each other.

The Sewing Circle as a Promoter of Matrimony.

Have you joined a sewing class? Have
gotten out last Lent's thimble and arranged
a chatelaine with a pin cushion and a pair of
scissors and a silver-mounted emory bag
and a silver-backed needle book as an evi-
dence of your industry? The best sewing
class in New York is one that is held in the
evening. The men come to thread the
needle and the sewers are only asked to
baste, the stitching being afterwards given
to women who are well paid for it. The
money for this comes from the dues paid
not only by the girls, but by the men who
are invited, and, as they are tolerably
heavy, there is usually a small sum left
over, which is divided among the women
who have done the work in proportion to
their need for it. The matrimonial boom
generally rises during Lent, when a man
has an opportunity to see a girl sew. She
mayn't sew well—indeed, she may sew very
badly, but the sharp-pointed needle is a
favorite weapon of Cupid's, and more times
than he can count it has pierced a heart
and blinded eyes to all charms save those of
one woman. So you see the smart girl fully
understands the value of the sewing circle
and as it is the rule in the best ones not to
permit any gossip, the nasty, ill-natured
little things that women are so prone to say
are not heard and the average men thinks
the girl of his heart a creature most too
bright and good for anything else except to
belong to him.

Women Getting to be More Expensive Every Year.

The rage for silver has made girls far
more expensive to their friends and relations
than they were a few years ago. A dudsish
young man, speaking on the subject, said:
"I remember when it would have been con-
sidered bad taste for a fellow to make his
sweetheart a present of a hair brush or
comb, a button hook or a powder box. Now,
however, it seems to be perfectly correct to
do so and you can't please a girl better than
to contribute a silver item to her toilet set.
The things are terribly expensive, you see,
and most girls have to get a set by degrees.
I never thought it proper to contribute any-
thing to a young lady's dressing table until
quite recently, when the young woman I
am engaged to reminded me that I must ob-
serve the marriage of a girl friend of hers
by sending a gift. I asked her what would
be an appropriate thing for me to get and
she at once suggested a silver powder box.
I remarked that the young lady would be
shocked if I sent a present of that charac-
ter, but my fiancée laughed at me and said
that you couldn't please a girl more than to
give her something in silver for her toilet
table. Since then I have found this out to
be a fact and that silver is such a rage with
the young women that they forget the in-
delicacy in the joy of receiving a present of
anything from a brush to a nail polisher if
it is only in the fashionable silver. The next
craze will be gold, I suppose. It is a fact
that women are getting to be more expen-
sive every year."—Boston Herald.

AMONG CANADIAN FLINT WORKERS.

(From Montreal Correspondence of the Com-
mencer and Glassblower.)

Another collection! Well, what might be
its object? That poor fellow, a blower,
through neglecting his work, has lost his
position. Poor man. He has not any
money. "It is thought that it will be best
for all if a few dollars are raised and be-
stowed in sending him out of here," answered the
charitably disposed person while passing the
hat around the factory. This sort of mis-
sionary or charity work has been going on
at this place for years. Sometimes as many
as two collections have been taken up in a
single month. Worthy ones are few and
far between. When men are promoted to
the membership of such a grand institution
as the Flint's society it is then, if not be-
fore, time to look around and create some
self respect. It is necessary to do that to
secure a dignified standing for the organi-
zation. If members will not act their part
well toward the union it must soon fall into
disrepute. When some of our people will
not act in common decency it's then time
for the respectable members to ignore their
appeals and let them hustle for themselves.
This would be much better than encourag-
ing such abject humiliation, which is known
to the manager, firm, and even the laboring
hands.

This place, although it has not any facili-
ties which a first-class factory has got, is
very attractive to the followers of the trade.
This is shown by the way men will go away
and come back. This fire there has been
plenty of work. The men are all hustling;
working full time. Some of the chimney
makers, working on bulbs, up until now
have averaged \$22 per week. This is very
good money considering the kind of ware.

The members of local union No. 24, or
rather the local itself is going to indulge in
a grand ball. The much looked-for event
will come off on Easter Monday night. The
committee having the matter in hand are

sparing no pains or expense to have the hop
something of a credit to the people who are
to bring it about. Some members of the
committee have done some tall hustling in
the way of disposing of tickets. It is re-
ported that James Wallace, prescription
worker, has got away with something like
75 tickets, all cashed; next in line is John
Higgins, presser. He managed to sell
tickets to all the politicians, including Lord
Stanley Crosby.

Losses by Strikes.

The coke strike at the end of the tenth
day showed a loss to the men in wages of
\$227,500. This sum is correct, as it was
given by one of the largest operators in the
region, and is arrived at on the basis of
\$1.75 per day for the 13,000 men involved.
With one year of prosperous labor behind
them, the strikers have not yet come to
actual need. When they do the defence
fund in the hands of the United Mine
Workers will provide for them.

On the side of capital the operators have
been heavy losers. The production
for ten days would have amounted to 122-
400 tons at a cost of \$280,000 in round num-
bers. As the loss falls on but few operators
on the one side, while it is divided up
among thousands of men on the other, these
figures certainly give the men the best of it.

CURRENT AMERICAN TOPICS.

Despite the enormous additions made to
the pay roll of our pensioners, it seems
after all that our embarrassing treasury
surplus will not be wiped out. The total
receipts of the national Government for
1891 are estimated at 409 and the expendi-
tures at 354 millions, leaving a balance of
about 50 millions for the bondholders.

Jay Gould has an aversion to jury duty
surpassed only by his contempt for law.
Several months ago he was fined \$100 for
failing to obey the jury summons, but we
are not aware that he paid the fine. Last
Monday he failed again, and will therefore
be fined a second time, probably with the
same result. We cannot blame Jay Gould;
he knows that a thief and corrupter of jus-
tice is not a fit person to act as jurymen.—
Workmen's Advocate.

It is estimated by competent men that
the present profits of sugar refiners exceed
three-quarters of a cent per pound. Large
as they are, these profits will be further in-
creased on April 1, when the new tariff on
sugar will become operative. In their wis-
dom, our national Solons have left a duty on
all the grades of raw sugar that might be
expected to go directly into consumption,
while the free list embraces the vast bulk of
importation that must first pass through
the refiners' hands. This legislation with
a vengeance for the benefit of the Sugar
Trust, which, though nominally dissolved
as illegal by the courts, is actually, under
some legal form of a combination, stronger
than it ever was.

In Alabama last year there were in round
figures 4,000,000 tons of coal mined and
1,000,000 tons of coke produced. In West
Virginia the production of coal was over
5,000,000 tons and that of coke 1,000,000.
A few years ago the mining product of those
two States was insignificant. In both there
are immense areas of undeveloped coal
fields, but they have been monopolized by
syndicates, in which, as a matter of course,
the directors of neighboring railroads are
largely interested, so as to prevent, through
the monopoly of transportation, any pos-
sible competition in production.

THE TUNNEL DISASTER.

The following circular was distributed
last Sunday at the Central Labor Federa-
tion and other meetings:

"Murdered! Yes, that is the plain Eng-
lish of it. Murdered in the blackness of
the Fourth avenue tunnel that stockholders
may ride in palace cars! Murdered as men
in no other country are murdered; mur-
dered as thousands in this country are an-
nually murdered—on the railroad, in the
factory, in the mine—by the damnable doc-
trine of cheapness! Murdered by the plu-
tocratic thugs to whom dividend coining is
a religion, and the sanctity of the poor
man's life a jest. Murdered by those who,
having the whiphand of the law courts, snap
their fingers at suits for damages, and will
not spend a cent to prevent what they are
pleased to apologize for as accidents."

"What will you do about it? As usual
nothing? Is this to be for ever the fate of
the poor? To-day whirled to death by the
unguarded machinery of the factory, to-
morrow crushed beyond recognition through
the stings of railroad managers, the next
day buried in the mine? There is not one
in a hundred of these 'accidents,' that care
could not foresee, that science could not
prevent, that would not be rendered impos-
sible of occurrence were the lives of the plu-
tocrats themselves at stake. No 'accident'
befalls the train that carries a Vanderbilt or
a Jay Gould.

"But flesh and blood are cheap—in the
master's estimation. Ask the brakemen, of
whom 20,000 were killed and injured last

year because the self-adjusting coupler was
too expensive. Ask the mothers whose
babes stifle in the sweaters' dens, whose
bodies and souls are ground to powder in
the factory, that cent per cent may be
turned on the investment. Ask the miners,
who almost welcome the fire-damp as the
last escape from the extortions of the pluck-
me-store and boarding house.

"What will you do about it, you who
boast that you have abolished slavery? You
have made the country; these men
own it, and they run it. They run it, but
not for you. Your happiness never comes
within their calculations. It is dividends,
millions piled on the top of millions, that
they figure on, and on this alone. 'The
public be damned' is their motto, and the

public is daily damned as the columns of
our papers testify.

"In the law courts you have practically
no remedy at all, for who can hold his own
against a wealthy corporation? Your rem-
edy is with yourselves; to vote to your-
selves the ownership of your own country,
with all its accumulated industries, to be
run by you for your own benefit. There
will then be no more Fourth Avenue tunnel
murders."

Countryman (buying new suit of clothes)
—"Pears to me, mister, that these panta-
loons are too short. Lowenstein—Vy, my
friend, dot vos our special style for subur-
ban residents. You don't haf to roll those
clothings up and look like von of those silly
dudes.

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