

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh;
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another's life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This alone can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,
Lo! all things can be borne.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

It is no sign that a hen meditates harm to her owner because she lays for him.

Goldsmith might have added when he wrote of "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind" that the loud laugh frequently denotes that though the mind is vacant the owner of it is full.

Doodle—Did you not hear what I said, Miss Mable? I said that I loved you; loved you with all my soul, my mind, my every thought. Miss Mable—Yes, I know; but that all seems so little.

Tommy, said an anxious mother to her boy, your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed. Yes, ma, but s'posen he don't come. What then?

I hear the plumber is engaged to your housemaid. Yes. Why don't they get married? He is not rich enough yet. She hasn't been in my employ long enough to stuff the water pipes more than once.

Miss Lovell (just engaged)—Oh, George! You are good enough to eat. Mr. Fearing—Sh! Don't speak so loud! Ponto's just outside the window.

Wooden—You can say what you choose about Mr. Parvann, but I think he is a man of the finest polish. Wagley—Well, he ought to be. He spent the first fifteen years of his life blacking boots.

I've had a good deal to do with the jury box in my day, exclaimed a sheriff after a recent murder trial, but I never before saw a jury box like those fellows did in their scrimmage about the verdict.

Miss Ophelia—What queer weather we are having this winter. Gongoslin—Yes, but if you remember, Miss Ophelia, the winter of 1859 was very much like it. Miss Ophelia (who is "just twenty")—Sir!!!

Mr. Bookly—There, Mabel, you said "ain't" again; you must not say ain't. Mabel—Mr. Bookly, you're very exasperating. I wish you wouldn't pick me up so. Mr. Bookly—Ah, well, you're worth it.

The young man was a rough diamond, a recent importation from the rural districts, and when the carver was ready to serve him he asked him: And now, Mr. C——, what part will you take? This answer was at once forthcoming: I'm not particular, said Mr. C——; big piece anyhow!

Immaterial.

Mr. Flathead (who has been singing for an hour and a quarter)—My friends all tell me, Miss Tiredout, that I ought to go on the stage. Now, where do you think I ought to go? On the concert stage, or the operatic? Miss Tiredout—Oh, I don't care which, so you only go.

Two Forms of Government.

English Traveler—Do you consider your form of government superior to ours? American Statesman—Infinitely. You have to help support the whole royal family, don't you?

Indirectly, yes; but—

Well, I don't have a cent to pay toward the support of any royal family; and, besides that, I've worked every one of my own family into nice, soft, big paying positions.

He Knew How.

A typical American workman, quite browned by the sun, muscular, intelligent and smiling, stood upon a platform of boards supported by barrels in front of the porch of an apartment house just off Fifth avenue, carving a gargoyle from a block of brown stone. He was American, because he could work while he talked, was master of his plans, his tools and himself, wore clothes that fitted him, and replied courteously to the many questions of an interested group of bystanders. The block of stone from which he was evolving a face was supported by a pillar of polished Scotch granite, and was part of a somewhat impressive entrance of an expensive pile of stone and mortar, but neither the fact that he could not afford to spoil his job, nor that his studio was in the open air and his performance free to all critics, seemed to trouble him. He hampered, smiled and talked, and the chips flew all around the human circle.

"Yes," he said, "I carry the pattern in my head. (Chip, chip.) What is this to be? A Venus. (Chip.) Yes, a Haytian Venus would not be a bad one. (Chip, chip.) This is Portland stone, the best there is for cutting and the best in the world for builders, any way. (Chip.) How do I keep from making a wrong cut and spoiling the stone? That's my trade, sir; that's knowing how to do it."

Thus he went on chipping at the stone, cutting a deep gash here and hammering off a great chunk of the sandstone there, seemingly reckless of the havoc he was making, but smiling away until, between his mallet and graving stone, he seemed to have transferred his smile to the face that began to gleam from the rough brown surface of the rock.

Made Blind by a Flash of Light.

A singular accident recently happened to the little 3-year old son of Leonard Mather, a well to do sign painter of Clinton, Mo., and one which resulted in instant and hopeless blindness. The child was playing about on the floor with his sister, a girl of seven, who was amusing herself with a bit of broken mirror. To startle or please the little fellow she turned the glass so as to flash the light directly into his eyes. He fell back with a shriek of agony, and by the time the mother could reach him he had become unconscious. The swoon lasted for some minutes, and upon his regaining consciousness he began to scream again as if frightened, when it was gathered from his actions that his sight was affected. The doctor then examined his eyes and found that the retina had been paralyzed by the sudden flash of light, the shock contingent causing total blindness.

Meaning of Amen.

Ernest, what does amen mean? said Phil to his older brother, who had reached the wise age of six.

It means mustn't touch it, was the unhesitating reply.

Ernest! exclaimed the boy's mother, who had overheard the question and ran away why do you tell your little brother that?

You told me so, mamma, answered Ernest.

Why, no; think what you are saying. I could not have told you that, urged the astonished mother.

But you did, mamma. I asked you and you said: Amen means mustn't touch it, returned the little boy very positively.

His mother was greatly puzzled until she remembered that she had said: Amen means, so let it be.

Little Ernest in his raids on the work basket, the books and the bric-a-brac, had learned past doubt that let it be meant mustn't touch it.

A Crisis.

You seem put out, Jim, he said, as they met in the post office.

I'm all broke up.

Anything wrong with the girl?

All wrong. See this letter! She regrets that she won't be home this evening—very sorry—call some time next year, and so forth.

And the occasion?

Christmas present, you know—brooch set with—ahem—diamonds. Forgot to take the price-mark off, you know—marked at \$165.

I think I discover.

Girl goes in raptures—willing to name the day—mamma all right—Governor asks me to take a cigar with him. Sure go, and I price ten thousand dollar houses and look up art furniture.

I surmise that I comprehend.

Everything lovely up to a week ago. Brooch gets out of repair; girl takes it to another jeweler. See? Jeweler offers to sell her a bushel of the same quality of diamonds for \$2, and throw in a set of Shakespeare; girl goes home to tell ma; ma tells pa; finale! See!

I calculate to observe.

Cool reception; frozen out; no explanations; good night on an icicle. Then this—the crisis—the climax. Ta-ta, old boy; broke up—gone up; see me later at the corner's.

Properties of the Kola Nut.

The wonderful stories that have been told of the properties of the kola nut are more than confirmed by the British Consul at Bahia, who has written a special letter to Lord Salisbury on the subject. The west African carriers at that port, who use kola and carry the bean wrapped in bananas about their persons, are not, physically speaking, superior men to the Brazilian negro; yet the African, though constantly masticating kola, can, it is said, endure fatigue which no Brazilian traveler can withstand. Where it takes eight Brazilian negroes to carry a load with difficulty, four African porters carry it cheerfully, singing and chanting as they trudge along, each with a bit of kola bean in the mouth. As a rule the kola eating African gangs who labor at the hard task of unloading vessels earn twice as much as their competitors. The beans, which are described as intoxicating and in no way injurious, are said to act as a nutritive, and quench the thirst, yet they are not strictly a stimulant. The supply of Bahia comes from Lagos. It is best soon after it is gathered, and is sold, according to freshness, at two pence and three pence for each bean. It appears that the attention of the Government of India has already been called to the extraordinary properties of kola nuts, and practical information has been supplied to them from the authorities at Kew.

The Microbe's Lair.

From time immemorial the doctors have told us that carpets in winter are indispensable if we do not wish to die of all sorts of undesirable diseases. But now it has been discovered that the carpet is the source of ills almost without number. It seems that it is the lair of the microbe. Its woolen jungles are simply swarming with fierce bacilli, whose tempers are agitated to the last degree by anything, such as brooms and boots, which disturb them. When disturbed they rush out in millions and attack every human being within their reach. The thing that especially infuriates them is dancing. Whenever a carpet is shaken by the feet of dancers the microbes attack the dancers with such ferocity that few of the latter escape without at least a fit of illness. This is the real reason why young women are so often taken ill with consumption or pneumonia after a ball. Their illness is due to the microbes of the carpet, and not, as was formerly supposed, to taking cold. It is clear that we must give up carpets, and as all kinds of woolen, cotton and linen cloth are inhabited by microbes prudent persons will either clothe themselves with skins or abandon clothing altogether. Indeed, the latter seems to be the only safe course.—New York Herald.

Work in the Japanese Mint.

There are about 300 hands employed in the mint of Yeddo, Japan. When the men enter in the morning they are made to divest themselves of their own clothes and put on the others belonging to the mint. At the end of a day's work the gong sounds, when the somewhat curious spectacle is presented of 300 men springing from the ground, on which they have been seated, throwing off their clothes, and rushing, a naked throng, to the end of the yard. Here they pass through the following ordeal in order to prove that they have no silver on them. Their back hair is pulled down and examined; they wash their hands and hold them up to view; they drink water and halloo; and lastly, they run to the other end of the yard, clearing two or three hurdles on their way. After this performance they were allowed to go to their lodgings.

Attention and the Reading of Books

An active-minded boy or girl can find out a great deal about the world we live in by the habit of attention, by looking around; and he or she can get much inspiration from the example of good men and women. But this knowledge can be added to indefinitely by reading, and people will read if they have a genuine desire to know things, and are not, as we say, too lazy to live. When I hear a boy say he does not know what to read, I wonder if he has no curiosity. If there is nothing that he cares to know about. Most children ask questions. It often happens that the person they ask cannot answer the question. Now, it is the purpose of books to do just this thing which the particular person asked cannot do. And that is about all there is in reading. Of course, it must be borne in mind that curiosity is of many kinds; curiosity about facts, about emotions, about what happened long ago, about what is taking place now, about the people who lived ages ago, and about one's self. So it happens that one wants to read science, and poetry, and history, and biography, and romances, and the daily news.

It is quite impossible to lay down rules for reading that will suit all children, and generally difficult to map out a "course" to be inflexibly followed by any one. But

nearly every mind is or can be interested in something, and a very good plan is to encourage reading concerning the subject the child shows some curiosity about. Our thing will certainly lead to another, for nothing is isolated in this world. Try to find out all you can about one thing, one fact in history, one person, the habits of one animal, the truth about one historical character; pursue this, and before you know it you will be a scholar in many ways.

Do not forget that reading is a means to an end. The indulgence of it is good or bad, according to the end in view. The mind is benefited by pursuing some definite subject until it is understood, but it is apt to be impaired by idly nibbling now and then, tasting a thousand things, and swallowing none, in short, by desultory reading.—St. Nicholas.

No Inducement.

A man at the post office gave a newsboy 25 cents yesterday to go and get him a paper, and when the lad returned he was handed an extra nickel with the remark: That is for your honesty, my boy.

But—but—, stammered the boy as he looked from the coin to the man and back again.

Well?

Why, sir, it's only 5 cents, and I could have run away with the whole quarter!

Twenty-four Italian immigrants who landed at New York from the steamship Burgundia on Wednesday, were sent back by that steamer by the Barge office authorities. The immigrants had contagious diseases and were without means of support.

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