

PHUNNY ECHOES.

An open-faced watch—the yawning policeman.
 The first serpentine walk was laid out in the Garden of Eden.
 The strangest thing about a "crank" is that he can't be turned.
 A prison warden should not be judged by the company he keeps.
 He—So Jack isn't devoted to Kate any more. Did they fight? She—Yes, they had an engagement.
 She—After you sell this painting what do you expect to paint next? He—The town.
 Woman may be able to pack a trunk better than man, but she needs the man to sit on the lid after she has packed it, just the same.
 Papa, exclaimed Johnny, struggling with a very copious brand of influenza, if the nose is an organ why don't it have stops?
 In describing a new organ a country editor says: The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes.
 Watts—Wonder why they always call a locomotive she? Potts—Maybe it is on account of the horrible noise it makes when it tries to whistle.
 Customer—You say this is a real antique? Bric-a-Brac Dealer—It's one of the finest pieces of work by one of the best ancient masters of the present day.
 Do you think he really has any hope of winning her against young Cadsleigh's money? Oh, no. I don't think he's in the race to win. He is merely playing himself for a place.
 Henpeck—My love, I'm happy to inform you I've insured my life! Mrs. H.—Then you ought to be ashamed of such a selfish action. Insure your own life, indeed! It doesn't matter about mine, I suppose?
 A Spiritualist asks: Did you ever go into a dark room where you could see nothing and yet feel that there was something there? Yes, frequently, and the something unfortunately chanced to be a rocking chair.
 Do you know the value of an oath? asked the Judge of an old darkey who was to be the next witness. Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollars foh to swar to suffin'. Dat's de value of an oath.
 Well, said Mrs. McGudley, after her visit to a notable social event, I have heard about society people showing each other the cold shoulder, but from the way some that I saw were dressed I don't wonder at their shoulders being chilly.
 Mrs. Freshleigh—Now, Johnny, you really must take better care of your clothes. I hope you always hang them up, Johnny Freshleigh—Well, I did hang up my dress suit last term, but I was afraid to tell you about it.
 Mrs. Suddenrich—What awful nice spoons them are! Dealer—Yes, madam; they are our latest designs. Mrs. S.—Are they to eat fruit with? Dealer—They are souvenir spoons, madam. Mrs. S.—Gimme a dozen. Our new French cook makes elegant souvenirs.
 Intelligent Heeler.
 Voter (seeking information)—This man that's running for alderman—is he a man of probity?
 Other Voter (chock full of information)—Yes. Owns a block of business houses. But he'd steal acorns from a blind pig.
 All Imagination.
 Mr. Chugwater lay groaning on his bed. Mr. Chugwater's weight is nearly three hundred pounds and the bed was groaning too.
 Where is the pain, Josiah? inquired his wife, sympathizingly.
 In the small of my back, of course! he snorted. Where do you suppose a man has the lumbago?
 You must be mistaken, dear, said Mrs. Chugwater, soothingly. You haven't any small of the back.
 Would Take No Risks Against a Chicago Wedding.
 Not infrequently the marriageable daughter finds a dangerous rival in the widowed mother. This seems to be the case in a family living on Lexington avenue. Mrs. Smiley, the widow, is absent from New York, being in Chicago, but her daughter, Miss Fanny Smiley, is at home. A young lady, Miss Murray Hill, called, and among other things the engagement of the latter with Charlie Knickerbocker, who was considered a great catch, was discussed.
 When will the wedding come off? asked Miss Murray Hill.
 As soon as possible. I am not in favor of slow matches, replied Miss Smiley.
 Slow matches?
 Yes. A long engagement is a slow match, isn't it? The wedding will be a very quiet affair.
 I suppose you have telegraphed to your mother?
 No, indeed. Mother will not know anything about it until after we are married. If she were to hear that a handsome young man belonging to the elite and worth half a million wanted to marry me she would come

back to New York and marry him herself. The widows capture all the handsome young men from us young girls, and I don't propose to take any foolish chances.
 You speak in riddles, Fanny. Your mother is married to a rich old pork packer in Chicago.
 That was two weeks ago. You don't suppose she is married to him still, do you? If you do, you don't know much about Chicago. No, indeed; I'll take no risks. Any ordinary widow can out out a poor, inexperienced girl like myself, but a divorced Chicago widow would give me no show at all.—Texas Siftings.
 He Was In.
 There is a colored man in Austin, Texas, who spends a great portion of his time in jail. His name is Sam Johnsing. One day a chum of Sam's, Jeems Webster, showed up at the jail.
 What do you want? asked the jailer gruffly.
 I jess called, sah, ter ask ef my friend, Mistah Samuel Johnsing was at home, sah. Is he in?—Texas Siftings.
 A Novel Way of Booming the Stock Market.
 One day last week a long, lean, solemn looking man went into a Dearborn street eating house and took a seat at one of the tables.
 Have you any pork soup? he asked the waiter.
 Pork soup? echoed the white aproned young man. No, sir. I never heard of pork soup. We have some excellent consommé, some very fine vegetable soup, and some first class bouillon.
 No broth a la young pig?
 Nothing of the kind.
 Bring me some pork and beans—mostly pork.
 All right, sir.
 Got any butterine?
 I—I think we have.
 Bring me some bread and butterine.
 Yes, sir.
 Got any ham and eggs?
 Yes, sir.
 Bring me ham and eggs. Don't care much for the eggs. Bring plenty of ham.
 Anything else?
 Yes. I want a good sized chunk of roast pork. No gravy. All pork. Understand?
 Yes, sir.
 That will do for a while.
 The combustibles were brought and disposed of in short order.
 Anything else? inquired the waiter.
 Yes. Got any pork sausage?
 Yes, sir.
 The sausages were brought and devoured without loss of time.
 Got any fried pie?
 No, sir. This isn't exactly a fried pie kind of eating—
 You can fry a pie to order, can't you?
 Yes, sir.
 Well, fry half an apple pie. Plenty of lard. Understand?
 Yes, sir. Anything else?
 Got any doughnuts?
 Yes.
 Bring me a plate of doughnuts. Hot and greasy. Understand?
 In due time the fried pie and hot doughnuts made their appearance. The waiter stood by until the last fragment of greasy pastry had vanished, and then ventured to ask:
 Is that all, sir?
 No. Bring me another plate of doughnuts.
 My friend! said an elderly gentleman who for some time had been watching the hungry individual from the opposite side of the table with undisguised astonishment, pardon me for asking the question. I am a physician. Have you an abnormal appetite for pork, or are you eating this kind of a meal on a wager?
 Neither, answered the lean, solemn looking man, breaking another doughnut. I own a few shares of stock in a packing and provision company. It's down a few points in the market to-day, and I am doing all that one man can do to boom the stock, sir—that is all.—Chicago Tribune.
 This Hits Somebody.
 After you get angry and stop your paper just poke your finger in water, pull it out and look for the hole. Then you will know how sadly you are missed. A man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back half his friends will not know that he was gone and the other half will not care a cent, while the world at large kept no account of his movements. You will find things that you cannot endorse in every paper. Even the bible is rather plain and hits some hard licks. If you were to get mad and burn your bible, the hundreds of presses will still go on printing it, and when you stop your paper and call the editor names, the paper will still be published and, what is more, you'll read it on the sly.—Ex.

PROFIT IN PAPER MONEY.

How Uncle Sam Manages to Make a Few Millions.
 The parlor stove is a considerable source of income to the United States Treasury, though the contributors to the fund are invariably most unwilling ones, said a Treasury official the other day. Of all ways of hoarding paper money none appears to be in such universal favor as that of hiding it away in an unused sitting room stove during the summer time. When the fire is lighted in the autumn the cash goes up in smoke, and then the owner makes application to have the ashes redeemed. The chief of the redemption division said that not less than 100 such cases were submitted to him every fall. Sometimes the remains are not too far consumed for identification, but as a rule this method of destroying money is found to be singularly effective and hopeless.
 It is a most interesting fact that nearly all the paper money destroyed by accident meets its fate on the rail. Whenever a railway disaster occurs fire usually ensues and the express car is burned. Now an express car almost invariably carries a safe with more or less money in it, among other valuables. The safe, unless it is one for transporting Government money, is apt to be of the portable kind and not fire-proof. Thus it is an almost every day occurrence for one of these safes to arrive at the Treasury with its cash contents in the shape of more or less hopeless ashes.
 You would be astonished to see how little in the way of remains is required, when passed under the hands of Treasury experts, to procure the identification and redemption of burned paper money. A few bits, so hopelessly charred as to seem to the ordinary eye but a small accumulation of ashes, may be redeemable for thousands of dollars in bright new bills at the paying teller's desk. All that is required is sufficient evidence that the originals of the notes have been really destroyed. The law says that the smallest portion is redeemable at full face value if it is only accompanied by satisfactory affidavits as to the loss of the remainder. Some few attempts have been made to swindle the Treasury in this way by false affidavits, but the department believes that it has always discovered them.
 Uncle Sam has made a good deal of money by his paper cash that has been accidentally destroyed. Of course every penny of it that is not handed in at the Treasury for redemption is so much in his pocket. In this way he has found his issue of fractional currency most profitable.

PROGRESS IN NEGRO LABOR.
 Rapid Advance of the Slave Element
 It is urged strongly in many quarters in behalf of the colored people of the United States that a special department be provided by the management of the Columbian Fair in 1893 for the display of products of negro labor. There is very much to commend in the proposition. The colored population has not only doubled in numbers since the abolition of slavery, but the progress of the race since their emancipation has been truly wonderful. The records of the Patent Office at Washington show numerous valuable inventions in industrial machinery, the product of the genius of colored men. In several States there are many factories and shops owned and operated by colored people and skilled work of the first order turned out in them. The present generation furnishes a very considerable number of colored journalists, authors and professional men whose abilities have won for them distinction in intellectual circles. The general standard of intelligence has been raised in a remarkable degree during the present generation, and the colored people emancipated have made for themselves a splendid record in adapting themselves to their changed conditions and surroundings, and developing latent germs of intellectuality, which needed only the warm stimulus of free institutions to cause them to bud forth into fruitful life and vigor.
 There is no great achievement of American liberty that reflects more glory upon American institutions than the spectacle of this progress made in a generation by a race transformed by a single proclamation of the National will from slaves to sovereigns, and no feature of American life illustrated in the World's Fair would convey to visitors from foreign monarchies a lesson more edifying and impressive than that presented in a special department displaying in palpable object lessons the evidences of that wonderful development of a people. We have little doubt but that when the matter shall have been brought before the management in due time and form it will receive the attention and the treatment it deserves.—New Era.

At a conference held in Clarendon Hall, New York City, the representatives of the various painters' unions of that city decided to demand the eight hour day in the spring and keep the union scale at its present rate, \$3.50 per day. The delegates at this conference represented 6,000 men.

Smoked Himself to Death.

The most fantastic story told is that of the strange and slow suicide of the Baron Bela Olnyi, at Pesh, in the year 1875. The Baron was supposed to be very wealthy. He had a wife and six children. He lost his money in speculation but this was not known. He went to Paris and insured his life for 100,000 guelden each in five companies. He returned to Pesh, and his habits began to change. He absented himself from home for long periods every day. The picture of health, he began to droop and pine away. In ten months he died of what the doctors called galloping consumption. The insurance companies were suspicious, and their detectives unearthed a

most wonderful plot. The nobleman was discovered to have hired a small room in a remote and mean portion of the city. It was broken into, and found to be furnished with a comfortable sofa, a table, two chairs, and two chests. In one of these was found a comfortable dressing gown, a pair of loose Turkish trousers, a fez, and a dozen long pipes. In the other was found about two hundred strong Havana cigars and a half pound of common smoking tobacco. From the wrappers found in the bottom of the chest it would appear that in less than eight months the nobleman had smoked about 3,500 cigars, and about one hundred pounds of smoking tobacco, having deliberately poisoned himself with nicotine.—St. Louis Globe.

BEDDING!

PATENTED FOR ITS PURITY.
 Increased facilities for purifying and dressing Bed Feathers and Mattresses of every description at the **SHORTEST NOTICE. A PURE BED IS NECESSARY TO HEALTH.** Where can you get it?
ONLY AT TOWNSEND'S PATENTED FOR PURITY.
Beds, Mattresses and Pillows of every kind at Lowest Possible Price.
 (ENGLISH BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS CHEAP! CHEAP.)
 Patentes of the celebrated Stem Winder Woven Wire Spring Bed, for many years in use at the MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL and other large institutions.

J. E. TOWNSEND,
 No. 1 Little St. Antoine st., Corner St. James st. Only.
 ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.
 BELL TELEPHONE 1906. FEDERAL TELEPHONE 2224

J. P. COUTLEE & CO.,
 MERCHANT TAILORS,
 (Sign of the Large Scissors and Triangle)
 1516 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 (SECOND DOOR FROM CLAUDE STREET),
 MONTREAL.
GRAND SACRIFICE NOW GOING ON.
 OVERCOATS, PANTS, &c., Ready-made and Custom made to order, selling below Wholesale Prices.
 Having determined to sell only for Cash in future, I intend selling goods on the merits at ROCK BOTTOM CASH PRICES ONLY.
 NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

P. GALLERY,
 (LATE OF GALLERY BROS.)
PLAIN AND FANCY BREAD BAKER,
 252 RICHMOND STREET, MONTREAL.
 Having built a new and improved Bakery is now prepared to serve the public with the Best Plain and Fancy Bread at the LOWEST PRICES. Orders sent to above address will be promptly filled.

FIRE INSURANCE.
EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.
AGRICULTURAL INS. CO. OF WATERTOWN. ASSETS OVER \$2,000,000.
 CITY AGENTS: THOS. McLELLIGOTT, J. D. LAWLOR, L. BRAHAM, J. A. McDUGALL.
C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent.
 42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ECHO.
 One Dollar a Year. 769 Craig Street

R. SEALE & SON,
 Funeral Directors,
 4 1/2 & 43
 St. Antoine St., Montreal.
 Bell Telephone 1022.
 Fed. Telephone 1691.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 (ESTABLISHED 1803.)
 Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000
 Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000
 Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in all the principal towns of the Dominion.
 Canadian Branch Office:
COMPANY'S BUILDING,
 107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
E. D. LACY,
 Resident Manager for Canada.

McRae & Poulin,
 MERCHANT TAILORS.
 Highland Costumes,
 Ladies' Mantles
A SPECIALTY.
 Our Garments are Artistically Cut in the Latest Styles.
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
 2242 Notre Dame Street,
 MONTREAL.

MONEY TO LOAN.
 \$25,000 to lend on City or Country Property, interest from 5 to 6 per cent., by sums of \$500 and upwards, also money advanced on goods. Commercial Notes discounted. House and Farm for Sale or to exchange.
JOHN LEVEILLE, Agent,
 156 St. James

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!
MILLAR'S
 Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale
 Cream Soda, Cider, &c.
 To be had at all First class Hotels and Restaurants.
69 ST. ANTOINE ST.