

CHILD OF THE CITY STREETS.

Well may you sigh for flowers,  
Child of the city streets!  
For a leaf from greenwood bowers,  
Where the cooling breeze retreats.

Only a vernal glint  
Cools the fever of your desire;  
Only a miser's hint  
Of the beauty that lifts us higher.

Where you would have butterflies gay,  
And birds to sing untiring,  
Falls the shadow of want all day  
To deaden the soul's aspiring.

Not for your feet the clover,  
Child of the city streets!  
Stone presses under and over,  
Your heart in a prison beats.

Where you would have flowers blooming  
And waters with rainbow spray,  
A mountain of stone is looming  
To shut the heavens away.

Not for your hot caress  
Blooms the lily white and cool;  
It floats in idleness,  
A dream on the woodland pool.

Only in sleep for you  
The fruited bow dips low;  
You wander dreamland through  
To find where the violets grow.

Stone walls press back the green  
God gave for tired eyes;  
A narrow court would veer  
Your gaze from the very skies.

Hard is your path of duty,  
Barren of childhood sweets;  
Well may we sigh for beauty,  
Wife of the city streets!

—Arkansas Traveler.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Jones, did you ever hear the Song of the Shirt? No, (hic) Billings, I never did. Fact is (hic) I didn't know a shirt could (hic) sing.

Poverty-stricken suitor—Be mine, Amanda, and I will treat you like an angel! I should think so! Nothing to eat and still less to wear. Not me!

Once Wilkes asked an elector to vote for him. No, replied the man warmly, I'd rather vote for the devil. Yes, responded Wilkes, but in this case your friend doesn't stand.

I have often wanted to visit a lunatic asylum; but I suppose there is none in the city? No; but we've got a board of trade. Come along. It's in session. It will do just as well.

Father—Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal? Old Uncle John—When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me.

Once when Mr. Tourgee was to lecture at Chicago, the chairman, by way of introducing him, said: A few years ago there appeared in this country a book which soon became famous. I do not doubt that you have all read it. Its title is A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools. I have now the pleasure of introducing the author of that book.

Book Agent—Can't I sell you a copy of the Exploration of the Holy Land? Hostetter McGinnis—I can't read. But your wife might want to read it. She can't read either. How about your children? They can read, can't they? Not a word. Well, you keep a cat, don't you? Yes, but the cat can't read, either, I know that, but you need something to throw at the cat, and this book is just the right size.

Analyzing a Word—A teacher gave out words for analysis. Bank-note was one of them, and the teacher's astonishment may be imagined when one young lady brought the following unique analysis: Bank-note is a compound, primitive word, composed of bank and note. Bank is a simple word, meaning the side of a stream; note, to set down. Bank-note, to set down by the side of a stream.

The Way Clear—Beg pardon, sir, said the man who had been standing up in the aisle of the car, as he wedged himself down by the side of a man who was trying to occupy two seats, but have you ever traveled in Germany? I have not, sir, gruffly answered the party addressed. It's an interesting country, rejoined the other pleasantly. You ought to visit it. You would have no trouble getting in now.

There's only one tailor's goose in the place said a dealer to his clerk; write to the factory at once for a dozen. The clerk turned to obey, and wrote: Send us one dozen tailor's geese immediately; but this did not seem to be right, and he changed it to, Send us one dozen tailor's geese immediately. This was no better, and he found and he found himself in a quandry, from which he finally emerged in this fashion: Send us immediately one tailor's goose, and eleven more.

THE LADIES INTERESTED  
IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF  
\$1,500.00!

A SPIRIT OF FRIENDLY RIVALRY STIRRED UP!

THE LADIES ALIVE  
To the Great Importance of the Undertaking!

The ladies of Canada are delighted; husbands note with pleasure the smiling faces of wives and daughters; indeed, the whole country is stirred up with a pleasurable excitement.

It simply amounts to this—that the manufacturers of the celebrated and universally used Diamond Dyes have inaugurated a grand competition scheme known as the "Diamond Dye Competition," which is freely thrown open to every mother, wife and daughter of our broad Dominion.

No less a sum than \$1,500.00 will be distributed to the mothers, wives and daughters of Canada, in first, second and third prizes. This sum is really being returned to the consumers of Diamond Dyes. Every lady in Canada can afford to become a competitor, and has sufficient intelligence and ability to make up some of the articles mentioned in the long and varied list. Ample time is afforded to all for experimenting and becoming perfect as competitors for the large cash prizes offered.

It is an unprecedented act of liberality on the part of the wealthy manufacturers of Diamond Dyes, and never before attempted by any similar institution in the world; and the public have the most ample proof that every promise will be faithfully carried out.

During the season the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes have contributed liberally to country fairs, in order to encourage Household Economy and Art. Small and almost unknown concerns have tried to stimulate this character-of work, by the offer of insignificant sums of from one to three dollars, that would not in any instance defray cost of dyeing and the making up of goods called for. We fear these small imitators have not yet discovered the fact that the ladies value too highly their time and materials, to be lured by such trifling and miserly prizes.

The fairs of our country having closed for the season, the manufacturers of Diamond Dyes mean to keep the ladies busy during the long autumn and winter evenings, by offering large and substantial prizes in keeping with the character of the work asked for.

The production of every competitor will form an exhibit in the large and well-equipped Diamond Dye establishment in Montreal, and three of the largest and best known Dry Goods firms in Canada have promised experts to award the prizes. These well-known houses are: Henry Morgan & Co., Henry and N. E. Hamilton, and John Murphy & Co.

Graham & Co., proprietors of the Montreal "Daily Star" and "Family Herald and Weekly Star," have signified their willingness to act as judges on the various Essays sent forward for competition. Young and old, rich and poor, have an equal chance in this magnificent and novel competition scheme; therefore all should willingly enter. If you have not yet received a book giving full particulars of the scheme, write at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, who will send it post free.

We are asked to remind our readers of the fact that all intending competitors should at once signify their intentions of becoming competitors, by sending in the form, properly filled up, which is found on page 15 of the book referred to. We wish to impress upon our people the fact that this contest is absolutely free to all. There is no cost for books, no entrance fee, and no money to be sent forward; it is as free to all as the air we breathe. We trust our people will do what they can in this competition, and thus sustain the reputation of our women and girls as adepts in household work and art.

Absence of Mind.

Some people find it hard, in using the telephone, to realize that they are not face to face with the person they are addressing.

A prominent merchant in the capital city of a State sat at his desk one hot day in July. In order to secure some degree of comfort he had taken off his coat and his collar and necktie.

A clerk came into the room. His Excellency the Governor wishes to speak with you through the telephone, said the clerk.

The Governor! Dear me! said the merchant.

He rose, hastily put on his collar, his necktie and his coat, gave his hair a stroke and went to the telephone to answer the Governor's call.

Might Have Known It.

While the parade of colored veterans was passing yesterday, a couple of colored people were walking along in the vicinity of a cheap jewellery stand. One looking at them would readily come to the conclusion that they had been recently married, as the buxom female eyed her companion's sturdy proportions with evident pride. Suddenly catching sight of the jewellery stand she gave her companion a vigorous nudge. He paid no attention.

Humph! Humph! Gawge!  
He walked quietly on.  
Hunk! Hunk! Gawge!  
Wat's de mattah wid you, my deah? But he kept looking at the parade.

Hi! Gawge—look! Hain't dey cherubums?

Wat yo' talkin' 'bout, dahling?  
W'y, de yeah-drops an de pin.  
Wat 'bout 'em?

Oh, Gawge, you done tole me w'en I designed my haht an' han to yo' keepin', dat I shud have de pootiest yeah-drops an' pin in C'lumbus, didn't yo'?

Yo' was a young, unsophisticated maiden den, warn't yo'?

Yes, yes, but Gawge—

What de debbil an ole married woman want wid flash jewellery, hey? Tell me dat, will yo'?

The great battle of life had begun.

His Wife's Pride.

The wife of an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad gave a very amusing exhibition of pride in a dry goods store a few days ago. Her husband is a very tall, thin man, the chest measure of his clothing is very small and when he buys underclothing he gets the smallest sizes. His wife is a large woman. She had gone into the store to purchase underclothing for her husband and while standing at the counter examining the goods a little bit of a woman came in and seeing the goods being displayed, said:

That is what I want, some under-shirts for my husband. No. 38, please.

What number will you have? said the salesman, addressing the first woman.

No. 38, please, was the reply.

The two women bought the same sized garments, one buying for a big chested and the other for a narrow chested man. When the latter took her purchase home and displayed it to her husband he was astonished to find the shirts so big. He said:

What the — did you buy such big shirts for?

Because.

Well, because what? I can't wear them. I don't care. I was not going to stand alongside of a little bit of a woman and buy shirts for a little bit of a man when she was buying shirts for a great big one. If you haven't any pride, I have; that's why I bought the big shirts.

Keen Scented Bloodhounds.

This county, several months ago, purchased a pack of young bloodhounds to be used in tracking escaping criminals. The dogs were placed in charge of Pat Bergen, a farmer living near here, for training. They were quick to learn, being of unusual intelligence, and have developed a sagacity that is probably not equalled by any other pack in the south.

A test of their scenting powers was given a few days ago in the presence of the board of county commissioners. The dogs were fastened in their kennels and a man was started off from Mr. Bergen's house. He skirted the fence, and reaching the railroad track climbed upon a freight car, walked along the roof of that and other cars attached, coming to the ground again at a distance of 200 yards.

He then took two long planks and walked along them, carrying each of them alternately and walking on the other, so that for a distance of 300 yards his feet nor hands never touched the ground. He then continued his course, carefully covering up his tracks in the dusty roadway by means of a stick for a distance of half a mile. He continued his course for two more miles, using various devices to destroy the trail, and finally took refuge in a tree.

About three hours after the man had reached the tree the dogs were brought out. As soon as they had caught the scent they started off on a run, finding their first difficulty at the railroad cars. They began to circle around in widening circles until the scent was picked up again at the point where the man had left the cars. The animals had but little difficulty in following the trail from there to the tree, where they came to a standstill, bellowing savagely when they discovered the object of their search.—San Antonio Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

Labor and capital are one, says the Mail and Express. Are labor and landlord one, too, or two? And which is the one?

"Tis the easiest trade of all, too, For he that's fit for nothing else is fit To own good land."

Printers' Rollers

YOU WANT

A GOOD ROLLER?  
OF COURSE YOU DO!

Get HENRY OWEN to make your Rollers and you will have what you want. All sizes at low prices. Rollers cast with despatch.

COMPOSITION IN BULK.  
GET PRICES.

769 Craig St., Montreal.

LORGE & CO.,  
Hatters and Furriers  
21 St. Lawrence Main Street,  
MONTREAL.

MONEY TO O.A.N.

\$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 st.

DRINK ALWAYS THE BEST!  
**MILLAR'S**  
Ginger Beer, Ginger Ale,  
Cream Soda Cider, &c.  
**GLADSTONE!**  
The Best of all Temperance Drinks.  
To be had at all First-class Hotels and Restaurants.  
**69 ST. ANTOINE ST.**

BEDDING!

PAENTED 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 TOWNSHEND'S PATENTED FOR PURITY.**

Beds, Mattresses and Pillows of every kind at Lowest Possible Price.

(ENGLISH BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEADS CHEAP! CHEAP.)

Patentee 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. TOWNSHEND,

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 their merits at ROCK BOTTOM CASH PRICES ONLY.

NO CREDIT AND NO BIG PRICES.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY  
AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1891:

3rd and 17th JUNE. 1st and 15th JULY. 5th and 19th AUGUST  
2nd and 16th SEPTEMBER. 7th and 21st OCTOBER.  
4th and 18th NOVEMBER. 2nd and 16th DECEMBER.

**3184 PRIZES, WORTH \$52,740!**  
**CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.**

Tickets, - - - \$1.00 11 Tickets for \$10.

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,  
81 St. James st., Montreal, Canada.

FIRE INSURANCE.

**EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.** 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. McDOUGALL.  
**C. R. G. JOHNSON, Chief Agent.**  
42 ST. JOHN STREET. MONTREAL.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1803.)  
Subscribed Capital . . . \$6,000,000  
Total Invested Funds . . . \$8,000,000

Agencies for Insurance against Fire losses in the principal towns of the Dominion.  
Canadian Branch Office:

**COMPANY'S BUILDING,**  
107 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL!  
E. D. LACY,  
Resident Manager for Canada

DR. NELSON'S PRESCRIPTION

Is undoubtedly the BEST of  
Cough Remedies. **25c** A Bottle.

DR. CHEVALLIER'S Red Spruce Gum Paste.

The Best of Spruce Gum Preparations.  
25c a Box.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, Chemists  
1605 NOTRE DAME STREET

**R. SEALE & SON,**  
Funeral Directors,  
41 1/2 & 43  
St. Antoine St., Montreal.  
Bell Telephone 1022.  
Fed. Telephone 1691.