

MILLIONAIRE AND MENDICANT.

Lazarus sits upon the doorstep,
Dives sits upon a throne;
Dives dines on bread and beefsteak,
Lazarus the crust and bone.
There's a great gulf fixed between them,
Which grows greater with the years;
For harder grows the heart of Dives,
As faster fall the poor man's tears.
In this world one has the good things;
The other takes what he has left,
One fares sumptuously on God's bounty,
While his brother is bereft.
Yet we know God's laws are equal,
Though man robs his fellow man,
Behind the great white throne of Heaven
We may the form of Justice scan.
Seek we through Divine uprightness
Blessings that the kingdom brings,
For our Heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.
—J. K. Kilbourn in The Standard.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The right kind of a Christian never has to apologize anywhere for being religious.
At the Toll-Gate—Collector—What have you got in that cart? Half a sheep. Alive or dead?

The man who cannot sing the old songs and won't try is the one we like to meet at an evening party.

The hardest thing to find,
Search everywhere you will,
Is he who had his wages raised
Under Bill McKinley's bill

Lady—How is this insect powder to be applied? Assistant (absent-mindedly)—Give 'em a teaspoonful after each meal, madam.

Little Flaxen Hair—Papa, it's raining. Papa (somewhat annoyed by work on hand)—Well, let it rain. Little Flaxen Hair—I was going to.

Johnkin—I hear you belong to an accident insurance society. Tomkin—Yes, I joined over six months ago and, confound it, I haven't got hurt yet.

Isn't that bathing suit a regular work of art? exclaimed Clara admiringly, as she held up the article in question. Oh, no, responded Jack, art is long.

Wickers—I don't believe there is much difference between genius and insanity. Vicars—Oh, yes, there is; a heap. The lunatic is sure of his board and clothes.

Bobbie reaches some conclusions that are original if not correct. He said the other day: I'm older than my papa or mamma, because my birthday comes before theirs.

Look here, George, I am positively tired of your talking love to me this way every time you call. Marty me, then, and I'll never speak another word of love to you as long as I live.

Oh, spare me, dear angel, one look of your hair, a bashful young lover took courage and sighed. 'Twere a sin to refuse so modest a prayer, so take the whole wig, the sweet creature replied.

Diggs—There is one thing about a foreigner I don't understand. Figgs—What? Diggs—He brags about his country all the time he is here, and about our country all the time after he gets home.

Papa, I'm getting up a subscription to buy a lovely dollar doll I saw in a window yesterday. Well, my child, is your subscription nearly up? Oh, yes, papa, almost, all I want from you is ninety-eight cents.

I have met this man said the lawyer, with extreme severity, in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself, and then he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling court and jury.

Young man (whose mother objects to the girl of his choice)—Mother, you say how much I will lose by marrying a girl so far below me in social standing as Clara; but then just think how much she will gain, and it will all be in the family.

I want to ask you something. I hope you won't think me too forward? Have no hesitation. I am going to have some handkerchiefs embroidered, and I was wondering if it would be safe to have the initials of my maiden name placed on them.

Two young ladies got into an electric car. One was pretty. All the seats were taken. Two young men were sitting together. Said one to the other—in German: I'm going to give my seat to the pretty girl. The other replied, also in German: Well, I suppose I must give mine to the ugly one, then. Both young ladies accepted the kindness and thanked the young men—in German.

A good story is told of a man who one day told his wife that he would give her all the silver pieces she found in his purse or pockets which were coined the year she was born. As a result the lady in due course of time had quite an amount of silver on hand—so much, in fact, that she went to the bank and deposited it in her name. Then, speaking to the cashier, the lady said: My husband tells me you are going to pay him some money to-day. Won't you please pay him in this silver I have just deposited. I will be so much obliged to you if you will. Of course, the cashier being noted for his courtesy to the ladies, quickly replied that he would be happy to please her. As a result the lady has still more birthday money.

Dawning of a New Industry.

Lawyer—Describe, as nearly as you can, the assault the prisoner made on you.

Witness—He threw his arm about my neck, which almost stifled me. Then he pulled off my overcoat, a heavy, first-class garment made by Ratchett & Hayero't, High street, Brixton, of the very best material and workmanship—

Never mind that. What did he do next? Best overcoat I ever had, and cost me only—

Confine yourself to the facts in the case, if you please.

Yes, sir. Cost me only 32s 6d. They're giving ten per cent off for cash. Then he relieved me of my watch. It was a gold hunting case timepiece, full jewelled—

You needn't describe the watch.

No, sir. I got it off Bomshell & Co., No. 344 Pulsifer Place. Best watch I ever owned, and cost me only—

All this is immaterial. I want only the facts pertaining to the robbery.

Then he left me and ran off without taking my hat, which was an elegant silk one, made by—

Sir! I don't—

Made by Pomfret & Slack, corner of Blue street and Commercial alley, half a guinea, best I ever wore. He failed also to get my shoes, which were—

Your worship, I insist that this witness shall—

Made by Demoss & Ingraham, No. 27 Korsteen street, Seven Sisters' Road, cost 15s 6d, made to measure, of the best leather and good enough for a king. That's all I know about it.

Who—who is this man—what is his occupation? asked his worship, a strange light dawning upon his hitherto placid countenance.

Me, your worship? me? answered the witness. I'm John Tollington, manager of the Patent Advertising Company, 336 High street—

Stand down!

A Gardening Episode.

He carefully prepared the small garden plot while his wife, deeply interested in his labor, stood watching him. After he had put in the seeds and smoothed over the bed, his wife took his arm to accompany him to the house, and on the way she asked:

When will the seeds come up, John?

He was one of those men who take pleasure in saying a smart thing when the opportunity offers so, laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder, he said:

I don't expect them to come up at all, Maria.

You don't! she exclaimed. Then why have you gone to all that trouble?

With the smile that springs from superior knowledge, he answered:

The seeds won't come up, but the flowers will by and by.

But he was wrong, for his neighbor's hens got into his garden that day, and the seeds did come up.

A Modern Miracle.

There lived in the vicinity of Bergerac a parish priest who was greatly beloved. His parishioners decided upon getting up subscription to present him with a cask of wine. One of the inhabitants supplied the cask, and each of the rest came and poured in two litres of the produce of his vineyard. One day last week our Cure invited some of the subscribers to dinner, in order to taste the beverage which formed a compound of all the wines grown in the district. The servant went to turn the tap, and came back with a decanter full of water in her hand.

Whatever is that? was the general cry.

This is the wine out of the barrel.

His reverence could not make it out; it was altogether puzzling! The guests were splitting with laughter. Each one had thought to himself that the presence of two litres of water would not be detected in a butt of wine, but, as it happened, they had all acted on the same idea.

He Chanced It.

While we were over at Lone Tree the other day, Steve Watson wanted us to marry him to a girl named Ramson, who has been living in the family of Major Hastings. We knew we couldn't do it as editor, but we were not so certain in our capacity as mayor. We finally agreed to take the chances on it if Steve and the girl would, and the result was that they were made one. We used the regular form followed by clergymen, but put in a proviso that if Steve ever stopped his subscription to our paper the marriage should be considered null and void. Until we have time to look up the law in the case we will marry any and every couple appearing before us for that object, charging only one year's subscription to the Kicker. If it transpires later on that we had no authority the ceremony can be gone through with elsewhere or things left as they stand, but the subscription must be considered a go. Please call at the mayor's office between 2 and 4 in the afternoon.—Arizona Kicker.

How much housekeeping money do you allow your wife? As much as she asks for. Does she make it do?

UGLY RACHEL.

Many years ago, in the Cumberland Mountains, near a much traveled road and not far from a stream that seemed to exist in a succession of accidental tumblings, there lived an old man who held natural claims to local distinction, but who was chiefly known for one cause. Simply because he was the father of Rachel Moss. It had often been declared by men of keen judgment and women of unerring taste that Rachel was the most unattractive, indeed the ugliest girl that nature could possibly form.

Old man Moss, Rachel's father, took summer boarders, but the girl never attempted to force her society upon them. When not engaged in the kitchen, or when not shyly picking her way along the tumbling stream, she sat alone in an attic room.

One evening a distinguished-looking traveler stopped at the old Moss house. He was an artist, and at one time dreamed of fame, but the unexpected inheritance of a large estate and the ease which naturally followed, turned his mind from the thoughts of a struggle for a place in the capricious world of art.

One day he caught sight of Rachel. His first impression was a shudder of repulsion, and then, moved by a strange fascination, he sought a better view of her face, which, when gained, made him yearn to place a closer look upon her features. The dinner hour was over, and the boarders sat in the shade of the porch, nodding. The woodpecker, with red bill glaring in the sunlight, tapped on the dead arm of a white oak tree, and a ragged sheep, with her eyes bulging in a melancholy stare, stood in the dusty road. Rachel slyly stole away and sought the cool brink of the hurrying stream. The artist followed her. She had gone some distance up the rugged glade, and, pausing under an over-cup acorn tree, was looking at a wild honeysuckle that trembled under the weight of a humming-bird, when she heard a stone splash in the water. The next moment she had turned to run away, when the artist scrambled out of the stream, whither a treacherous boulder had thrown him, and cried: "Please wait a moment."

She paused, though with painful embarrassment, until he approached, and, half hiding her face, waited for him to speak. "If the water had been deeper I should have had a good ducking," said he "I am not as dry as a powderhorn, as it is."

"I am sorry you fell in," she answered. "Oh, it doesn't amount to anything," he cheerfully replied. "We live in the same house, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Moss' daughter."

"I didn't know he had a daughter."

"Then you have not heard of me?"

"No. I have heard nothing concerning the family affairs of any one in this neighborhood."

"You have been fortunate," she said, with the merest suggestion of bitterness in the tone of her voice.

"I didn't suppose that any one could escape hearing an account of my father's unfortunate celebrity."

"Can't you see?" she bitterly asked, throwing aside, with unwonted boldness, her old sunbonnet and exposing every feature of her face. "Don't you see that it is because I am unrivalled in my ugliness? Come, be honest enough to acknowledge that you do see!"

"I confess that you may be without a rival in your unenvied line of distinction, but I can't see why the old man should be held accountable."

"Oh, your honesty is charming," she cried, laughing merrily. "I never encountered such frankness outside a book."

"You know something of books, then, do you?"

"Yes, I have been driven into an acquaintance with them. You must know that amongst ignorant people much depends upon looks. Intelligence counts for nothing, and cultivation is looked upon as a weakness, or rather an insanity. An old school teacher boarded at our house years ago and filled our attic—now my attic—with books. He was kind enough, or tolerant enough, to teach me, and when he died he left me his books. That is, he was unable to take them with him, and as no one else wanted them, they became my property. If I had been passably good looking, I should doubtless have never looked into them; but as my face is my physical misfortune, I was driven to the attic for my own real pleasure. I know but little of the neighborhood gossip, and therefore have but little to say to them. In fact, I'm ashamed to talk to ignorant people."

"I must thank you for the compliment you are paying me," said the artist.

"Oh, you are under no obligation whatever. But, to tell you the truth, I am surprised that I should talk so freely to you, a perfect stranger. I suppose, though, we all have our moods. If I had seen you sooner I should have run away."

"I'm glad you didn't, for I'm in need of your society, although I'm not so very bookish. I have devoted my life to the study of art."

"There you have a decided advantage of

me," she answered. "I know nothing whatever of art, except what I have read."

"In that event you know as much as most people; for there are thousands of pretended art critics who do not even read about it. By the way, I have become interested in you."

"Thank you; I will attempt to make better bread after this."

"Come, now don't grieve me; don't make fun of me."

"I don't think I can make anything more of you than you are."

"That's a compliment, or it isn't, I don't know which, but, really, I am interested in you, and have a favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"That you will meet me here every day."

"But I should like to know why."

"I can't tell you now—but I will some other time."

"I can't promise."

"But will you meet me here to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will promise that, but I don't know why."

The artist sat for a time gazing after her, and then he gave himself up to meditation. "I will paint her portrait," he had mused while talking to her.

The next day he was sitting on that same rock when Rachel came. "I don't know why I am so prompt," she said. "In fact, I don't know why I came at all, yet something seemed to be drawing me."

His blood leaped. Fate herself was aiding him. "I should have been greatly disappointed if you hadn't come," he answered. "Isn't the day lovely?"

"Yes, it falls upon the earth like God's beneficent smile." He looked up quickly, and wished that he could have thrown her face upon the canvas at that moment. He asked her to name her favorite books, and for more than an hour he sat listening to the passionate praise which she bestowed upon her friends, and at times he fancied himself attempting to paint her words.

Day after day they met under the over-cup acorn tree. The time was in full bloom, and he said: "Rachel, I have another favor to ask of you, the greatest that I could possibly ask. I want to paint a portrait of you; want to paint you just as you are, so that in after years I can look upon your face and bring up these surroundings."

She laughed. He looked up in surprise. "A miracle has been wrought," she said. "A man has cultivated me for my face alone. Yes, you may paint my picture, for your poorest work can but flatter me; but I shall name the conditions. The picture must be painted here, and at no time must you work on it after I have told you to stop."

"The conditions are satisfactory, Rachel. I will begin to-morrow."

Day after day she sat for him. Sometimes, with his brush just ready to touch the canvas, he would pause and listen to her as if her words were the unexpected wild wood notes of strange music; and sometimes when she seemed to be inspired with poetry, he would turn away from his work, and in a tranquil rapture gaze upon her. One day he touched the canvass, and throwing down his brush, exclaimed:

"God in heaven, it is beautiful." It was the picture of a divine face—the features of an angel. "Rachel," he cried, "I have painted your soul! see!" It sprang from the canvas like a burst of light. "Look, girl; I have caught a face fresh from heaven's mould; it is your soul, girl! it is your soul! Look, Rachel! Come, will you not look? Rachel!"

He ran to her, and started back in horror. She was dead.—San Francisco Star.

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