

THE FLYING GANG.

A RAILWAY SONG.

Oh, I served my time in the days gone by,  
In the railways' clash and clang,  
And I worked my way till the end, when I  
Was the boss of the flying gang.  
'Twas a chosen band that was kept at hand  
In the case of an urgent need;  
Was it south or north, we started forth,  
And away at our utmost speed.  
If a word reached town that a bridge was  
down,  
The imperious summons rang—  
"Come, out with the pilot engine, sharp,  
And away with the flying gang!"

Then a piercing scream and a rush of steam  
As the engine went ahead;  
With a measured beat by the slum and the  
street  
Of the sleeping town we fled,  
By the uplands bright and the homesteads  
white,  
With the rush of the western wind—  
The fastest engine in all the yard,  
And a single truck behind.  
And the country children clapped their  
hands  
As the engine's echoes rang;  
But their elders said, "There is work ahead  
When they send for the flying gang."

Then across the miles of the saltbush plain,  
In the moonlight wet with dew,  
Where the grasses waved like the ripening  
grain,  
The pilot engine flew;  
And the order sped on the wire ahead—  
"The pilot must go through."  
The Governor's special must stand aside,  
And the fast express go hang;  
Let your orders be that the line is free  
For the train with the flying gang."

PHUNNY ECHOES.

The most wonderful thing about a shad is how the meat ever got between the bones.

There are some people who think the music never amounts to much except when they play first fiddle.

A boy being asked for the definition of darkness, replied, A blind Ethiopian in a dark cellar at midnight, looking for a black cat.

Clara—Tell me, dear, if your form was like mine, what would you wear at the masquerade ball? Maude—I think I should wear a balloon.

Charlie—It's funny, isn't it? We never hear of labor unions south of the equator. Johnnie—Well, you know, you're not allowed to strike below the belt.

Indians must have a good time when they are boys, said Tommy. Why? asked his father. Because their nurses can't tell whether their hands are dirty or not.

In the street car—Paul, sit still or you'll get a thrashing. Mamma, if you punish me I shall tell the conductor that I was four years old yesterday, then you'll have to pay.

You weren't cross, then, when your daughter eloped? Not much. Why did you pursue them so hotly for twenty miles? I was afraid they might repent and come back.

Is this man charged with profanity? the judge asked. I don't think he is, yer honor, replied the policeman. He may have been, but Oi think most av it must have escaped by this time.

Wagaway—So you heard my lectures on Miracles. Do you know what a miracle is, my little girl? Bessie—Oh, yes, My sister said it would be a miracle if you didn't stay for dinner to-day.

An Ethical Point—La Fiancee—I am sorry to hear that papa is speculating so heavily. La Fiancee—By Jove, it's almost criminal for a man to speculate with money that ought to be saved for his son-in-law.

Mr. Farmer (laying down his paper)—Well, well, old man Oatay is dead at last, and the paper says he was a centenarian. I didn't know that. Mrs. F. (surprised)—No, nor I. I allus thought he was a Methodist.

Student—You say that when he died Johnson's work was not thought to be well done. Professor—There were some critics who said so. Student—Probably that is why they wrote above his grave, Rare Ben Johnson.

Jones—I saw a conjurer last night who would give you two different kinds of drink out of the same bottle. Brown—That's nothing, my boy. We've a grocer in our street who can sell you three kinds of tea from one box.

Perhaps the most trying experience in the career of a maiden who has passed the first blush of romantic girlhood is when she braces herself to meet the shock of a proposal of marriage from some man and the shock doesn't come.

Colonel Bluff—You might as well acknowledge that you stole the chickens, uncle. I found a piece of the brown coat you wore that night in the hen shed. Uncle Ebon (triumphantly)—Now, I ootch you, colonel. I didn't w'ar a brown coat dat night.

My husband received a note to-day in a woman's handwriting. Did you open it? I did not. And what is more, I left him by himself to read it at his leisure. Don't you worry over it? No, but I think he does; it was from my dressmaker.

Pearls Before Swine.

The evening was advanced when a venerable squire of ancient name and lineage arose to propose a toast. Seldom have I heard one more successful. He began modestly. It is always well to begin modestly. I feel, said the good man, that for a plain country squire like myself to address a dignified body like the Presbytery of St. Andrews, including in its number various learned professors, is indeed to cast pearls before swine. He had to pause long ere he got further. Thunderous applause broke forth. The swine cheered as if they would never leave off. We all knew perfectly what the laird meant. I was sitting next to him as he spoke the words. I heard them with these ears.

A Question of Time.

A story is going the rounds about a local jurymen, an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted a judge, and that without lying.

He came breathlessly into court saying: Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray do. I do not know which will die first, my wife or my daughter.

Dear me, that's sad, said the innocent judge, certainly you are excused.

The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice, asked: How's your wife?

She's all right, thank you.

And your daughter?

She's all right, too. Why do you ask?

Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first.

Nor do I. That's a problem which time alone can solve.

Why he was Like a Donkey.

Brown, do you know why you are like a donkey?

Like a donkey, echoed Brown, opening wide his eyes. No, I don't.

Do you give it up?

I do.

Because your better half is stubbornness itself.

That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home.

Mrs. Brown, he asked, as he sat down to supper, do you know why I am so much like a donkey?

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

I suppose because you were born so.

A Witness Who Could Retort.

A witness who went to the police court to testify to the good character of his countryman, Patrick McGrath, charged with assault and battery, was a trifle effusive in his remarks and delved too deeply into the genealogy of the McGrath's to suit the complainant's counsel. Twice he tried to arrest the torrent of encomiums and failing in it, lost temper, and said:

Did you ever talk a man to death?

No; did ye ever do it yerself? asked the witness, quite tartly.

Yes, said the counsel, with an absent air, but watching his opportunity for a thrust. Yes, a couple of hundred of them, I suppose.

Is that all? quoth the witness, sharply. Then ye haven't bate the record yet.

Haven't beat the record? Whose record? Samson's, returned the witness, calmly.

He slew 300 Philistines wid the same instrument ye use yerself.

The subsequent queries put to that witness were remarkable for their brevity.

A Wise Minister.

The minister of a western church not long ago preached a sermon on card playing and at its close remarked:

Will the brethren now in the house who know how to play poker please hold up their hands?

He waited a minute and not a hand went up.

I am very much obliged, he said then, but I did not think so many of you knew how.

There was a sensation in the church, but the preacher concluded the services quietly and afterwards a committee waited on him.

We come to ask you what you meant by saying we all knew how to play poker, when in response to your enquiry not one of us responded, said the spokesman, hotly.

The preacher laughed soothingly.

Don't let your tempers get the better of you, brethren, he replied, any man who knows how to play poker isn't going to show his hand until he is forced to, and you know it as well as I do.

The committee apologized and reported to the other members, and the preacher's salary was raised.

Entering the shop of his tailor the other day, he said: Sir, I owe you £10. Yes, sir, you do. And I have owed it for a year.

You have. And this is the fifth postcard you have sent me regarding the debt? I think it is the fifth. Now, sir, while I cannot pay the debt for perhaps another year, I propose to protect my character as far as possible. Here are twelve penny stamps.

You can use them in sending me twelve monthly statements of account, and can thus save your postcards and my feelings at the same time.

THE PRINTERS' HOME.

At Colorado Springs there now stands ready to be dedicated in May of the present year a monument to private generosity and to organized trades unionism. The Printers' Home is in no sense a charitable institution, for in it each member of the Typographical Union has a vested right and a voice in the conduct of its affairs. It is an asylum provided against the vicissitudes of fortune, when sickness or old age have destroyed the earning power of the printer. The enthusiasm and energy manifested in raising the funds and in building this magnificent institution is an indication of what may yet be accomplished by the adoption of methods that will render the Typographical Union desirable to every printer and that will prove to the employing printer that the union card is a certificate of competency and ability to earn the minimum living wages of the union scale. The methods we urge are education and technical training. It is but fair to say that if journeymen printers and pressmen seem apathetic of these subjects, the employing printers are indifferent; but in this matter it is not to be expected that the union can depend on any other than its own exertions.

At Philadelphia a few enthusiastic pressmen and printers are trying to gain a foothold for a technical night-school, despite the lack of interest in their own ranks and the desire of employers to dominate in the affairs of the school when their assistance was asked to put the scheme on a successful basis.

"United to support, not combined to injure," is a grand motto in its full significance, and how very significant it is when emphasized by the crystallization of its principles in the Printers' Home. How disappointing, therefore, is it to those of the craft who anticipated the Typographical Union of New York would set the example by starting a school to teach machine composition, to learn that the project has been defeated. The lesson that the Printers' Home teaches is that to gain something a sacrifice must be made. The printers of the U.S. and Canada have each paid their quota of the funds for building the Home.

Not, we are assured, because anyone anticipated having to ultimately take advantage of its benefits, but from loyalty to the union and a conviction of the benefit of the Home to the craft; and yet in the unsettled state of affairs resulting from the introduction of typesetting machines, the proposition put to the membership of the New York union, to permit members to work for a less price than the scale for a limited time while learning to work the machines, was defeated. The lack of confidence in its own membership, of which this action is evidence, is the most depressing feature in union politics, especially when it attacks those who have spent their time and talent in the service of their fellows. It would, we are assured, be a surprise to the membership of the colossal International Union if the vital number who attend the meetings regularly could be given. The paying of dues is the least duty; the presence of each member and the careful study of each question and conscientious voting is the whole duty, for the negative support of any movement is far more deadly to its success than active opposition. It kills enthusiasm, the life of all beneficial measures. Let the Printers' Home stand as an object lesson of what can be done by organized effort and enthusiasm, and let each local union have its classroom and library, for by such means will its membership be enlarged and its benefits made strikingly apparent. Such a reform of present methods can be made at little expense.—Inland Printer.

PRINTED IN ARABIC.

America Has a New Paper of a Novel Kind.

The first Arabic newspaper on the western continent has begun its weekly issue from its office at 47 Pearl street, New York, and its name is The Kawkab America, which means "Star of America." There is no such paper in Europe or in any other country where Aryan tongues prevail, yet, strange to say, The Kawkab has a large constituency already assured.

It is a surprise and freshens one's impression that New York is truly cosmopolitan, to learn that there are in that city 7,000 Arabs, Syrians, Persians and others whose written language is Arabic. In both Americas there are, says The Kawkab, about 150,000 and in all the world 270,000,000. It will be edited and published by Mr. N. J. Arbeeley, interpreter in the bureau of immigration, and his brother, Dr. A. J. Arbeeley, and will be not only the organ of all readers of Arabic in America, but a medium of spreading information about them and the United States among their congeners in Asia and Africa.

While most of the paper will be published in Arabic, there will be a small department in English, so editors who exchange with it need not despair. Both the proprietors are Christians, and expect most of their support from Syrian Christians, but will, of course, avoid anything calculated to offend Mohammedans. All the compositors are natives of Syria, and as there are 1,335 characters in Arabic their type cases are calculated to make an American printer stare. In fact there are six cases for

each compositor, ranged according to the frequency of use of the characters. Editor N. J. Arbeeley is a graduate of Maryville college, Tennessee, where he was professor of various languages for five years, but his brother, the doctor, is a graduate of the Imperial college of Constantinople. The latter has practiced medicine for some years in New York and the former was United States consul at Jerusalem under President Cleveland.

Honesty Proved a Good "Ad."

An English journal tells of a provincial draper who found a sixpence on the floor of his shop. Being an honest man, he put this notice in his window: "A sum of money found on Tuesday last in this establishment. The owner will receive the same within upon describing the money." Hundreds and hundreds of people have since called and announced the loss of money. Their respective losses ranged from two shillings to hundreds of pounds. No one has announced the loss of a sixpence. All who have called have spent money in the shop. A merry twinkle glitters in the honest draper's eye as he looks at the lucky sixpence which has brought him so much trade.

How Not to Grow Old.

If one could place upon the market some nostrum which would displace or prevent wrinkles, says the Boston Journal, which would keep the hair from falling off or turning gray, which would keep the step elastic, the form erect, the eyes undimmed, the bearing acute, and, in short, if the secret of perpetual youth could be discovered, the reward to the discoverer would be generous, for one of the strongest desires inherent in the heart of most men is to live, and in living to live comfortably, as in youth and middle life, to be capable of using the good things of life to the last with a keen relish. As men and women approach the period of the "sere and yellow leaf," there is a noticeable effort to cover up, to cement the seams opened by old Time, to deceive themselves, if not their fellows, to counteract a semblance of youth; in short, to crowd back the destroyer of youth and to leave as few marks as possible of his stealthy steps.

One may not be able to dissemble long. The hour of the masquerader is brief. Lotions, dyes, cosmetics, powders, paints have but an ephemeral use, and at best are deceptive only to the unobservant. But there is a power greater than that of years. It laughs at the old man with his hour glass and mocks the stealthy steps of age. It comes from within. The sunny, sweet disposition, the honest purpose to make others happy, the serene temper, the power to make the best of all good or evil in life, crown humanity with a lustre which age cannot dim, will give a man the open sesame to young or old society, will make his presence a joy compared with which mere youth and vigor are weakness.

Quick at Figures—Young Featherly (to hostess)—You have children, have you not? Mrs. B. Mrs. B.—Oh, yes. I have a boy seven years old and a little girl of five. Young Featherly (astounded)—Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years.

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