

POOR POETRY BUT STRAIGHT TRUTH.

He was walking up-town, it was on Saturday night
That the Union met, and he said 'twas not right
To compel a poor man, who is working his best,
To pay so much dues, so he stopped for a rest.

He walked into a saloon and ordered the beer,
Which was placed on a table, and drew up a chair,
And commenced to reason about in this way,
"A man can't stand it on three dollars a day."

He drank up his beer and ordered another,
And just at that time in came a brother;
He asked him to take one, and was glad that they met—
Besides it is too early for the meeting just yet.

"I want to ask you a question about paying our dues—
Don't you think them too heavy? Don't you think we're abused?"
"Well, I'll tell you, my brother, the reason and why—
First, let's have two beers, for I'm getting quite dry."

And the brother continued in about this way:

"When a man has got groceries and house rent to pay,
And has to buy clothing, school books and shoes,
There isn't much left for payment of dues."

So they sat and they talked till 'twas much after ten,

And too late to go to the meeting just then.
Two more beers and a deck of cards to play
Was called for to pass the time away.

So they played and they drank till it was twelve or more,

And the landlord said he must close the door.

Said one dollar and fifty cents must be paid,
Which was quietly paid and not a word said.

And they staggered home their wives to be-
rate,

Complained that the Union had kept them out late,

And for taxes and dues had paid quite an amount,
And said that the Union was not much account.

—Iron Moulders' Journal.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Brakeman (calling station) — Sawyer! Room (who has just taken a surreptitious kiss from his bride—defiantly)—Don't care if you did; we're married.

A little Boston girl, who is going to a private school, wants to go to a public school. I am tired, she says, of going to a school where the teacher calls us darling.

Mrs. Jaysmith—Freddy, how did you get your clothes torn and your eye blacked like that? Now, don't deny it, you've been in a fight. Freddy (ruefully)—None; I wasn't in it.

Grandfather Dean, who is very old indeed, was holding his little grand-daughter Helen on his lap, when she suddenly asked very seriously, Grandpa, why don't you wear a switch?

A little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, was asked the question in catechism, What is the chief end of man? and he answered, Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever.

No, Bobby, said his mother, one piece of pie is quite enough for you. It's funny, responded Bobby, with an injured air. You say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't even give me a chance to practice.

Doctor, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope? said a very sick man to Dr. Blister. Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers, replied the doctor. Then there is not much hope for me? Oh, yes there is. You are the tenth case that I have treated, and the other nine are dead. I don't see how you can help getting well if the statistics are to be relied on.

The doctor has ordered my little girl pure fresh milk. What do you charge a quart? Farmer—Ten cents. Very well. I'll bring her here every day so she can get it just from the cow. Oh, in that case it will be twenty cents a quart.

Judge (to the defendant)—You confess, then, that you called the plaintiff a cow? Yes, I do. Judge (to the plaintiff)—Well, what damages do you want? I want fifty dollars reparation of character. That is rather a big sum for such an offence, remarked the judge. The plaintiff (a drover)—But, your honor, please take into consideration the present high price of cattle, if you please.

There was once a mother who was fond of pointing her moral lectures with practical

illustrations drawn from the daily life of her children. And the children showed they understood the force of this method of instruction. One day a discussion arose in the nursery. Will said a thing was so, Mabel said it wasn't. But if I say it's so, it is so, said Will. Saying a thing is so doesn't make it so, answered Mabel stoutly. Now, suppose you say you're a good boy, that doesn't make you one, does it?

One day on a railroad car a lady allowed her little boy, who could hardly speak distinctly, to play about the car, and by and by, to the horror of all of us, she discovered him complacently sitting outside on the steps. She brought him in, and although the punishment inflicted was mild, his little heart seemed to be completely broken. When presently the train stopped at a station great, choking sobs could be heard distinctly all over the car, and suddenly we were all convulsed by a grieving, reproachful and utterly desolate little voice exclaiming: Say, mamma, when a—naughty old-trainman leaves—a door wide open, how can a baby help going out?

Is Marriage a Failure?

Rastus Snickers, colored, has only been married a few months, but he, nevertheless, is already disgusted with matrimony. He applied to Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter to have the sacred tie untied, but was told that dem whom de Lor had jined together no man kin put asunder.

Don't you lub her no moah? queried Whangdoodle.

Hit's a curus bizness, dis heah tender passion, replied Rastus. When I fust married dat ar gal I felt mos' like eatin' her up, but after I was married to her a while I was mad at myself for not doin it.

Might Have Been Worse.

The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV, was a young woman of great spirit and originality. One day she took a fancy to her will, and in it bequeathed all her property to one of her teachers. He was imprudent enough to keep the document, and was, in consequence, dismissed as soon as it was discovered.

The gentleman who then undertook his duties did so with great zeal, and had reason to find one, at least, of his corrections productive of good.

He chanced to enter the room when the princess was reviling one of her attendant ladies, in great wrath, and after giving her a lecture on hasty speech, he presented her with a book on the subject.

A few days later he found her still more furious and using language even more violent.

I am sorry to find your royal highness in such a passion, said he. Your royal highness has not read the book I gave you.

I did, my lord, cried she tempestuously. I both read it and profited by it. Otherwise I should have scratched her eyes out.

Bill Daly's Tough Leg.

They tell this story of Bill Daly, the veteran turfman:

Old Bill was training a horse for an underdone anglo-manic, and as the horse had bad legs it was necessary to keep him standing in a tub of hot water for an hour in the morning to get the inflammation out. The dude came along one day just as Daly had put the horse's forward legs in the hot water, and, pulling off his gloves, he stuck his fingers into the water and pulled them out blistered. Mr. Daly! Mr. Daly! he yelled, you will scald this horse to death! It's cruelty—gross cruelty to animals to subject a horse to such torture, and I want you to understand, Mr. Daly, that I think you are just horrid to do such a thing.

Bill Daly sized him up very slowly and said: Young man, you are full of prunes. The water is not too hot. I'll bet you ten dollars that I can hold my foot in it for five minutes without a murmur.

The dude skinned a twenty off his roll and laid it down on the straw, and Bill Daly put a double eagle on it to hold it down and stuck his artificial leg in the tub. At the end of five minutes the young man walked away disgusted, and as Daly folded up the bill and returned the double eagle to its place in the purse a little colored boy who had been on the verge of an explosion while the bet was being decided said, For de Lor's sake, Mas' Daly, why didn't you bet him more than twenty dollars when you knewed you had a dead sure thing?

Twan't no dead clinch, said Bill Daly, and twenty is all I'll bet on my memory. It's gettin so uncertain of late years. S'posin I'd forgotten and stuck the wrong leg in the tub.

A Realism.

At last we are alone!

It was the man who spoke.

The woman trembled and lifted her eyes to his face.

They were beautiful eyes, but they were tremulous eyes—eyes which look out from a heart which is irresolute, fearful.

He stamped his heavy foot upon the floor of the room.

The echoes brought back in their invisible arms the sound, and let it ripple out

again until it struck the walls once more and fell into the vast void of silence.

A bat, disturbed by the unusual activity, darted from a corner and blindly dashed in eccentric convolutions about the dusty building.

Great ropes of cobwebs hung down from the ceiling, and across the corner of the room dead flies swung lightly in the hammocks the spiders had fastened there.

The dust rose in listless clouds from the shock of the heavy footfall, and sank again, overcome by its own inertia.

The spirit of desolation seemed to pervade the place.

The woman looked furtively around upon her dim surroundings and shivered.

The man laughed harshly.

Alone, I said, he growled.

Yes, she murmured.

A faint light struggled in through the great windows in front, thick with dust.

Where are we? she whispered, and shivered as the bat dashed into her hair.

Listen, he replied hoarsely, we are in a store which does not advertise.

Lifting Power of a Cyclone.

In his article on the frightful cyclones which visit the Bay of Bengal with surprising frequency, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the government of Bengal, incidentally gives some curious figures to illustrate the cyclonic forces developed by such storms.

The average daily evaporation registered by the Bengalese instruments is two inches.

The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal must necessarily be enormous.

"Roughly estimated," says Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power each."

A simple calculation will show what it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water every twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay and transport it to the clouds above.

When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of the whole Indian gulf, the mind is lost in its efforts to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons.—St. Louis Re. public.

Reading at Public Libraries.

In Paris, as well as with us, it is found that the value of public free libraries as a means of educating the masses is small.

An attempt was made to induce people who frequent the sixty-four libraries in Paris to prefer instructive books to works of fiction; but the only result of this was a decrease in the number of readers.

So the endeavor was abandoned, the authorities coming to the conclusion that it is better the public should read novels than not read at all.

At present nearly 50 per cent. of the books taken out are novels.

Both in London and Paris we may as well accept the inevitable. The free library is not a place where the ardent student learns the latest lessons of science or studies the masterpieces of literature past and present.

The reader, if of the male sex, goes to search the scriptures of the sporting prophets; if a woman, to read the fashion papers and the fiction of the day. The books best worth reading are unread.—St. James' Gazette.

New Standards of Value.

Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, in the course of an eloquent sermon in the Grand Avenue Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn., last Sunday, said: "A telegram printed in one of the papers the other day told of a great explosion of some gun powder in Rome, which resulted in the loss of two square of lives and the destruction of some splendid stained glass windows and valuable paintings.

In the telegram the loss of human life was told in a line; the destruction of stained glass windows and valuable paintings occupied paragraphs.

If the recording angel had sent that message to heaven he would have emphasized it differently. He would have spoken only of the loss of life, and of the records of all the lives, and of the conditions of their souls.

Perhaps he might have mentioned incidentally at the bottom that a few stained glass windows had been broken."—New Nation.

How a Woman Became a Radical.

Nowhere else, perhaps, can there be found more interesting women who champion the "isms" of the day than in New York. They are not to be found among the fashionables, although invariably they are women of culture, often learned and frequently wealthy.

Devotion to the peculiar theories they hold separates them from the companionship of those having equality of training, culture and resources.

This devotion is unselfish, for it entails the condemnation of the world and often of friends and relations. A man may make something out of an unpopular cause; a woman, never.

Foremost among the socialist leaders in this city is Florence Kelley Wischniewsky. Al-

though rich, she has made the cause of the proletariat her own, sacrificing all social aspirations on its altar. She lives with her husband, a physician, and her three little children in a handsome brownstone house in West Seventy-second street.

Mrs. Wischniewsky is a daughter of the late William D. Kelley, the Pennsylvania congressman who was known as "Pig Iron Kelley."

She exhibited early in life great power of intellect, and her father gave her the best education possible.

She was graduated from Cornell college and took up the study of law and political economy with her father.

She wrote several political brochures which were very favorably received.

She went to Germany, where she met and married her husband. A pronounced socialist, he indoctrinated her with his ideas, and today she is more radical than he.

She at once gave herself up to lecturing to laboring men and translating abstruse German political works into simple English.

Even Mrs. Wischniewsky's best friends do not call her good looking, but she has a noticeable face.

She is tall and slight. She carries herself erectly. Her light brown hair is always combed straight back from her forehead.

Her features are irregular and her complexion is dark. Her sparkling eyes light up the whole face. She dresses very plainly.

A Good Word for the Sailor Hat.

The little round sailor hat is after all the only durable and always presentable head gear for the watering places.

A big Gainsborough may make one look demure, piquant and coquettish, but it gathers all the dust and sand and it is almost impossible to tie a veil around it; then if you are out sailing the wind gets under it; it plays havoc with the hair, either straightens it all out and makes you look heathenish or catches in the hairpins and draws the plaits out of shape.

The dear little hat! It has so many pleasant traits. Two heads can get in very small places with sailor hats on.

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