

SONG OF THE SYNDICATE.

Let us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path,  
Get a trust on wheat and roses,  
Give the poor the thorns and chaff.  
Let us find our chiefest pleasure  
Hoarding bounties of to-day,  
So the poor shall have scant measure  
And low prices have to pay.

Yes, we'll reservoir the rivers,  
And we'll levy on the lakes,  
And we'll lay a trifling poll-tax  
On each poor man who partakes.  
We will brand his number on him,  
That he'll carry through his life,  
We'll apprentice all his children;  
Get a mortgage on his wife.

We will capture e'en the wind-god,  
And confine him in a cave;  
And then, through our patent process,  
We the atmosphere will save.  
Thus we'll squeeze our little brother  
When he tries his lungs to fill;  
Put a metre on his wind-pipe,  
And present our little bill.

We will syndicate the star-light,  
And monopolize the moon;  
Claim a royalty on rest-days—  
A proprietary noon.  
The right of way through ocean's spray,  
We'll pay just what it's worth,  
We'll drive our stakes around the lakes;  
In fact, we'll own the earth.

—J. K. Kilbourn in The Standard.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Dressmaking establishments want meas-  
ures, but not men.

There are sermons in stones and buttons  
in the contribution box.

A man no sooner gets old enough to speak  
than he also learns the value of not  
talking at all.

The female spiritualistic medium never  
exposes herself. That is to say, she never  
goes out without her raps.

Algernon (who is much given to talking in  
phrases)—Angelina, I love you with a fervor—  
a fervor—worthy of a better cause!

Doctor—My friend, do you know that  
you're about half dead? Editor—Impossible!  
I am told that you never do things by  
halves.

Hojack—The new cruiser now being built  
at Philadelphia is called a commerce de-  
stroyer. Tomdik—Then I suppose it will  
be named McKinley.

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the  
world. You were once considered the  
sweetest thing in the world, although you  
may not look it now.

Doctor—My dear madame, there is nothing  
the matter with you—you only need  
rest. But, doctor, you look at my tongue.  
Needs rest, too, madame.

When a man is looking for a wife he  
wants an angel, but when he goes to house-  
keeping he sometimes says ugly things be-  
cause he didn't get a cook.

Little May was showing the pictures in  
the album to the visitor, and on coming to  
the picture of her father's first wife, she  
said: That's my elder mother.

A Yankee, on paying his bill at a London  
restaurant recently, was told that the sum  
put down didn't include the waiter. Waal,  
he roared, I didn't eat any waiter, did I?

Judge—What sort of a man, now, was it  
you saw commit the assault? Constable—  
Sure, your honor, he was a small, insignifi-  
cant cratur about your own size, your hon-  
or!

Bullfinch—Say, Wooden, how about that  
great scheme you had? Did you ever put  
it through? Wooden—No, I didn't need to.  
Bullfinch—How is that? Wooden—It fell  
through.

Mother—Olive, what has happened that  
you are in so much better humor than when  
you went to school? Olive—Oh, because  
Miss Brown told me I was such a good little  
studio.

Auctioneer—This valuable antique article  
of furniture is a Queen Anne chair. Gen-  
tleman—It doesn't look like it. Auctioneer  
(angrily)—If you doubt my word, I can  
produce the man who made it!

Jail Official—Oh, dear, no! You can't  
see the man in that cell. He must not be  
disturbed. Visitor—Why not? Jail Offi-  
cial (in an awe struck whisper)—He's  
charged with embezzling a million dollars.

Gradle—You don't mean to say that you  
are going to marry that girl who two years  
ago got five hundred out of you for breach  
of promise? Sticker—I am. She's just  
come in for some money, and I mean to have  
that five hundred back.

When Joachim, the eminent violinist, was  
in Berlin recently, he went to have his hair  
cut. The hairdresser, not recognizing him,  
remarked to him: Really, sir, you must  
allow me to cut your hair shorter, or else  
you'll be taken for a fiddler.

Railroad President—That was a bad ac-  
cident, but it might have been a thousand  
times worse. Suppose those cars had taken  
fire! Phew! Why didn't they? Superin-  
tendent—A lazy brakeman had let the fire  
go out. President—Raise his salary.

Brookle—I hear your engagement with  
that pretty Miss Morgan is off. Smith—  
Yes. We love each other dearly, but she  
won't marry me unless I learn Welsh, and,  
though it breaks my heart to give her up, I  
can't summon up the courage to tackle it.

A young officer, remarkable for his un-  
common height, being present a few days  
since at an afternoon reception, a lady was  
struck with his appearance, and learned  
upon inquiry his name and family, and that  
he had been originally intended for the  
church. Rather for the steeple, was the  
reply.

A gentleman lately dismissed a clever but  
dishonest gardener. For the sake of his  
wife and family he gave him a character,  
and this is how he worded it: I hereby cer-  
tify that A. B. has been my gardener for  
over two years, and that during that time  
he got more out of my garden than any man  
I ever employed.

You know, Dorothy, these biscuits of  
yours, he began, as he reached across the  
breakfast table, and helped himself to the  
seventh. Yes, said his wife, with a weary,  
feeble smile. Ah, they're nothing like  
mother's. No! and the smile was gone. No.  
Not a bit. You see, mother's were heavy  
and gave me dyspepsia, while yours are as  
light as a feather, and I can eat about—why,  
what's the matter, Dorothy? She had  
fainted.

He was Willing to Work Cheap.

The following letter was received by an  
employer who recently advertised for a  
clerk, understanding shorthand and type-  
writer, and with a knowledge of French and  
German, for which qualification he offered  
the ridiculously high salary of £60 per an-  
num:

"I am 45 years of age, and was educated  
at Oxford University, where I matriculated  
in 1869, being Senior Wrangler in 1871. I  
write shorthand at the rate of 400 words a  
minute, and can operate two typewriters at  
once. Should this latter accomplishment be  
of use in your office, I would be pleased  
to supply the machines. I speak all the  
European languages fluently, am an expert  
accountant, and would be prepared to work  
eighteen hours a day. The salary you men-  
tion is more than I have been receiving, and  
I would accept less, as, living on nuts and  
water, my expenses are moderate."

Where the Promise was Made.

The other day a well known counsel, ex-  
amining the plaintiff in a breach of promise  
case, inquired of her:

Was the plaintiff's air when he promised  
to marry you perfectly serious or one of lev-  
ity and jocularity?

The complainant replied: If you please,  
sir, it was all ruffled with him running his  
hands through it.

You misapprehend my meaning, said the  
counsel. Was the promise made in utter  
sincerity?

No, sir, it was made in the wash-house,  
replied the plaintiff, amid roars of laughter.

Accidental Recoveries.

There are a number of diseases which,  
with all their knowledge, doctors are unable  
to cure, and it sometimes happens that cases  
on which doctors have exhausted all their  
skill are suddenly cured by accident.  
Fright, mental emotion, or strong excite-  
ment have often done what doctors have  
failed to accomplish, for we have all heard  
the tale of the dumb woman who was shut  
up in a room alone with a mouse and her  
fright at seeing the mouse causing her to  
scream, thus regaining her voice.

Doctors a few centuries ago had strange  
ideas concerning the treatment of their pa-  
tients, and some of their prescriptions are  
very curious and amusing. Amongst these  
was one which recommended cripples to  
take stolen turnips. How stolen turnips  
were going to benefit them it is hard to con-  
ceive, but it may be that the cripples them-  
selves had to crawl to the turnip field or the  
shop where they were sold and steal the  
turnips themselves. The possibility was  
that they would be caught in the act, and  
in their anxiety to escape—for stealing was  
very severely punished in those days—they  
would forget their infirmities and run for  
their lives. Cases similar to this have hap-  
pened, and it is hard to see how otherwise  
they would benefit by the prescription.

A remarkable story of the recovery of lost  
voice is told by Charles Dickens in his  
"Life of Grimaldi." A sailor, who had lost  
the power of speech through some accident,  
suddenly recovered it at the theatre from  
the excitement and intense amusement he  
experienced at witnessing the drolleries of  
the celebrated clown. This story is related  
by Dickens as an undoubted fact about  
which there was no question at the time of  
its occurrence, but whether it is true or not  
cannot be said.

Another remarkable story of the recovery  
of a lost voice is told. A girl, aged 13, in a  
charity school in Sheffield, in 1801 lost her  
voice so that she could not express herself  
otherwise than in a whisper. She enjoyed  
excellent health, but could not read audibly,  
and her infirmity resisted all attempts  
to cure. One evening some of her school-

fellows were singing, and being desirous of  
joining with them she requested one of her  
companions to shout down her throat, and  
this being done she immediately recovered  
her voice to its fullest pitch. According to  
her statement, the sensation which she felt  
was that of having a lump in her throat,  
and on hearing her schoolfellows singing it  
suddenly occurred to her that this lump  
might be broken by someone shouting down  
her throat.

Asthma, though practically incurable and  
seldom fatal by itself, is a very distressing  
complaint, and it may, therefore, interest  
those who suffer from it to know how Col-  
onel Masters was absolutely cured of it, al-  
though possibly they might not like to try  
the experiment. That gentleman, who died  
in 1799, and who had fought under the Duke  
of Cumberland, suffered severely from asth-  
ma, and once when on the battlefield he had  
a sudden attack of the complaint, when a  
musket ball passed clean through his lungs,  
and from that day until his death he was  
never again troubled with asthma.

Tea and Temperance.

Toast or bread and tea have much to an-  
swer for in the next world, if not in this.  
Two-thirds of the drunkenness among wo-  
men is due to the excessive use of strong  
tea. I was told yesterday that the increase  
of drunkenness among young servant girls  
in New York was alarming, and in each case  
I found that the girls were in the habit of  
keeping a teapot over the fire most of the  
time. This creates a form of stomach  
trouble that produces a "hankering or  
gnawing," the brain is excited and liquor is  
taken to relieve this pain, and in a short  
time seems almost necessary.

Do not for a moment think that I would  
not use either tea or bread, for I should with  
a liberal supply of nutritious food. But not  
alone to take the place of good food, for  
they are inferior in food value. In large  
cities the tea drinker is, as a rule, a woman,  
and it seems to do for her what tobacco does  
for a man—produces a strong desire for al-  
cohol. This is a question for our temper-  
ance people to think over. It has always  
been my opinion that if the community  
would spend a little more time studying food  
principles, and teaching the same to the in-  
temperate class, saloons would soon close for  
want of support.

That tea and coffee excite and stimulate  
the nervous system there is not a doubt;  
but many persons who would be shocked at  
a glass of whiskey and soda before rising in  
the morning see no disgrace in strong tea,  
and still by it they are excited and flustered  
in their manner. Tea, in some, possesses  
no drawback; but such are the exceptions  
which prove the rule.—Table Talk.

Overwork vs. Overeating.

An abuse that tends to the injury of brain  
workers is excessive eating. I recall to mind  
several active brain workers who suddenly  
broke down and fancied that it was due to brain  
fatigue, when as a matter of fact it was due to  
overstuffing on their part. The furnace con-  
nected with their mental machinery became  
clogged up with aches and carbon in various  
shapes and forms, and as a result disease came,  
and before the cases were fully appreciated, a  
demoralized condition of the nervous systems  
was manifested, and they laid the flattering  
unction to their souls that they had indulged  
in mental overwork. Hard work, mental or  
physical, rarely ever kills. If a mild amount  
of physical exercise be taken, and a judicious  
amount of food be furnished, the bowels kept  
open in the proper manner, the surface be pro-  
tected with proper clothing, and the individ-  
ual cultivates a philosophical nature and ab-  
solutely resolves to permit nothing to annoy or  
fret him, the chances are that he can do an al-  
most unlimited amount of work for an indefi-  
nite length of time, bearing in mind always  
that when weariness comes he must rest and  
not take stimulants and work upon any false  
capital.

The tired, worn-out slave should not be  
scourged to additional labor. Under such  
stimulus, the slave may do the task, but he  
soon becomes crippled and unfit for work.  
The secret of successful work lies in the di-  
rection of selecting good, nutritious, digestible  
food, taken in proper quantities, not eaten as  
a "gourmand," the adopting of regular methods  
of work and the rule of resting when pronoun-  
ced fatigue presents itself, and determining  
absolutely not to permit friction, worry, or  
fretting to enter into his life, and the culti-  
vation of the Christian graces, charity, patience  
and philosophy.

The nine hour work day for the pattern  
making industry of Boston was discussed at  
a mass meeting in Pythian Hall, and it was  
voted to inaugurate the shorter hour work  
day as soon as it was found practicable.

"Billy" Murphy, the Australian 122  
pound champion pugilist, telegraphed  
Arthur Lumley yesterday that he had ar-  
rived in California. Murphy says that in  
case Johnston fails to meet Dixon he will  
meet him before the Coney Island Athletic  
club for a purse of \$5,000.

HUMORS OF IGNORANCE.

It is a fine thing to be an Englishman.  
But, according to a notion lately imparted to  
us by a lady who visits amongst the poor, one  
has to pay a certain price for the privilege.

A woman, whose infant had just been vac-  
cinated, looked ruefully down on the small, in-  
flamed arm.

"I often wonder," she pensively remarked,  
"what it's done for."

Then, with the air of one who thinks to have  
chanced on the solution to a difficult problem—  
"It is the mark of a British subject, like!"

The simple creature was as innocent concern-  
ing the pros and cons. of the much and hotly-  
debated question as to the advantages or dis-  
advantages of inoculation for small-pox as if  
she had dropped from another planet. And in  
this state of happy ignorance she, with some-  
thing of the blind obedience of a Russian sub-  
ject to a paternal government, had carried her  
offspring one by one (for this was her fourth),  
to be operated upon by the surgeon's lancet.

There was something irresistibly comical in  
the idea that a baby was obliged to undergo  
vaccination to hold the position of a British  
subject, and that the subsequent, scar was in-  
tended to serve the same purpose with our  
nation as the hall-mark does on silver—that  
of proving the genuineness of the article.

Here is an instance of misapprehension of a  
different and, perhaps, more extraordinary  
kind.

Two old country dames, whom we came  
across in the churchyard of an ancient country  
town, were curiously regarding a monumental  
stone, surmounted by the recumbent figure of  
a woman several sizes larger than life.

"And so they brought the poor young wo-  
man here and laid her a-top o' that there stone!  
Well, now, who would ever ha' thought it!"  
said one, laying a half-shrinking hand on the  
cold, hard image, which she undoubtedly  
believed to be the veritable body of the long-  
deceased lady, which had been committed to  
the earth generations ago. By what process  
she imagined it to have been petrified and en-  
larged to such a shape it would be curious to  
discover.

The resources of ingenuity and science are,  
indeed, in the opinions of some, absolutely  
unlimited. An elderly lady, by no means de-  
ficient in culture, hearing that a friend, who  
had long lost the use of one eye, had recently  
been provided with a glass substitute, deman-  
ded, in all the eagerness of friendship, "And  
can she see with it?"

This recalls a case reported not so very long  
ago in the papers, of a lady who actually used  
a man because she could not see through the  
glass eye he had manufactured for her.

It was one of the upper ten, a member of  
our old nobility, who, according to Lord  
Houghton, anxiously inquired of the show-  
man who was exhibiting the Siamese twins,  
"Are they brothers?"

A strange freak of ignorance was that re-  
corded of a German Fraulein who, on being  
introduced to an American gentleman, broke  
forth in uncontrolled astonishment: "I  
thought the Americans were all black!"—the  
Prompety and Sambo proportion of it constitu-  
ing in her mind the sole population of the  
New World.

This can only be matched by the opinion of  
the countryman the Rev. Baring Gould tells

of, who pool-pooled the fact that negroes are  
black, and considered his theory as trium-  
phantly proved when, on surreptitiously pass-  
ing a damp sponge over the skin of a Christy  
Minstrel nigger, he found the color came off.  
—London Tit-Bits.

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