

conscience would not suffer him to bring her to the gallows.

The news of Mrs. Bellair's death was gradually broken to Sidney, when he recovered from his fever, and Tom found that from that day his patient improved. He analyzed the white powder he had found concealed on Mrs. Bellair's body and found it to be a subtle preparation of aconite, with which he had heretofore been unacquainted; but by some experiments upon mice he saw that it could be made to act very slowly or almost instantly.

In time Sidney's health was almost perfectly restored. His constitution was injured and he looked ten years older than he had a few months before. When he was as well as he could ever expect to be, he persuaded Tom—to whom he had become greatly attached—to visit Europe with him; and while abroad Tom let him, little by little, into the horrible secret of his wife's death and his own illness, together with the true statement of Mrs. Bellair's sudden demise. The paroxysm of passion and horror that this awakened—delicately as it was told—nearly made Sidney ill again; but travel and change of scene brought his spirits up once more, and he lived to return to his native land and to call Tom and the fair damsel with dimples 'his children' on their wedding day. Of course they became the recipients of his property at his death.

**THE BRAVEST BATTLE THAT EVER WAS FOUGHT.**

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not, 'Twas fought by the mother of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot, With sword or nobler pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a well-up woman's heart, A woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave; But Oh! these battles last so long, From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful as a bridge of stars, She fights in her walled-up town; Fights on and on in the endless wars, Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot, And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh spotless woman in a world of shame! With splendid and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller in Toronto Truth.

**PHUNNY ECHOES.**

Dion Boucicault's Advice—Never make love to a woman through an ink bottle.

You were always a fault-finder growled the wife. Yes, dear, responded the husband meekly. I found you.

Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to use naughty words? No'm. I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.

A contemporary lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes taking fire. One of them is, to keep as cool as possible.

Some men always prefer hard work to a light job. They would rather hold a 150 pound girl on their laps than a 15 pound baby.

How are you getting on with your garden, Weedlechick? Did your seeds come up? Oh, yes—they all came up in about two days. My neighbors keep hens.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional. You are right, replied his friend, a lawyer cannot be too barefaced.

Why does a woman wear a tall silk hat when she rides on horseback? asked Jones, the other day. So that the horse may believe she is a man, and be frightened of her, replied Brown, who has carefully studied the subject.

Darling, d-do you l-love meh? she gasped. Love you? said he, as he got a tighter grip; love you? Why, precious one, madly as I hug you now, the fervor of my affection almost makes me long to be an octopus with eight arms.

A visitor to Venice thus writes to his home friends in all honest simplicity: Venice is a nice place, only I must say I think it's damp. It must have rained tremendously before our arrival, for at present we can only get about the streets in boats.

I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for me, instead of your own minister? Well, sir, it's typhus my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it is just rich for our ain dear minister to run the risk.

Perfectly Satisfied—Little Bessie had been taken in to see her new baby brother for the first time. Do you think you will like him,

Bessie? asked her father. Why, yes, she said, clapping her hands delightedly. There isn't any sawdust about him at all, is there? He's a real meat baby!

Dunkel, to lawyer who is making out his will—I vont to leaf each clerk £5,000 dot haf been in my embey twenty years. Lawyer—Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel! Dunkel—Ah, dot's it! None of tem haf been mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisement for my poys ven I am dead, ain'd it?

There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk. Very little credit is due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time I simply hide his hat or his gloves out of the way, and let him hunt for them up and down until I have finished dressing.

The answers in the correspondent's column of a German journal contain the following: P. S.—We really think that you had better not visit us in order to receive an explanation of the reason why we have rejected your manuscript. Our staircase, we beg to inform you, has twenty-four steps, and we do not keep a bolster at the bottom.

Brother Lastly, said the spokesman, I have an unpleasant duty to perform. There is a report that you have said that one of the best and most worthy members of our congregation is unable to attend service often on account of not having good enough clothes. We have come to ask the name of that member. We don't know of any such person, and a report of that kind is likely to reflect upon us as a congregation that does not look after its poor but worthy members. Will you tell me who it is? Certainly, brethren, replied the Rev. Mr. Lastly, with a brave attempt to be cheerful. It's my wife.

**Business is Business.**

Maude, I am going to tell you something. Yes, dear.

Now that I am engaged to the old thing, he wants the ceremony to take place at once. I don't know what to do.

Marry him as soon as you can, darling. His relatives will have him declared insane and spoil it all, if you're not careful.

**He was no Unpracticed Hand.**

The little Boston boy had been chastised by his school teacher.

Excuse the question, he said, but have you ever taught school before?

No. Then you have children of your own? Yes. How did you know?

I perceived at once that yours was no unpracticed hand.

**Baby Weighed 250 Pounds.**

Come, Mousey, he called from the head of the cabin stairs as the boat landed. The passengers watched, wondering meanwhile if Mousey were a black and tan or a Skye terrier.

The boat's nearly there, Birdie, he called again.

Were there two of them? All eyes were strained, but nothing answered to the call. The whistle of the steamer blew, and again the man peered anxiously down the cabin stairs over the head of the up-rushing crowd.

Ducky, he called loudly, aren't you coming?

No Ducky put in an appearance and again he called in a pleading tone:

B-a-y! why don't you hurry? We'll be the last to get off the boat.

Then a woman weighing at least two hundred and fifty pounds appeared on the stairway carrying a big lunch basket, two camp chairs, and several shawls and rugs.

I'm coming, hubby, she said placidly, and everybody who saw her coming got out of the way as they realized Mr. Shakespeare's pertinent inquiry, What's in a name?

**He Managed It.**

Judge Maloney was taking a stroll down toward the Satinend of Kearny street, and, as usual, had his sensitive modesty with him. Near the juncture of Montgomery avenue is a small street oyster stand where one can purchase, if his purse will not stand a dozen of the succulent bivalves, one or more for a small sum. In front of this stood a Chinese, looking perplexed at an extremely large oyster on a plate; he had evidently disposed of one or two previously, but this seemed to be a little too large for his swallowing powers. While engaged in contemplation, Maloney came along. Seeing the heathen's dilemma, he stepped up and asked:

What's the matter, John—no can swallow him?

No; too biggee, was the answer. Ah, yez don't savvy, said the irrepressible Maloney. With that he lifted the oyster off the plate and dropped it gently down his capacious gullet.

The Chinese gazed in evident admiration at the easy way in which it had been put away, and said: Irishman heap smart; me try to swallow him six times, no can do.

Those that were standing near say that

the expression on Maloney's face when he heard this would have stopped a clock.

**The Best Original Definition of a Wife.**

The pretty school teacher, for a little divertimento, had asked her class for the best original definition of wife, and the boy in the corner had promptly responded: A rib.

She looked at him reproachfully and nodded to the boy with the dreamy eyes, who seemed anxious to say something.

Man's guiding star and guardian angel, he said in response to the nod.

A helpmeet, put in a little flaxen-haired girl.

One who soothes man in adversity, suggested a demure little girl.

And spends his money when he's flush, added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty dark-eyed girl said slowly:

A wife is the envy of spinsters. One who makes a man hustle, was the next suggestion.

And keeps him from making a fool of himself, put in another girl.

Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong, said a sorrowful little maiden.

Stop right there, said the pretty school teacher. That's the best definition.

Later the sorrowful little maiden slid up to her and asked:

Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you nearly every day?

Yes, dear, she replied, but with us nothing will go wrong. He says so himself.

**Jake's Glass Eye.**

The thin old man in an alpaca coat and a palm leaf fan, at the third table in the ice cream dispensary, showed evidence of great excitement. His supply of vanilla cream was only half gone, but he seemed to have lost interest in the other half and was sipping the water and anning himself violently. Feel faint? asked the proprietor, stepping over to the third table.

But your life I don't. I kinder thought you looked flustered, suggested the other soothingly.

Flustered, hey. What did I order? Vanilla cream.

Plain, wasn't it? Certainly.

You don't remember my asking for a wooden leg?

No. I didn't mention a gutta percha arm nor a plate of false ears, did I?

Certainly not, admitted the proprietor, vaguely wondering whether he could get the police station on the telephone without scaring the other customers.

Well, see what I dredged up in your durned old cream. And the agitated customer in alpaca passed over a glass eye.

The proprietor looked horrified.

It's Jake's, he said briefly, inspecting the discovery. Mary, he added, calling to a passing waitress, you tell Jake that vanilla at the third table found it. Tell him if it happens again I'll discharge him. You see, he continued apologetically to the agitated customer, I've got a man down stairs to make cream. He makes the finest ice cream in the State of Michigan, but he's got a false eye, and he's always leavin' that eye around and losin it. It's got to stop now, though, or that sort of thing will break up the ice cream business.

Do you mean to say, faltered the old man, that other people have found that same—same—article in their cream?

Oh, well, admitted the proprietor diplomatically, you're the first vanilla.

**The Average Man's Bill of Fare.**

The French infantry soldier in time of peace, is given the following rations weekly: Fifteen pounds of bread, three and one pounds of meat, two and a half pounds of haricot beans, with salt and pepper, and one and three quarter ounces of brandy. This is just about three pounds of food a day.

The Russian soldier, in time of peace, is given the following weekly rations: Seven pounds of black bread, seven pounds meat, seven and seven-tenths quarts of beer, 122 ounces of sour cabbage, the same amount of barley, ten and a half ounces salt, 28 grains of horse radish, the same amount of pepper and twenty six and a half ounces of vinegar. This is over four pounds of food a day, such as it is; but the nutritious qualities of the cabbage are not very great.

Dr. Pavy, perhaps the most eminent authority upon diet, says that the average man in a state of absolute rest can live on sixteen ounces of food a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on twenty three ounces, and a man doing laborious work needs from twenty six and three quarter ounces to thirty ounces. This is food absolutely free from water, and it must be remembered that everything we eat contains more or less water, so that from forty eight to sixty ounces of ordinary food are necessary to healthy existence, according to the work in which a man is engaged.

Sir Lyon Playfair, another great author-

ity, gives the following as all that is necessary for a healthy man to eat in a week; Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat, two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; or, for the meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted. This sounds like starvation diet, but Sir Lyon Playfair generally knows what he is talking about.

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