

DIVES.

Did you ever hear of Dives, who lived in Palestine?  
A marvellous rich man was he, well clothed in superfine,  
His table groaned with wealth of food, his wine by gallons ran,  
No wonder he grew sleek and stout, just like an alderman!  
Another man named Lazarus, homeless and sick and poor,  
In hopes to beg the rich man's crumbs, lay at the rich man's door.  
He heard the sounds of mirth within, but not a friend had he,  
Except the dogs who licked his sores in silent sympathy.  
You'd think it strange that such a thing could happen here below,  
But this was in a far-off land—a long, long while ago.

Now Dives daily feasted and was gorgeously arrayed,  
Not at all because he liked it, but because 'twas good for trade;  
That the people might have calico, he clothed himself in silk,  
And gorged himself on thickest cream that they might get the milk.  
He fed five hundred servants that the poor might not lack bread,  
And had his vessels made of gold that they might get more lead;  
And e'en to show his sympathy with the deserving poor,  
He did no useful work himself that they might do the more.

You'll think this very, very strange, but then of course you know,  
'Twas in a far-off country, and a long, long while ago.  
Poor Lazarus at length became too weak with death to strive,  
He evidently was not one of the fittest to survive;  
So on one cold and frosty night, at a quarter past eleven,  
He looked up at the silent stars and died, and went to heaven.

Now Dives, too, was waxing old, and presently fell ill,  
Whereon a lawyer was called in to make a mighty will;  
And when old Dives' children came to hear his last farewell,  
He bade them follow in his steps—then died and went to hell!  
I don't think God would venture now to treat a rich man so,  
But this was such a long way off, and so very long ago.

—From Justice.

FUNNY ECHOES.

I told Dr. Wray the other day that I believed I was the only living example of his patients.

I don't think she loved him. She married him solely for protection. One of those safety matches, I presume.

Bessie—Why do you stroll so much with Jack on the sand? Jessie—Because that is the one thing Jack seems to lack.

Totling—You wouldn't class the hen among song birds, would you? Dimling—Why not? We are all fond of her lay.

Jim, did that clock strike 10 or 11? asked Barnaby. Yes, sir, returned the darkey. Yes, what, you rascal? It struck 10 or 11.

She (suggestively)—They say the little birds have all mated before this. He—Yes, but bless you, think how few expenses they have.

Mamma, do dogs and cats go to heaven? No, dear. Well, then, mamma, let's don't scold them any more if they lie awake at nights and cry.

Can you trace your family back a dozen generations? I could if I desired, but don't want to. Why? I might be ashamed of myself if I did.

She—Dear me, here is August. The year is more than half gone. He (with a world of meaning in his eye)—I can beat that, Maud, I'm completely gone.

Minister—Tommy, if a bad boy should dare you to, would you knock the chip off his shoulder? Tommy—No. I'd knock the head off his shoulder.

First Boy—Did you get squeezed in the crowd at the navy drill yesterday? Second Boy—No, but I got caught in the jam at home, and that was worse.

There doesn't appear to be much of the milk of human kindness these days, sighed Buffer. Oh, I guess there's a good deal left, retorted Waggle, only it's condensed.

That plumber I employed is a fool. Why? I told him I wanted running water in my bedroom, and he put it there, but with nothing to shut it off. Said that wasn't specified.

Grandfather—Well, Paul what would you like for a birthday present? Paul—Oh, grandpa, buy me a telephone, so that I can answer the teacher's questions without having to go to school.

Lady (unmarried)—I suppose you will

hardly remember that we went to school together? Gentleman—Oh, certainly I do! We have grown old since then—beg pardon—at least, I have.

This is Mr. William Norman. Ah, glad to meet you, William. Pretty well posted on this part of the country? Yes, I may say so. That is right. I always like to see a Bill posted.

The longest sleeper I ever saw was on a western train. I don't know that any one could sleep long on a western train. That is true enough; this sleeper was the car I was lying awake in.

Mrs. Dogood—Even if you are just out of prison that does not prevent you from going to work. Dusty Rhodes—It do, mum; they cut my hair and my business is ruined. Mrs. Dogood—What business were you in? Dusty Rhodes—The Circassian beauty line, mum.

And what is the trouble? the young wife inquired of the physician. Well, I don't think the case is really bad enough for a season at the seaside. I think a cure may be effected by the judicious application of a nice summer hat.

A teacher was impressing upon the scholars of the primary school the importance of perspiration. Having, as she thought, fully explained the matter, she asked: Now, Johnnie, if the pores of the skin got filled up, what would happen? Johnnie thought a moment, then answered briskly, We'd bust.

Loving Wife—Now that you are ruined, Henry, I will disclose my secret. For years I have been saving up, and now (pouring a shower of silver coins into his hat) this may tide you over. Husband—Oh, my darling, how did you manage to do it? Wife—Easily enough. Every time you said an unkind word to me I put a shilling into a box.

Father—Come, Johnny, do as I bade you. Take off your coat this instant. Johnny—You ain't goin to lick me, are you? Father—Certainly I am. Didn't I tell you this morning I would pay you off for your behavior? Johnny—Yes, but I didn't think you'd do it. You told the grocer and the butcher you would pay them off last week and I know you let up on them.

Nine in German Not Even One in English.

Although she was German she spoke English almost perfectly, but under emotion she naturally fell into the use of her mother tongue.

Will you give me a kiss? he pleaded, gently bending over her.

She raised a startled and indignant face to his.

Nine! she exclaimed in wrathful negative.

Nine! repeated he, stepping back and gazing at her in mock surprise. Nine! I'd think myself lucky if I could get one.

True to His Motto.

She had yawned six times, looked at the clock four times and pretended to be half asleep three times, but the young editor who was calling upon her was so much in love that he did not observe these manifestations of weariness. At length she said:

Most newspapers have mottoes, have they not?

Some have. Has yours one?

Yes. What is it?

We are here to stay.

I could have sworn it was something of that kind, she said with a sigh, and the silence was resumed.

He Created an Impression.

I was the lion of the day once in my life, said Sam Davis the other night, as he sat with Judge Beatty and a party of friends at the Palace hotel, San Francisco. I was on my way from Ogden to San Francisco in the days when the porter had the run of the sleeping cars, and we had a lot of eastern tourists aboard. My berth was near the rear, and when the porter reached me he was mad. The largest tip he had received was a nickel, and in some cases he had been given one or two cent pieces. I had paid for one night, and when he approached me I said:

By the way are you the man who blacked my boots?

Yes, boss.

That was a nice job, and here is three dollars for you.

When he had passed on a Maine man slipped over cautiously and asked me confidentially if that was the usual tip.

Tip! I exclaimed; no sir, I was simply paying for services rendered.

The fact was I had simply paid for my berth and had given the porter nothing. As a result the information spread through the car and the porter reaped a harvest. A few moments later I strolled into the smoking room and the porter said: That was a good rebuke you administered, boss. It shan't cost you a cent to get to Frisco. I'll just tell 'em you're one of de Rothschilds traveling in disguise.

The word was passed and in a few minutes I was famous. Every attention was shown me, and when I reached here I was burdened with all sorts of invitations.

HE KNEW SHE WOULD BE MAD.

But he had lost his keys, so he had to wake her up.

Just as he reached the foot of the steps he put his hand into one of his trousers pockets and then ejaculated:

What in thunder!

Then he felt in another pocket and muttered:

Well, I'll be hanged!

He stopped and thought for a moment, and then tried his vest pockets. Next he tried those in his coat.

Every one's asleep too, he muttered as he paused in front of the door. I wonder where I could have left them.

He went through his pockets again and then sat down on the top step to think the matter over.

She'll be hopping mad if I wake her up, he muttered, and no excuse will go. But what else am I going to do?

He sighed, made a third search of his pockets, and then got up with a determination on his face and gave several vicious yanks at the door bell.

Oh, me! oh, my! won't she be mad? he soliloquized.

And she was.

Oh, it's you, is it? she exclaimed when she opened the door. What did you wake me up for?

My dear, he said apologetically. I could not get in.

Did you try? she asked.

Why, no, my dear, he explained. You see I lost my keys to-day.

I know it. I found them on the bureau, and so I left the door unlocked for you.

Then she marched back to bed, and he swore that he would never again take it for granted that anything was locked.

Tree Growth Makes a Lawsuit.

A few years ago a tree exerted its wonderful power in a manner to bring on a lawsuit and make much trouble all around. A dam had been built, and the water for power so backed up as to make it level with the back line of the owner's property.

As it is considered a scientific fact that the trunks of trees once formed cannot elongate, a mark was made on a trunk near the breastwork at exactly so many feet above the height of the dam, so that on a repair it would be known just how high to rebuild. At the time referred to the breastwork was renewed, and with confidence reconstructed according to the infallible figures as recorded by the tree. Strange to say, the water was backed up six inches higher than before, the backwater overflowing on neighbors' property, and hence the suit.

Numbers of expert opinions were sought, the writer and the late Professor Asa Gray being among those who had to give their views. Clearly the trunk could not stretch six inches, and only for the naked fact that the surveyors were sure of what the actual facts corroborated, the water was six inches higher than when the dam was first constructed. At last some one's horse sense pointed out what experts in science could not see. The tree was growing in a solid rock, its roots mostly passing over the surface and down the edge.

The annual growth of these roots, thickening them, could not force that rock deeper into the earth, but it did lift the whole tree. Year by year these roots added to their thickness on the rocky face possibly the sixteenth of an inch, this soft, cellular material actually lifting the huge tree by that much, so that in ninety years the mark on the trunk would be six inches higher than at first—had, apparently, stretched itself that much. This being settled, the breastwork had to go down that much in order that justice might be done between neighbors.—Thomas Meehan in Philadelphia Ledger.

A Pitiable Procession.

In upper Broadway may be seen a procession of six sandwiches—that is, men with big signs on front and back—slowly promenading up and down. Three of the men are white haired, respectable looking old men out of luck, and three have the appearance of good for nothings in the prime of able-bodied manhood. Each man carries a flag, and the signs, painted upon white oilcloth, come down to their heels. They advertise a cheap shoe house.

There is something pathetic in these old men reduced to such a method to earn a livelihood. If the joyous schoolboy, the ambitious student, the happy father or the respected merchant could anticipate such an end would life be worth living? Would he consent to live it out to this extreme—reduced from fortune to poverty, alone, forsaken by kindred, walking the streets of New York a human sign? What a story of human hopes, great expectations, love, sorrows and degradation lies entombed between those bits of painted oilcloth!—New York Herald.

A coal train running between Fort Erie and Toronto dropped into the canal through an open draw at Hamilton Beach on Sunday night and two trainmen are missing.

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