

THE NEW ERA.

Man is awaking from a sleep!
From the old world dreams, from ancient
form;
The sea of discontent is deep!
Low-flying gulls presage a storm.

No paltry gift from those on high
Can make their height to them forgiven;
Though "peace be unto you," they cry,
Their chariots over hearts are driven.

Forms bowed like carytides uphold
A structure based on human need!
The money-changers, as of old,
Profane God's temple with their greed.

Not charity—a yearly dole
Flung in contempt to struggling hands,
Can calm the surging deeps of soul
Or knit the race in closer bands.

Too near the cradle and the grave
In the poor hut o'er Labor's head!
A yearly offering cannot save
The lips that daily cry for bread.

Nearer to God the wages earned
Than largess in a beggar's palm!
Than eyes to heaven devoutly turned,
Or longest prayer, or loudest psalm.

The brotherhood of man! a dream—
A dream while hearths and hearts are cold,
We welcome but a distant gleam
Of the Millennium foretold.

Give to the laborer his hire—
Metes justice to our fellowmen—
We shall not need a tall church spire
To point our way to heaven then.
—Mrs N. B. Morange in the Nonconformist.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Teacher—What is the plural of child?
Tommy—Twins.

When we say that a man is sound we mean
that he agrees with us.

An acceptable third party movement—
Leaving the third party, by themselves.

That young fellow in the yachting cap, is
he a yachtman? No; just a salesman.

Primus—Is Hemans useful in the church?
Secundus—Yes; principal object of prayer,
I believe.

Tom Bigbee—I say, Upson, what would
you do if you had a million? Upson
Downs—Nothing.

If there is anything that makes the poor
man feel sarcastic, it is to read advice to
rich men on how to secure a good appetite.

Stranger—And so you believe in Chlor-
ide's cure for drunkenness? Red-nosed
Enthusiast—Believe in it! How can I help
believing in it? I've been cured six times.

Ancestral Comparisons—Miss Blewudd
(proudly)—My grandfather was a Virginia
Taylour. Newby—Indeed! Well, to be
equally candid, mine was a Jersey City
butcher.

Bjones—Is Bjohnson doing well in busi-
ness? Bjenks—Well, that depends on the
way you look at it. All I know is, that if I
had as much money as Bjohnson owes I
should be a rich man.

Mr. Noopop—Doctor, is insomnia conta-
gious? Certainly not, sir. What made you
ask that? Because I notice that when
baby is troubled with insomnia, my wife
and I invariably catch it, too.

Next to the one that will let you talk all
the time about yourself, the most pleasing
companion in this world is the one who will
occupy all his time in telling you of good
things other people have said about you.

It is a great hardship, is it not, sir, was
asked of the Methodist preacher, to be or-
dered from one church to another every few
years? It would seem so, returned the
domineer, but it is a great saving in sermons.

Photographer—That is certainly a good
picture for an amateur; very good. How
did you manage to get such a pleasant ex-
pression on the gentleman's face? Ama-
teur—I told him I wasn't going to charge
anything.

Judge—And what did the prisoner say
when you told him that you would have him
arrested? Complainant—He answered me
mechanically, your honor. Judge—Ex-
plain. Complainant—He hit me on the
head with a hammer.

Policeman (to tramp)—I want your name
and address. Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh,
yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John
Smith, an' me address is Number One, the
open air. If yer call on me, don't trouble to
knock, but jist walk in.

Reporter—Was that accident unavoid-
able? Railway Manager—Certainly, sir,
certainly. No one to blame. You see the
watchman had two crossings to look after,
half a mile apart. You can't expect a man
to be in two places at once, can you?

How does it happen? inquired the stran-
ger, that all the improvements are being
made on this one street? It doesn't hap-
pen at all, sir, replied the citizen, who was
showing him about the village majestically.
This is the street I live on. I am president
of the Town Board, sir.

Well, Tommy, how do you get along in
your new class? Oh, pretty well, I missed
in arithmetic to-day, but it was an awful
hard question. Let me hear what the ques-

tion was. It was: How many chickens had
the boy? said Tommy, and the sympathiz-
ing teacher agreed that it was a puzzler.

Little Johnny (looking cautiously at the
visitor)—Where did the chicken bite you,
Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks.
Visitor—Why, Johnny, I haven't been bit-
ten by any chicken. Johnny—Mamma,
didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dread-
fully henpecked? Why, mamma, how
funny you look! Your face is all red.

A bashful young man who was afraid to
propose to his sweetheart induced her to fire
at him with a pistol, which he assured her
was only loaded with powder; and after she
had done so he fell down and pretended to
be dead. She threw herself wildly on the
body, called him her darling and her be-
loved, whereupon he got up and married her.

She was a rich land agent's daughter,
With eyes of a heavenly blue;
As nobody ever had sought her,
The maid I determined to woo.

We often together went roaming
Along by the marge of the sea,
And I asked her one eve in the gloaming
If her heart's young affections were free.

And her kindness I'll never forget, sir,
And to love her I never shall cease,
But she answered, "My heart is to let, sir,
And on a perpetual lease."

A traveller among the Maori, narrates
these two incidents: A dusky convert to
Christianity, who had applied regularly and
successfully for blankets to the missionary,
receiving finally a decided refusal, turned
upon his heels with the terse reply; No
more blankets, no more hallelujas! Ano-
ther Maori, who had claimed a piece of
land, and had been asked to tell the court
on what proof he relied for his title, point-
ing to the rival claimant, said simply: I ate
his father. Are all the Maoris in Maori-
land?

A provincial operatic critic writes: The
opera went off well, and the prima donna's
serenade to the moon struck us as having de-
rived much point from that orb. It ran as
follows:
When the moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heam-
ing
O'er the ca-halm and si-hi-lent see-e-e-e,
It's ra-dyunc so so-hoftly stree-heam-ing,
Oh! the-hen, oh, the-hen

I thee-hink
Hof thee hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,
I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof theeeeeeee!

A Good Reason.

An artist was recently visited by a lady
friend. The artist was painting an angel.
Why do you always paint your angels
with dark hair and black eyes? asked the
friend.

It's a great secret, and it might get me
into trouble if you were to disclose it.
I'm not going to tell anyone.

Well, the reason I paint my angels with
black hair and eyes is because my wife is a
blonde.

He Gave Himself Away.

In the Hungarian Parliamentary session
of 1841, a certain Baron Szjel lived in Press-
burg, with two intimate friends, George
Majlath and Barthel Szemere. One day
the baron became envious of their laurels.
He called Szemere aside and said to him:
My good Szemere, write me a speech.

Most willingly, my dear friend; about
what would you like me to speak?
It is all the same to me, if the speech is
only a nice one—wonderfully nice.

You will be satisfied with me? he an-
swered, and the next day he brought the
manuscript. The baron memorized the
speech, and delivered it on the third day.
The chamber re-echoed with "vivas" and
applause. At this moment the president
rose and asked:

Is anybody here to answer this speech?
The baron looked sneeringly around. The
members all remained silent. Then Bar-
tholomæus Szemere arose. He began:

Worthy gentlemen, what the orator said
is from beginning to end incorrect. And
then he began to show, in an able speech,
the mistakes the baron had made.

Don't you believe him, gentlemen! the
baron cried, angrily, interrupting him sud-
denly; it was he himself who wrote the
speech for me.

Every member rolled in his seat nearly
convulsed with laughter, and then and there
the baron made a vow never again to speak
in public.

Business About to Pick Up.

Wilkins, said the proprietor of the green-
house, how are we off for flowers this morn-
ing?

We've got a pretty good supply, replied
the junior florist.

Plenty of Jack roses, American Beauties,
violets and lillies of the valley?

Lots of 'em.

Raise the price of them 25 per cent and
engage an assistant. They've got another
wife murderer in jail.

What he had Been Trying to Explain

The professor had talked to the class an
hour and a half on the question of the tariff.

There is one little point still unsettled in
my mind, professor, said one of the pupils,
a thoughtful young man, whose intelligent
face and close attention had greatly pleased
the instructor. It is this: Who finally pays
the tariff on imported goods—the foreign
manufacturer, the importer or the con-
sumer?

The professor sat down profoundly dis-
couraged. That was the precise point he
had been trying to explain.

How he knew he got into the Wrong
Place.

He was a deacon from the principality,
and when he came up to London to the May
meeting he accidentally got into the Alham-
bra instead of into Exeter Hall. When he
reached home his brethren interrogated him
upon his London adventures.

Well, look you, he said, I did go one night
into what I thought was Exeter Hall, but it
was a dreadful place, indeed to goodness.

How did you find out your mistake?
Oh, I found out my mistake because there
was no collection.

And that was how the brethren discov-
ered that their pious deacon had sat out the
performance.

Just Like a Woman.

A woman entered a St. James street
bookseller's last week and asked for a par-
ticular recitation, which the clerk found
after a search of twenty minutes in a vol-
ume for 25 cents. She sat down and began
to pore over it. The clerk supposed she was
going to commit it to memory, but she mild-
ly asked if she might copy part of it. He
said "Certainly." She thereupon asked
him if he would "lend" her a piece of
paper. That "lend" was a dainty piece of
euphemism, and he handed over a first class
pad to write on. Then she modestly begged
for a pencil, and when he had produced a
brand new one, she sat down and copied
every word of the recitation from beginning
to end. When she had finished she gather-
ed herself up, and without a word walked
off with her copy and the assistant's new
pencil.

Co-Operation Societies.

The English Wholesale Co-operative So-
ciety, which was established 27 years ago at
Manchester, is the largest co-operative so-
ciety in the world. It has manufacturing
departments as follows: Biscuit works at
Crumpsall, boot works at Leicester and
Heckmondwike, soap works at Durham
and woolen mill works at Batley. The ob-
ject of the wholesale society is to supply the
retail stores at cost price, and thus secure
to the consumer the profits of both wholesale
and retail trade. This society transacts an
immense variety of business. Besides the
head offices in Manchester, and the large
branch departments in London and New-
castle, it has depots and offices in Liver-
pool, Leeds, Nottingham, Huddersfield,
Goole, Bristol, Northampton, Carlisle, Limer-
ick, Waterford, Tralee, Armagh, New
York, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Rouen, and
Calais. It owns and employs, mostly in
trading in provisions, six steamers sailing
regularly between Liverpool and Rouen,
Goole and Calais, and Goole and Hamburg.
It conducts a considerable banking business
and acts as agent to many of the co-opera-
tive societies. With the exception of the
shipping business, which appears to be
transacted in competition with other trad-
ers, the whole of this business is carried on
for co-operative companies exclusively.

Membership is limited to co-operative so-
cieties and companies, and the number of
members of its shareholding societies is
679,366. The banking department of the
English Wholesale Society had receipts last
year, £12,440,739, and payments, £12,205,-
782. Apart from the combination co-opera-
tive societies, the Leeds Industrial Co-
operative Society, Limited, is the largest in
the world. It has a membership of over
29,000. Its share capital stands at £325,-
000. The society owns land and buildings
value £210,000. Employs over 700 persons,
200 of whom are engaged in production in
the various trades of cornmilling, bread
baking, boot and shoe making, bespoke
clothing, building and brushmaking. It has
66 grocery branches, 57 of which are the
society's own property; 29 butchering
branches, 19 of which belong to the society;
15 drapery branches, of which only 2 are
rented, and 10 coal depots. The sales for
last year amounted to £802,936, and the
profit made to £100,804.

Why Millionaires Work.

"Why do you work so hard when you
already have more money than you can
spend?" a Brooklyn millionaire was asked
the other day. "Habit, I suppose," said
the millionaire as frankly as he had been
questioned. Then he leaned back in his
chair and thought. Finally he repeated,
with the air of a man who had looked over
the ground and had come to a conclusion:
"Yes, it's nothing but habit, but I can't
conveniently break off money making now."

Primarily we all set out to make money for
two reasons. Firstly, we want to secure ex-
istence; secondly, we desire to secure luxu-
ries and pleasures. But while working for
these purposes men become acquainted with
great projects, and problems, and schemes,
and industries, and if they are earnest men
who have more than a selfish interest in the
business world about them, they soon be-
come absorbed in those things. I don't
think so meanly of our rich men as to im-
agine that they cling to business on account
of the money it brings them, after they
have already acquired more money than
they can spend. But there is a pleasure
and excitement in holding the rudder of a
great enterprise and sending it boldly ahead
in all kinds of weather. Does the old sailor
love the sea because of the dollars he has
made as wages or the dollars he expects to
make? Not he. He loves it because his
life's work has been identified with it. My
work has become my pleasure now, and I
could not bear to leave it long. This is like
a big machine here, and it is a great and
constant pleasure to see how smoothly it
runs and to put my hand down and adjust
it when necessary.

Old Parchments.

In the upper part of the city of New York
lies a tract of land which was originally part
of what is known as the Apthorpe farm. It
is an abandoned highway. Though very
small in area this land is worth to-day the
comfortable sum of \$600,000, which means
that anyone wanting to use it must pay out
of his earnings something like \$30,000 a
year. In other words, the ownership of
this abandoned highway will enable its
owner to take from the wealth which
other people will in the future produce,
enough to enable the owner to live most
comfortably without producing anything or
doing anything himself. It is not strange,
therefore, that a great effort should be made
to secure this privilege of a free annual in-
flow of great wealth. Two decisions affect
the question. One holds that when a high-
way is abandoned the land goes to the per-
sons who own abutting land at the time of
the abandonment; the other holds that it
goes to the heirs of those who were the own-
ers when the highway was laid out. The
question at issue in the Apthorpe case is
whether the privilege described above shall
go to an Apthorpe descendant or to the pre-
sent owners of abutting land. To the pub-
lic, however, it makes little difference which
of these two sets of claimants secure the
privilege, since the public will be obliged in
either case to contribute about \$30,000 a
year, which will increase as demand for that
land advances, to people who do nothing to
earn it except to hunt up musty parchments
and occupy the time of the courts in over-
hauling the transactions of generations long
since passed away, and with whose affairs
we of this time have no more real relations
than we have with those of the ancient
Egyptians.

Utah was the early home of the powerful
tribe of Ute Indians, and it is from them
that the Territory takes its name.

It is stated that the pheasant of the Eng-
lish preserves can trace its pedigree directly
to the brilliant bird of the same species in
Japan.

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