

THE PATH OF PEACE.

It is so hard to walk earth's toilsome way  
Ever while slow moons wane, or slow increase,  
So hard to follow Duty day by day,  
Leading us to God's peace!

Oh, weary grows the heart and worn the feet  
In the dull round of uneventful cares,  
Yet there's a thought might make our service sweet,  
For God our toil prepares.

Lift up thy tired eyes! No cloud is spread  
Betwixt thee and this heaven serene and pure,  
He holds his hand above thy humble head,  
Thy happiness is sure.

Then keep the courage of thy morning prime,  
And bravely bear the cross he lays on thee;  
'Tis but a little space of troubled time  
In his eternity.

Remember, only in this pathway lies  
Thy safety; once beyond its sheltering bound,  
What choking mists, what bitter tempests rise,  
Where never rest is found.

Hard may be Duty's hand; but lo, it leads  
Out into perfect joy, where pain shall cease  
God sees thy striving, and thy patience heeds,  
And thou shalt find his peace.  
—Celia Thaxter in Youth's Companion.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

How to catch a husband—Grab him by the hair.

The riding habit is not a bad habit if it fits well.

The ballet dancers means are rarely as limited as her skirts.

Take away woman, asks a writer, and what would follow? We would.

Suspicious Character—What time is it? Traveller (producing a pistol)—Time to say your prayers.

Henry is a great head worker, said the fond mother. He won several prizes at college for sculling.

She—How softly the breeze whispers over this field. He—Yes, dear; but the corn is all ears, you know.

A woman in Illinois recently sued her husband because he took away her false teeth when she tried to bite him.

Maud—So you really think I am pretty? Harry—Yes, indeed. But then, you know, I'm no judge of beauty.

Undertaker (to dying editor)—What epitaph shall we place on your tombstone? Editor (feebly)—We are here to stay.

Philosophers tell us that from Adam down no man has yet understood a woman, but men are not tired of trying yet, by any means.

Do you know how to cook? he asked. No, she replied sweetly, but pa has money enough to hire a woman to do the cooking for us.

Prim—Is it true that life at this resort is so fast? Jaggs—Fast? I should say so. Why, even the fogs that hang about here get dissipated.

Was your elopement a success? Hardly. What went wrong? Her father telegraphed us not to return and all would be forgotten. Do you understand Latin? asked the student. I regret to say I do not. Oh, well, I can make myself understood, I suppose, in German; lend me five dollars.

Missionary—I have come here, brethren, to devote my life to you. Cannibal Chief—All right; thanks. But we'll wait awhile until you are a little fatter.

Wooden—Oh, what a beautiful sunset! I never saw such a magnificent sunset in all my life. Wagley—What nonsense! You never saw any other sun set.

Where did baby come from, mamma? asked Willie. Heaven, my boy, said mamma. It's a wonder his bones wasn't all broke. Did he fall through the clouds?

The Pastor—Of course you believe that you will go to heaven when you die? The Wife (with resignation)—No, I suppose I will have to go where my husband does.

De virtue of some men, dear breddren, an' ob a great many women, too, makes me smile. It seems to be like de curl in a pig's tail—a good deal more for ornament than use.

Lawyer—I'm not feeling very well, doctor. Does it make any difference on which side I sleep? Doctor (with a wink)—Well, a good lawyer will never lie on the left side. Hicarde—Still following the races, eh? Have any luck picking the winners? Old-sport—I am not trying to pick the winners, I've got a sure thing on plucking the losers. I'm bookmaking.

I wish I were the champagne, he sighed. Ah? she queried. Yes, he continued, it sparkles so. And it pops sometimes, she mused softly, but he was too stupid for any use.

Citizen Notemaker—You give mighty

short weight in your ice this summer. Frigidus, the Snow Man—Yes, but I give mighty long wait for my pay. Citizen N. (coldly)—Oh, do you? Well, all things come to the man who waits.

Irate Subscriber—I demand to see the editor. Where is he? Printer—He's in the loft. The citizens tarred and feathered him last night. I. S.—Yes, and that is just what I want to see him about. The tar belonged to me and I want the editor to pay for it.

Charley has had such bad luck with watches, said young Mrs. Tucker. He lost two because they got saturated. Charley said they got soaked, remarked her mother. I know, but saturated is a prettier word and means the same thing. These rains are so penetrating; I suppose they got into the works and rusted them.

Extreme Old Age.

How is your father coming on? asked Col. Percy Yergor of a darkey he used to own before the war.

He am dead. Dead, is he! He must have reached an advanced age?

He did dat, for a fact. He was libin up ter de day ob his deff.

He Saw the Point.

The American had just told the Englishman a joke. The latter did not laugh. I suppose, said the American caustically, that you will see the point of that joke about a day after to-morrow and laugh then? My dear boy, drawled the Englishman, I saw the point of that joke and laughed at it four years ago when I was in India.

The Road to Take.

There is a story told of an unregenerate old sinner in Detroit who does not go to church as often as he should and thus prevent the possibility of stories. On the occasion in question he was snoozing comfortably in the corner of the pew and the minister, somewhat of a sensationalist, was making a touching appeal to those who were still out of the fold.

Which road will you take? he almost shouted. Which road will you take?

The old sinner stirred uneasily, half sat up and responded:

It don't make a bit of difference to me; but be sure you get tickets for the sleeper.

His wife had him awake before he could go further and it embarrassed the poor woman so she left the church.

He Was Only a Chinese Baby.

Here is a little incident which may happen in San Francisco almost any time under the operation of the Chinese exclusion law: Officer—I hear a new Chinaman has arrived at your house without accounting for himself to the emigration officers.

Ah Wang—There has. Is he a retired merchant? Has he ever been in the country before?

He has not. Then I suppose you know it is against the law for him to stay here.

I did not know it. Well, it is so. Produce him. But he is only a baby. He was born this morning.

That makes no difference. Unless he can prove a previous residence in the United States he will have to be sent back to the country where he came from. The law is explicit.

He Tried to Save a Rash Young Man But Failed.

The justice of the peace had just finished the ceremony which made two young people whose appearance was unmistakably rural man and wife, when a middle aged man appeared on the scene. The bride murmured, Par! and cast her glance toward the floor. The young man shifted his weight from one foot to the other and exclaimed in a way that would have seemed quite hearty if his voice had not faltered so:

Evenin, to ye, neighbor, evenin'!

By this time the girl had recovered her balance, and smoothing a lock of reddish hair from her temple with the palm of her hand, she said:

I'd like fur to know what brings you all these here miles interferin' with other folks when the Lord knows there's nuff hom' an' things to do to keep any man busy, if he's got ordinary ambition.

Without noticing her comment the old man turned to the bridegroom and said:

I'm too late, ain't I?

If you mean that we're married, there ain't no doubt but what ye air, replied the youth, who was also recovering firmness. And I must say, he went on, with a smile at his own sarcasm, as how we hain't got you to thank for help much, neither.

Her father pulled at his untrimmed, grizzled beard, and looking steadily at the sky through the open door at his right, said slowly and in a monotone:

Jim Swithers, I bin a neighbor o' your'n ever sence you was born, hain't I?

Yes ye have.

And I allus spoke of ye as a likely young man. Your father and me were the best kind of friends, and I allus acted as if I had

your welfare at hear. Lended ye money and everything, didn't I?

Yes. And I done my best to keep ye from marrying that gal, didn't I?

You did, sure.

Why? and he made a rhetorical pause. 'Cause I knowed her. I brung her up, and it was all me and her mother and all the rest of the family could do to manage her.

The girl tossed her head and sniffed.

And I tell you, the old man went on, that without no one to help you but yourself, you've got a mighty big contract on your hands. I'd uv saved you if I could, and now, things being as they air, I'll stand by you best I kin.

He extended his hand to the young man and after the grim semblance of congratulations the party passed down the street toward the depot.

One Word Was Spelled Backward.

The night editor rushed into the proofroom and exclaimed:

How in thunder did you come to pass it?

It's all the fault of the copy readers, answered the head proof reader, excusing his department on general principles. We cannot be expected to read copy and proof too.

No, no, of course not, admitted the night editor, but by George, you ought to catch ordinary mistakes in spelling.

Is a word spelled wrong? asked the head proof reader anxiously.

Is it spelled wrong? exclaimed the night editor. Why, man, it's spelled backward—understand? Spelled backward!

The copy readers ought to be more careful, said the boss of the proofroom. They are always making bulls.

They! cried the night editor. They! Hang it, didn't you people in this room pass it? And the first edition has gone to press. Lord! won't there be a howl, though! If it were only a letter misplaced or something of that sort it would be bad enough. But spelled backward—clean, straight backward.

What was the word?

G-a-g.

The night editor shot out of the room again and by the time the proof reader had figured it out he was fortified behind three imposing stones and seven forms of type.

The Sugar King's Contract Laborers

On the Fulda which arrived on Friday at New York from Bremen was Marks Sustaric, an Austrian, 48 years old. He came here at the instance of a Henry Lockermann, the accredited agent of Claus Spreckles, the big sugar refiner. No written contract had been made, but Lockermann had written a letter to Sustaric which asked him to come and promised him \$2.25 a day to work in Spreckles' refinery in San Francisco. The letter also gave Sustaric permission to bring others with him and he was accompanied on the Fulda by Joseph Felko, who was to get \$50 a month in the same refinery. Ex-Judge Uphurch had in this, his first case at the Barge Office, and on his advice Chief Labor Inspector Mullolland decided that the contract was implied and that the men would not have come here had they not been requested to do so by letter. The men will be sent back and an action taken against Spreckles to obtain the \$2,000, in each case. Sustaric came here three years ago in the same way. He worked in the refinery until he saved \$1,200, and then went home to spend it.—The People.

Ohio's Big Gas Well.

Findlay was a small and almost unknown town when gas was struck. It took a year for the news of the wonderful discoveries to spread, and it was not until 1886, when the great Karg well, with a capacity of 15,000,000 cubic feet daily, was struck, that the attention of the public was arrested by the developments and possibilities at Findlay.

The great Karg well was discovered on Jan. 20, 1886, by a boring of 1,114 feet. The gas was conducted 48 feet above the ground through a 6 inch pipe, and when lighted the flame rose from 20 to 30 feet above the pipe; with a short pipe the flames ascended to the height of 60 feet. The gas leaves the well with a pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, and with so much force that it has raised a piece of iron weighing three tons more than 100 feet above the ground.

It is difficult to imagine the magnificent effect of this burning well at night. The noise of the escaping gas which, at the rate of 15,000,000 cubic feet per day, is like the roar of Niagara or like the thunder of a dozen railroad trains, drowning all conversation. On the nights of the first winter it was opened the ground was frozen and the people not being used to it within the radius of a half a mile were disturbed in their slumbers, especially when there was a change of wind. The sound under extraordinary conditions of the atmosphere has been heard fifteen miles away and on a dark night the light reflected on the clouds discerned for fifty miles.—Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

The only surviving officer of the battle of Waterloo, General Whichcote, died on Wednesday.

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