

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

There's a storm abroad on land and sea,
The stars are veiled, and in ecstasy
The white show whirls in cruel glee,
The breath from the north cuts icily!

Ah, the glowing grate is good to see,
The silken curtains drawn cosily,
Are shaded light—a faint perfume
Comes from the rarest plants in bloom.

"Born to the purple"—whence my right?
Is it well with my brother and sister to-night?

In this snowy dove-cot my babies fair,
Warmly cuddled, 'neath laces rare,
Strong-limbed and rosy, weary with play,
Are sweetly sleeping the night away,
As in rapture of love I gaze on them there,
My heart stands still with a fearful care:
Is the sign on my lintel—the blood-stain
there,
Will the Angel of Death heed the sign and spare?

Peace, foolish heart! sleep my doves,
Safe in your snowy cot, sleep, my loves.

The storm is sobbing and shuddering round,
The snow lies deep on the icy ground,
My book is unread—my mind distraught,
In a sad unrest doth my soul abound;
I draw my chair to the fire bright—
Are all the little ones housed to-night?
—W. B. Cossitt, in Good Housekeeping.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Small Boy—You're in love with my sister, aren't you? Sappy—How do you know that? Small Boy—Because you're always sending her presents, just like Mr. Brown, who's going to marry her.

Mamma—He is rich, distinguished cultivated. It is absurd, Mabel, to say that you cannot love him. Mabel—But, mamma, his teeth are false. Mamma—So are your father's, for that matter. You love your father, don't you?

He'll never get over my jilting him. Why, was he so in love with you? Oh, no, he was so in love with himself.

Jinks (displaying his first type written effort)—How is that for a first letter? Filkins—Very good, my boy; but one little omission betrays your inexperience. Jinks—What is that? Filkins—You neglect to write Dictated, at the lower left hand corner.

At the battle of Hestembek a French soldier had both arms carried off by a cannon ball. His colonel, by way of consolation, offered him three francs, which the man refused, saying, You seem to think I've lost a pair of gloves.

Tom Barry—Sorry, old man, but I learned to-day that her mother objects to you. Jack Dashing—Good! From what I know of human nature, that will prejudice both the girl and her father in my favor. I'm a lucky dog.

Bronson—Do you ever read your work to anyone before you send it out? Funniman—No, not now. I used to read it all to my friend Banks, but he is dead. Bronson—Poor fellow. No wonder.

Dashaway—I thought you started to take your wife over to Europe this year. Bingo—I did. But going down to the steamer she stopped in a milliner's shop.

Ringway—I have just learned a piece of news. Miss Twilling, whom you have been so sweet on, pays \$1,000 a year for her bonnets. Featherstone—Who is her milliner? Ringway—What do you want to know that for? Featherstone (bitterly)—I have been making love to the wrong girl.

He—It is understood that this is to be merely a summer flirtation? She—Of course. He—Everything is to be returned when we break? She—Everything. He—Good. I think we may with safety take a moonlight stroll. Will you take my arm?

The Evidence of a Colored Juror Wanted.

The coroner was holding the inquest. The facts brought out were that the woman was carrying a large watermelon down cellar when she fell on the stairs, broke the lamp, set the house on fire and perished with all the occupants save the one witness.

The jurors may ask any question of the witness, said the coroner.

You say she was cyarrin er watuhmilon down eullah? asked the colored juror.

Yes.

Was it er big watuhmilon?

Yes; a very big one.

Good and ripe?

Yes.

How do you know dat?

We had plugged it.

How did dat milon look inside?

Very fresh and beautiful pinkish red.

Black seeds? asked the juror, leaning forward eagerly.

Yes; it was dead ripe.

Yonah honah, said the juror, ef dat watuhmilon kin be brought inter court I kin tell weddah dis mess am er man ob troof an' veracity.

Too Clever.

Once there was a lawyer who closed up an estate case, but he died many years ago. He was a young man. He had studied law in his father's office, and his father finally retired and gave the business to him. One day, less than a week after the old gentleman had retired, the young man came home and proudly said:

Father, you know that old Gilpin estate case that you have been trying for years and years to settle?

Yes, answered the father with a suggestion of a smile.

Well, it didn't take me two days to settle it after I got at it.

What? shouted the old lawyer. You have settled the Gilpin estate?

Yes; and it was as easy as rolling off a log.

Well, you infernal idiot, you! Why, that estate has paid the living expenses of our family for four generations and might have paid them for four more if I hadn't left the business to a nunny.

Her Great Objections to the city.

She was a fresh looking young country girl, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, and had come to visit her city relatives. She took a stroll around the neighborhood, and when she returned to the house she seemed troubled.

I guess I'll go home to-morrow, she said.

What's the matter? Don't you like the city? asked her city cousin.

No, I don't she said with decision.

Do you miss the green fields? queried the city cousin.

Oh, no; it's not that, said the country girl.

The noise of the street troubles you, I suppose? suggested the city cousin.

Of course the air is not as pure and the soot ruins everything, admitted the city cousin.

Oh, I don't care about that, said the country girl. And the cable cars don't frighten me, and I don't get bewildered by the crowds, but I haven't seen a front gate to swing on moonlight nights since I've been here. How in the world do you city girls ever get married?

Breaking it Gently.

In the province of Holstein, noted for its superior breed of cattle, the country people are not only very thrifty, but exceedingly fond of their cows, as may be gathered from the following characteristic story:

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day when the village pastor met him.

Why so sad, Farmer Jan? said the pastor.

Ah, I have a very sad errand, pastor, replied Jan.

What is it?

Farmer Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him.

A hard task, Jan.

Indeed it is, pastor, but I shall break it to him gently.

How will you do that?

I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for sadder news still, I shall tell him it is not his mother, but the cow.

Liebkecht's Training Schools.

A letter from Berlin states that Herr Liebkecht has established in Berlin six socialistic training schools for laborers. He has already secured 1,000 students, who attend lectures at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. on week days and more frequently on Sundays. All elements of a practical education are taught. Four thousand workingmen applied for admission on the opening day, but most of them were turned away for want of room. Before winter, when the number of idle laborers will increase, new schools will be founded. These schools are a part of Liebkecht's great plan for indoctrinating the German masses eventually with scientific socialism. The movement has caused new alarm among the people who saw with regret the abolition of the repressive laws, under which such action was impossible.

"Oh, That's All Right."

A few days ago, it is related, a gentleman visited a large foundry in Chicago and noticed a number of Polish girls lifting chunks of rosin from one barrel to another. What is the object of that? he asked the superintendent. It seems to me you might transfer that rosin much more quickly. Oh, that's all right, he answered. We have them do this work for awhile to harden their hands before they undertake to handle rough and heavy iron castings. The girls themselves never suspect that the work they are doing is not needed. They are working here now in good faith, as you see, and not one of them is quickwitted enough to suggest that there is a better way to transfer several barrels of rosin across the room than to carry the rosin across piece by piece in their hands. If we really wanted the rosin transferred it would not take one man five minutes to roll every barrel into place.

LABOR IN POLITICS.

Big Crop of Workingmen Candidates for the British Parliament.

The British Liberal electoral executive hardly know how to treat the extraordinary crop of labor candidates finding acceptance in Radical constituencies.

The length of the list of names already adopted threatens to give a new character to the general election, tending to accord predominance to social questions in many districts where the electoral managers prefer to see the contest waged on the ordinary party lines. The men selected in the labor interest chiefly represent the trades unions, though a number are also identified with Socialism.

Ben Tillett will contest Bradford, Burns will run in Battersea and the Socialist Hyndman will run in Chelsea. The other candidates include the nominees of the Sheffield Trades Council, the Scotch Miner and Seamen's Union, the Railway Employees' Union, the Agricultural Laborers Union, the Navvies Union and other labor bodies, every one of whom rely upon the Liberal party to work out their salvation.

As a test of practical earnestness the supporters of the labor nominees in most instances pay the expenses of the contest and guarantee a yearly allowance to the candidates if elected.

If the movement succeeds as it promises to, it will place in the next Parliament a compact phalanx of 30 labor members determined to make questions in the labor interest dominant over all others after home rule is settled.

How Matches Are Made.

Sweden is the great matchmaker of the world, but the industry is conducted on an enormous scale in the United States and other countries. The wood used is chiefly pine, white or yellow. Timber for the purpose is cut in blocks fifteen inches long—long enough to make seven matches. After being freed from the bark the blocks are put into a machine resembling a turning lathe, with a fixed cutting tool by which a continuous strip of veneer is turned off precisely the thickness of a match. While this is being done small knives separate the sheet of veneer into seven bands so that seven long ribbons are produced, the width of each just the length of the match that is to be.

Next these ribbons are fed more than 100 of them at a time into another machine, though at first they are cut into 6-foot lengths, and the knotty parts are removed. This latter contrivance chops them into match sticks at the rate of thousands a minute, which are afterward dried in heated drums that revolve. The sticks thus prepared are then sifted to remove all splinters, and the same apparatus that accomplishes this purpose arranges them parallel, so as to be conveniently bundled.

Finally they are dipped in combustible mixtures, and although this performance is so elaborate as to render a detailed description undesirable it is performed with as much quickness as the process which went before. From the felled tree to the finished lucifers all is done by machinery, the boxing only being executed by hand.—Washington Star.

Religious Journalism and the Single Tax.

The Rev. James B. Converse, of Morristown, Tennessee, is the editor of a monthly journal called the Christian Patriot, published under the motto, "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation." The aims of the paper are stated to be five: 1. Political Purity. 2. Ballot Reform. 3. Sabbath Rest. 4. Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic. 5. The Single Tax on Land Values. 6. Charity. The following are the words in which the editor's single tax faith is stated:

Fifth—The single tax, which is a tax, not on land, but on land values. The single tax acknowledges the righteousness of the private ownership of land, as the basis of family life, of civil freedom, of civilization and of progress. Most taxes can be shifted and thus ultimately fall on the consumer. Men are thus taxed, not according to their ability to pay taxes, but according to their necessities. The poor are taxed more heavily in proportion to their means than the rich. The single tax is the only tax that can be shifted which is adequate to the support of Government. The argument for the single tax may be stated as follows: God, the paramount owner of all land, gives it to men conditionally for the support of population. He made the earth to be inhabited. Government, "God's minister," should carry out this purpose, so far as it can do so without interfering with private industry. This it can do best by the single tax on land values, which will discourage the unproductive holding of land, will afford work for all willing to work, will abolish all pauperism (except what is caused by individual idleness, intemperance or sickness), and will thus end all the crime and unbelief that spring from the poverty caused by law.

The Agricultural Congress at the Hague on Wednesday adopted a resolution in favor of international co-operation to suppress adulteration of food.

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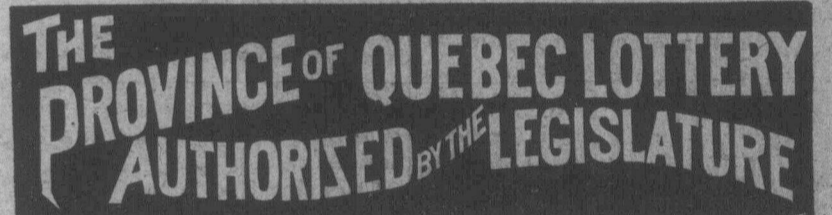
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