

PHUNNY ECHOES.

A pretty girl and a gold dollar pass currency anywhere.

Beautiful Extract—Helping a young lady out of a mud puddle.

The horn of plenty is generally understood to be about three fingers.

Even if we could see ourselves as others see us, most of us wouldn't stop to look.

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with? Officer—Whiskey, yer honor.

The American bog is still excluded from France, unless he goes over disguised as a tourist.

Tramp—Can you put me on to something? Farmer (whistling)—No, but I can put something on to you.

Tommy (yawning)—A river must have a good time. Dick—Why? Tommy—Because it doesn't have to get out of its bed.

It always pays to do a kindness to other people; if it doesn't pay you it pays the other people.

He—And, darling, what does your father think of my suit? She (sobbing)—He thinks it a misfit.

An old lady began her prayer by saying: Oh, Lord, Thou hast probably read in the morning papers how Thy day was desecrated yesterday.

She waved her umbrella and caught his eye, said Hawkins. Did it put the eye out? asked Smithers, who had seen women waving umbrellas before.

Age comes to every man, but fate it's kind to women fair,

For when she reaches twenty-eight She stops right then and there.

See, Mary, are not these flowers beautiful? 'Deed and they are, miss. Many a time have I seen jist like 'em in bunnits! Ain't it wonderful how nat'ral the Lord can make things?

Gadley—I want to send this dispatch to Harlem. Operator—The wires are out of order, but I can send it by a special messenger. Gadley—Never mind. I am going up there next Sunday.

Bjenks—I want you to come up to my house, doctor, right away. Dr. Bolus—Who's sick? Bjenks—Oh, Mrs. Bjenks and the baby are both ailing. I thought you might as well kill two birds with one stone.

He's a great catch, I assure you, said one young woman to another. He must have inherited his money; he's hardly old enough to have made it. Money! Oh, I referred to his attainments in the way of baseball.

Printer—Old Closefit is dying and they're taking up a subscription to defray his funeral expenses. Are you in it? Editor—Yes. Take him ten pounds of ice and a palmetto fan, with my compliments. He'll need 'em.

A drill sergeant in the British army was recently ordered to ascertain the religious views of some recruits and this is how he did it: Fall in! Church of England men to the right, Roman Catholics on the left, all fancy religions to the rear.

I wonder, said Sapsion to the barber, what makes it hurt so to shave my upper lip? It seems very tender. I dunno, replied the old colored man, as he smiled at himself in the looking glass, but I specs you got one of dese hyur ingrowin' moustaches.

Dot boy of mine ish going to make a goot business man, said Mr. Beckstein. Yesterday I told him I was going to leave all my broberly to him ven I died, and vat you s'prse he say to dot? I don't know, Mr. Beckstein. Vell, he say he vill throw off five per cent. for spot cash.

A Father's Wish.

Dear, the baby's crying. Get up and warm the milk.

I wish the baby were like the stove. How do you mean? A self-feeder.

Innocent Childhood.

Physician (crossly)—You have a very bad temper, my child.

Small Boy—I wonder at that. Pa told me only yesterday that if I kept on taking your medicine I'd be an angel in a short time. Angels are good tempered, ain't they?

At the Art Exhibit.

He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maid are in a tender attitude.

She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him and she is accepting him.

He—Ah! how appropriate the title. She—I don't see it.

He—Why, that card at the bottom says Sold."

Appreciated Its Value.

A sweet little girl was bidding her boy playmate good bye and on this occasion her mother told her to kiss him. She offered him a roguish cheek, and when the salute was gravely given began to rub it vigorously with her handkerchief.

Why, Laura, said her mother, you're not rubbing it off?

No, mamma, answered the little maiden demurely, I'm rubbing it in.

He Answered Him.

Old Götting (who has been finding fault with the waiter until he is on the verge of a nervous fit)—See here, you shuffling jackanapes! How can I get things served hot? Red hot?

The Waiter (exasperated beyond endurance)—Oh, go to h—!

Why He Wished to Know.

Little Boy—Is pa a bull or bear in Wall street, mamma?

Mamma (peevishly)—Don't bother me with such foolish questions. What do you want to know for?

Little Boy—So I can tell whether I'm a calf or a cub.

An Irishman's Dilemma.

It was Michael Donan who walked into the sick room of Patrick Kelly. Patrick lay there very pale with his eyes closed and heard Michael exclaim:

Howly Moses, Pat, it's murtherin' ill ye're lookin'! Fwat in the name av th' kraken's the mather?

Michael Donan! an' is it yourself?

Yis.

Well, yez knows that blatherin' spalpeen av Widdy Costigan's second husband?

That I do.

He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwallay an igg widout brakin' th' shell av it.

Naw.

Yis. Did ye do it?

I did.

Thin fwat's ailin' ye?

It's doon there, laying his hand on his stomach. If I joomp about I'll brak it an' cut me stummick wid th' shell.

If I kape quiet the dom thing'll hatch out an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster a-clawin' me insides.

The Main Issue.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants—all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive and then ranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments and judge from that whom he would choose.

A certain farmer, began the lawyer, was troubled with a red squirrel that got in through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. Seeing him go in at the hole one noon he took his shotgun and fired away; the first shot set the barn on fire.

Did the barn burn? said one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answer, continued: And seeing the barn on fire the farmer seized a pail of water and ran to put it out.

Did he put it out? asked another.

As he passed inside the door shut to, and the barn was soon in flames. When the hired girl rushed out with more water—

Did they all burn up? said another boy.

The lawyer went on without answer.

Then the old lady came out and all was noise and confusion and everybody was trying to put out the fire.

Did any one burn up? said another.

The lawyer said: There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story. But, observing one little bright-eyed fellow in deep silence, he said: Now, my little man, what have you to say?

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:

I want to know what became of that squirrel; that's what I want to know.

You'll do, said the lawyer, you are my man; you have not been switched off by the confusion and the barn burning and hired girls and water pails. You have kept your eye on the squirrel.

"IT'S A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS."

Incidents that led up to the Saying that made two Governors Famous.

Every man in the United States is supposed to know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, but possibly some do not know when and under what circumstances the famous remark was made.

Nearly a century ago a man prominent in political affairs in North Carolina moved across the border and settled in South Carolina. He had been there only a short time when he committed some small crime or misdemeanor, for which he was indicted. To escape arrest he returned to his old home in North Carolina. In due course of time the Governor of South Carolina issued his requisition on the Governor of North Carolina for the fugitive prisoner.

The fugitive had rich and influential friends in his native State and they interceded with the Governor until he refused to grant the requisition. A long official correspondence followed. Prominent men in South Carolina told the Governor that he had not been treated with proper courtesy by the Governor of North Carolina.

The result was that the South Carolina Governor, accompanied by a large party of friends and advisers, journeyed by stage to

Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, for a conference with the Governor about the matter of giving up the criminal.

The Governor of North Carolina, with a large party of distinguished friends, met the Governor of South Carolina several miles from town and escorted them to the Governor's mansion with all the ceremony due distinguished visitors.

Before the object of the visit was stated the entire party sat down to an elaborate dinner. After dinner wine was served and after wine came brandy—the applejack for which the old North State is famous.

After many rounds of drinks the decanters and glasses were removed, and the Governor of South Carolina stated the object of his visit. He demanded the surrender of the fugitive criminal. The Governor of North Carolina refused. Then followed a long and heated discussion, in which the Attorney Generals of the two States took an active part.

Finally the Governor of South Carolina grew angry, and rising to his feet, said:

Sir, you have refused my just demand and offended the dignity of my office and of my State. Unless you at once surrender the prisoner I will return to my capital, call out the militia of the State, and returning with my army, I will take the fugitive by force of arms. Governor, what do you say?

All eyes were turned on the Governor of North Carolina and his answer was awaited with breathless interest. The Governor rose slowly to his feet and beckoned to a servant who stood some distance away. His beckoning was firm and dignified as became his position. He was slow about answering, and again the Governor of South Carolina demanded, What do you say?

I say, Governor, that it's a long time between drinks.

The reply restored good humor. Decanters and glasses were brought again, and while the visitors remained, if any one attempted to refer to the diplomatic object of the visit he was out short by the remark that it was a long time between drinks.

When the visiting Governor was ready to return home he was escorted to the State line by the Governor of North Carolina and they parted the best of friends.

The fugitive was never surrendered.

Responsibility of Railroad Officials.

The acquittal of the directors of the New Haven railroad on the indictment found some time ago, for allowing the cars to be heated by stoves, was doubtless what everyone expected. To fix personal responsibility on them, in such a way as to convince a jury that they were morally, as well as legally, guilty of a misdemeanor, was a hopeless enterprise from the beginning.

The result is, of course, a defeat for the district attorney which has some mortification in it. But before censuring him for the attempt, it would be as well to ask what would have been said if he had not tried to put the law in motion. There is hardly a doubt that three-fourths of the press would have insinuated or alleged that there was no law for millionaires, and that this was a fair illustration of the way in which the public prosecutor crouched before capital.

The trial has, however, brought out some defects in the law which should be remedied next winter. The statute should designate some officer or officers of a railroad as personally responsible for a failure of the corporation to obey the law. This would make him or them keep a pretty sharp eye on the statute book, but it must be admitted that there might be plenty of abuse in it.

There is or was a statute of North Carolina which provided for the imprisonment without bail of the president of a railroad whenever a cow was killed on the track.—Mercantile Journal.

More Millions for Edison.

Edison, the Wizard of Melno Park, who owns the Brush Electric Co.'s plants and patents, has added another enormous fortune to the wealth he already possesses. It is accomplished by means of Judge Cox's United States Circuit Court decision in favor of the validity of the Brush patents for the exclusive manufacture and use of electric storage batteries in the United States, as against the claims of the Julien Electric Co. and the Electrical Accumulator Co.

These patents, of which Edison's Consolidated Electric Storage Co. are the licensees, have yet twelve years to run, and give this corporation a monopoly of the storage battery business. This will be worth millions to the company and its license, the Consolidated Electric Storage Co., of New York and Philadelphia.

The decision removes obstacles hitherto standing in the way of the introduction by street railways in every part of the United States of storage battery traction in opposition to the various cable and trolley systems.

Nine opium furnaces run by chinese were broken up and \$9,000 worth of opium seized in Shaasta, Cal., Monday by secret service officers.

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